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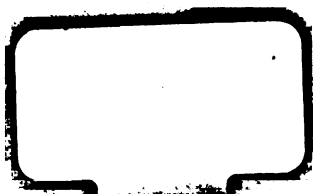
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Week

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POEMS,

ON

RELIGIOUS

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HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.

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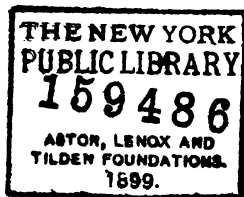
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1820.

396



ROY W. L. J.
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MAR 11 1899

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BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-third day of September, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, **REFINE WEEKES**, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit: "Poems, on Religious and Historical subjects, by **REFINE WEEKES**."

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WILLIAM W. W. W.
1864
W. W. W.

THE AUTHOR'S PETITION.

YOU who can feel, when scenes of grief prevail,
Draw near and listen to a serious tale.
I many years a share of wealth possess'd;
My heart was open then to the distress'd;
My frugal board the traveller has shar'd;
My money for the public good I spar'd;
The wants of those with sympathy survey'd,
Where disappointment's heavy hand was laid,
The golden rule I valu'd from my youth,
Lov'd justice, mercy, and the path of truth;
A view thereof is precious to my soul;
Has kept my heart in deep affliction, whole;
Yet here I wish, until my race is run,
The path of boasting and of pride, to shun.

While I, as farmer, sought the means of life,
Intently shunning idleness and strife;
Men deeply anxious for a golden prey,
By their allurements stript my wealth away,
And I was left (with mourning children) bare
Of fine possessions, I had nurs'd with care.

Some blindly tread the paths of gloom in grief,
Fly to the bottle to obtain relief:
Or when afflicted, in a frantic fit
Of deep despair, will suicide commit:
But there are those whose hearts for heaven glow,
Whose choicest treasure is not found below:
As they in faith and humble patience keep,
They find protection thro' the dreary deep.

When I was from a competence allur'd,
To indigence, with pain to be endur'd;
When held in durance by the hard and blind,
I view'd it best to be thro' all resign'd;
In confidence of an approaching hour
Of sweet relief, by all-controlling pow'r.
He, who with care, the boundless region fills,
Can good produce from seeming grievous ill.

I thought of Joseph, in the prison thrown,
Whose basis was the sure foundation stone :
Of patient Job, who stript of joys terrene,
Endured a long, and deep heart-rending scene.
To those who truth and heav'nly riches prize,
Afflictions are but blessings in disguise.

When, like a hermit, lonely I abode,
On various subjects, matter freely flow'd :
When clouds obscur'd and spread the gloom of night,
I took my pen, in musing found delight.
The lines I wrote, appear'd to entertain
The man of learning, and the rural swain.
My mental labours, by the muses' aid,
Are now before the serious reader laid,
As the productions of a trying day,
When evils seem'd assembled in array :
When I was in affliction's valley led ;
When o'er the billows truth preserv'd my head.

May those who are to take a view inclin'd,
Instruction gain, or some amusement find ;
More solid than by publications vain ;
By novels that the paths of virtue stain :
By books alluring to a great degree
Of darkness, vice, and infidelity ;
That draw the minds of the unguarded youth,
From the sublime enjoyments of the truth,
To paths where pain and misery pervade,
And to the vale of death's most awful shade.

You who have plenty in your field and store,
May you the Giver, who is great, adore :
May you the calls of indigence survey,
Sensations of true sympathy display ;
And do to those whom trying scenes surround,
As should be done, were you among them found.

COLUMBIA'S SONS ! behold, I call on you,
And on her daughters, my complaint to view ;
A moment to the Farmer's muse attend,
Perhaps you'll buy some volumes of your friend.

R. W.

A POEM

ON THE

CREATION, THE FALL,

AND

REDEMPTION OF MAN.

**THIS wond'rous world, the human, blest abode;
Was form'd in wisdom by Almighty God!
Eternal, glorious, infinite and kind,
Past comprehension by the human mind!**

**The Majesty of everlasting fame
Is call'd JEHOVAH; ('tis the Hebrew name,)
He who indeed exists himself alone,
And gives existence to all beings known.
This name denotes immutability,
Eternity, and independency,
Infallible assurance of the love,
And promises of Him who reigns above:
This object of all adoration true,
Made glorious orbs, that we with wonder view;
Supported, just as in an ancient hour,
On pillars of his everlasting power.
They run, revolving with amazing speed,
A wond'rous frame of workmanship indeed!
Immutably obedient to his laws—**

**How glorious then must be the Great First Cause?
Before the Lord his majesty unveil'd,
A boundless darkness o'er the deep prevail'd—
The earth was void, without a form, we find—
A wond'rous fabric was by him design'd.
God's spirit mov'd, with power that's infinite,
"Let there be light," said he, "and there was light."**

He who is with Omnipotence endu'd,
 Produc'd this region from the Chaos rude ;
 Made heaven and earth, the rivers, springs and seas,
 The mountains, vallies, verdant grass, and trees ;
 He made great lights, their glory to display,
 Sun, moon and stars, to rule the night and day :
 Great whales and other wonders of the main,
 The beasts that tread the mountain and the plain,
 The fowls and all that his great wisdom plann'd,
 Whose element is water, air or land ;
 Pronounc'd them good, and gave them license free,
 To multiply and fill the earth and sea ;
 And when the world was finish'd, all complete
 Was form'd a verdant and delightful seat.
 The Lord was pleas'd to change his sacred style—
 He by his all-effecting word erewhile
 Just gave command, and was forthwith obey'd ;
 He spoke the word, and glorious things were made.
 Now, He whose hand the universe can span,
 Says, let us make, in our own image, Man ;
 And let him rule the fishes of the sea,
 And his dominion o'er the fowls shall be ;
 O'er flocks and herds that on the hills abound,
 And every creature creeping on the ground.
 Herein besides his image, who's divine,
 In which the man was brightly made to shine,
 His origin may clearly be survey'd,
 More noble than the other creatures made.
 These were produc'd, just by a word he spake,
 But, "God form'd man"—he seem'd more pains to take.
 And man is call'd his "^{*}workmanship," we find,
 "His offspring," who is infinite and kind.
 Tho' man was form'd, in his first modell'd state,
 But from the ground, and was inanimate ;
 God breath'd, with life that's wond'rous to control
 In him, and he became a living soul.
 He whose great power was in creation shown,
 Said 'twas not good for man to be alone :

* Eph. ii. 10.

† Acts, xvii. 28.

To console with true parental care,
Said he a help-meet would for him prepare.
Then he, who was from everlasting crown'd,
Made Adam fall into a sleep profound;
Then took a rib forth gently from his side,
And with new flesh the open place supplied.
He of this rib a lovely woman made,
And her unto the lonely man convey'd.
When Adam saw her, lo! his heart was won,
And knowing clearly what the Lord had done,
"Bone of my bone," the joyful man exclaim'd,
"Flesh of my flesh," and she shall Eve be nam'd.
On this 'twas said, "a man shall parents leave,
And to his tender, faithful wife shall cleave,
To be one flesh, no more to part again,
Till potent death dissolves the blissful chain.
All those who to the marriage state incline,
May view, with joy, the institute divine.
The law was made while innocence glow'd,
While they in Eden, in the life, abode.
Man nobler form'd than all he made beside,
By his Créator is no good deny'd.
Both male and female he saw meet to bless,
With great dominion and with fruitfulness :
And he, to make their paradise complete,
Form'd Eden's garden for their blissful seat,
With fruits delicious and salubrious stor'd,
That flow'd as from the richest sources pour'd.

The world was made upon a glorious plan,
And with most perfect innocence began :
All things were good, made by the Lord's command;
He blest the works of his Almighty hand.
And here their nature's and harmonious state,
All magnified him, their Creator, great :
It was a scene of love, without alloy,
The morning stars together sang for joy—
All the creation could together draw,
And say Amen, to his cementing law.
No jarring now—the world with love is bless'd
Man in his peaceful paradise of rest;

Beasts in the field, the verdant pastures share,
The fowls are in their element, the air;
The finny tribes in the deep waters move—
The lights display their glory from above—
The mountains join the wonders to admire—
The air, the earth, the water and the fire,
Unite to worship, in the blissful hour,
Adore his goodness, wisdom and his power.

So man was made, probation to endure,
Created in his Maker's image pure;
His likeness, that is, holy and upright—
Meek, merciful, and humble in his sight;
Endu'd with light and knowledge from above,
With righteousness and heavenly peace and love.
Thus they were made, and must be prov'd and try'd;
To show if they would in this state abide;
To prove if they would true attention pay,
And their Creator's righteous laws obey.

Among the trees, most beautiful to view,
That in the garden of rich Eden grew,
Was one with fruit alluring, fair and fine,
They must not eat, was the command divine:
The sentence of the Majesty on High
Was, "in the day they eat thereof they'd die."
This fruit was pleasing, and was doubtless, good;
Had it not been forbidden them for food:
It was his work, who sure must be obey'd,
And all was good that the Creator made.
The serpent now, was lurking there-we see,
And greatly envied their felicity;
He wish'd them from fidelity to draw,
And eat the fruit forbidden by the law.
In opposition to the King, Most High,
He slyly said, "ye shall not surely die."
The woman listen'd to the serpent's voice;
And saw the fruit alluring to her choice,
She, in temptation, took thereof and ate,
And some of it presented to her mate,—
They both partook, a wicked thing they did,
Unlawful quite, because it was forbid.

'Tis Wisdom's pleasure and his right to prove
 The strength and fervour of his subjects' love.
 'Twas said by him whom angels must obey,
 In love sublime, in quite an ancient day ;
 " *The Lord, your God, he proveth you to find
 If you regard him, with a faithful mind :
 And ye shall walk before your heavenly Lord,
 In humble fear obey his holy word—
 To cleave to him must be your faithful choice,
 Keep his commandments and obey his voice."
 The Jewish high-priest, of an ancient line,
 Was ordered by authority divine,
 " †Do not drink wine, nor any thing that's strong,
 Thou nor thy sons, who to the priests belong,
 When ye before me in the temple stand,
 Lest ye die there for breach of this command."
 In Moses' law now let us take a view,
 Swine's flesh was there prohibited a Jew :
 Why was it more unlawful than a kid ?
 The case is clear, because it was forbid.
 Just so it was, as we may plainly see,
 With fruit that grew on the forbidden tree :
 To eat thereof was an unlawful thing,
 Because forbidden by the heavenly King.

Some vainly reason, in the gloom of night,
 And form strange thoughts of Him, who dwells in light,
 And boundless wisdom into question call,
 For making Adam so that he could fall.
 And some exclaim, " this sentiment is true,
 " He who made Adam his great fall foreknew ;
 " And to foreknow, and foreordain's the same.
 " The difference only lies in term or name :
 " As sure as he did man to being call,
 " He well foreknew, and foreordain'd his fall."
 Besilent there, no more attempt to scan
 The works of Him who's infinite, vain man.—
 'Tis worse than vain for human flesh and bone
 To search what He has, or has not foreknown.

* Deut. xiii, 3. 4.

† Lev. i, 2.

Tho' thou the deeps should centuries explore,
Thou then wilt be no wiser than before.
Let reason and the scriptures teach thee true,
His secrets are beyond thy reach and view.
From wild presumption evermore refrain,
And read one lesson that, indeed, is plain :
“*Secrets belong to the Great Deity,
And only things that are reveal'd to thee.—
Far from men's search are wisdom's secrets seal'd,
To man belong the things that are reveal'd.”
Would it not be a criminal offence,
And much an earthly personage incense,
Should one whose office was without to wait,
Into the secret chamber penetrate?
Or in the closet of a monarch steal,
In quest of secrets he would not reveal?
One who should thus beyond his bounds intrude,
Would be a traitor, or a madman view'd.
Tho' laws divine, may wink at men beguil'd,
'Tis far more vain, disorderly and wild
To penetrate exploring wisdom true,
The subjects he conceals from man, to view.
Things secret, to unfathom'd deeps belong,
All human struggles to unveil them wrong.
The things reveal'd by the Great Deity,
Are, in his love, all freely granted thee.

Once in a search some busy ones were led,
About the resurrection of the dead;
To find in what new bodies they appear,
As tho' the theme was interesting here;
An article of consequence to view,
In the religion that is pure and true.
To find the form explore the great abyss,
That immaterial beings have in bliss.
To those vain searches in that hidden field,
For knowledge not by wisdom yet reveal'd,
To teach them their presumption to resign,
“Thou fool,” says Paul, the great and learn'd divine,

Try your own selves, and prove yourselves, to find,
A resurrection from the carnal mind.
The wise and prudent may descend in vain,
The mysteries of the kingdom to explain ;
They from the keenest vulture's eye are seal'd ;
Things needful are to little ones reveal'd.

To tell the difference seems a plain relation,
Between foreknowledge and foreordination :
'Tis just as great as it can be between
A house I made, and one I've only seen.
The building, and the viewing are, we see,
Quite as distinct as two plain things can be.
A person may, with ease, discern the sun,
Without the pow'r of making such a one ;
Or he may build a fabric, high and grand,
But cannot see it from a distant land.
A man, as strength should aid his feeble eye,
Might distant wonders of the world descry ;
Yet that would not enable him, at all,
Into existence one of these to call.

A child may see, that cannot work, we find ;
A man may work at many things, tho' blind.
Another is possess'd of both degrees,
Can see with clearness, and can work with ease.
Lo ! he has pow'r, who bears eternal sway,
Worlds to create, and boundless space survey ;
Yet there's between them a distinction, quite
As plain, as is between the day and night.

The seers, at times, with sight have been endu'd,
And into scenes of future ages view'd ;
And by the strength of wisdom's boundless rays,
Have things foretold to be in after days :
Yet who would vainly common sense degrade,
And say, the things that they foreknew, they made.
The ancient Noah, who was fill'd with grace,
Foreknew a flood would sweep the human race :
A seer foreknew that Babylon would fall,
For sin be lost, and found no more at all.

To have a foresight of these things, is one ;
Another thing, to have the wonders done.

Then to foreknow and foreordain we view,
 Like sight and labour, as distinctly two :
 If man foreknows what man can't foreordain,
 Foreknowledge and foreordination's twain.
 He, who indeed, can no distinction find,
 By ignorance, or prejudice, is blind.

That seeing organs are one thing, is true,
 Another thing, to see all man can view.
 From many things we might restrain our eyes,
 To keep the heart from anguish or surprise;
 Or that our views we might more nobly place,
 On things of value to the human race.
 Tho' God could with his boundless vision see,
 And range with ease immense futurity ;
 He might extend, or might contract his views,
 Exactly as Omnipotence should choose :
 Those, who to this, refuse to give consent,
 Almost assert he's not omnipotent :
 If he beholds all he can ever view,
 Why not perform the whole that he can do ?

'Tis in his power to make a race of men,
 Compar'd with us, as strong as ten times ten ;
 To sink the mountains that are tow'ring high,
 Raise sunken valleys to the colour'd sky ;
 Form other worlds, if he should so incline,
 More suns and moons, most gloriously to shine.
 Where he's dispos'd to turn his eye, he sees ;
 And when to form, lo ! he creates with ease !

That he to foreknow ev'ry thing was led,
 Appears oppos'd to what himself has said :
 " Lo !* they have built high places they admire,
 To burn their sons and daughters in the fire :
 That they should thus from rectitude depart,
 I order'd not, nor came it in my heart."

Strange, why cannot an " age of reason" see
 It quite consistent with the Deity,
 By certain means to fairly try and prove,
 The strength of Adam, and his consort's love :

Should they to their Creator's laws be true,
 'Twould magnify them highly in his view :
 Had they the path of faithfulness persue'd,
 They'd been confirm'd in their first rectitude ;
 Establish'd on the rock that's sure for all,
 The basis from which they could never fall,
 Undoubtedly, and rais'd to honour great,
 By him whose pow'r could boundless worlds create.

An ancient worthy, who was truly wise,
 Was call'd upon; his son to sacrifice :
 When he had yielded, wisdom's voice obey'd,
 His hand was from the painful action stay'd.
 Now well I know, said he who reigns above,
 That thou art faithful unto me in love ;
 Since thou didst not from my commandment run,
 And, in thy will, withhold thy only son.

See ancient Job, the patient, wise, and good,
 Was deeply prov'd, and his probation stood !
 A double portion was the great reward,
 On him bestow'd by his most gracious Lord.
 Things small and great, must thoroughly be try'd,
 To know if they probation will abide.
 An ax that thro' the rugged knots has stood,
 The axman then, with pleasure, calls it good.
 A person will, with satisfaction, view,
 A servant prov'd, and found completely true.

He who set man on this terrestrial place,
 Has fix'd, we find, to prove the human race,
 "He* who shall my true word of patience keep,
 I will, says he, protect him thro' the deep ;
 The season of temptation, that shall fall,
 Without exception, on the great and small ;
 To try the pilgrims on the heav'nly road,
 And all who dwell upon the low abode."
 Not man alone must thro' the scene abide,
 E'en the foundation of the church was tri'd.
 Behold, (among the mighty wonders shown)
 "† lay in Zion a foundation stone ;

* Rev. iii. 10.

† Isa. xxviii. 16.

A tried stone, a basis firm and sure,
 That will thro' storms for evermore endure :
 A corner stone, that precious is indeed,
 He that believes shall not in haste proceed."

Yes, he who came mankind from death to free,
 Was* tri'd by satan to extremity.
 To prove all things was apprehended right,
 By him, whose love and pow'r is infinite.
 To prove all things, most surely is a plan,
 Consistent with the reason of a man :
 The all-wise King, who to be gracious, waits,
 To man's ideas himself accommodates :
 To prove all things created, seems to be,
 With him an irreversible decree.

How free a parent with promotion pays
 His son, who loves him, honours, and obeys :
 The son, indeed, is magnifi'd in view,
 Just in proportion as he's prov'd, and true.
 The son that's tri'd, and false, let none admire,
 At the displeasure of the troubled sire.
 To him who's prov'd, and faithful, he will give
 A great reward ; in honour he shall live :
 He would not, in the trying scene, and day
 Of deep temptation, and probation, stray :
 On him the father will rich blessings pour,
 Till to receive, room can be found no more.

This doctrine is to common sense, as plain
 As that true love was not possess'd by Cain ;
 That silver luna is the lesser light,
 Made in creation, to adorn the night.

With all his learning he must be a fool,
 Or vain adept in old Apollyon's school,
 Who had, in jeering, confidence to tell,
 " For eating of an apple, Adam fell."

Vain man, remember he who Adam made,
 Must, in his laws, be faithfully obey'd :
 Rude " age of reason," don't oppose and call,
 One thing by wisdom e'er commanded small ;

* Mat. iv.

Nor be surpris'd, should he withhold some fruit,
 That might thy pleasure, or thy relish suit ;
 Amidst the plenty, in the garden, free,
 There should not be a murmur heard from thee,
 Doubt not his right his children well to prove,
 To show their basis, and the depth of love :
 Mark, disobedience ever gave offence,
 Weak man must not control omnipotence.
 Let unbelievers not beneath them deem,
 To pay renew'd attention to the theme,
 That none may say, on viewing satan's tools,
 The age of reason is the age of fools.

Paul, with his pen, has touch'd on themes like these,
 Foreordination and divine decrees :
 But Peter says, that " Paul the learn'd and good,
 Has* written things hard to be understood ;
 Which the unlearn'd in wisdom that is best,
 And the unstable in religion wrest ;
 As they have oft the other scriptures done,
 And thus they blindly to destruction run."

Too many seem in such a careless air,
 That they do not for Peter's caution care ;
 They grossly err upon the theme of love,
 Know not the scriptures, nor the pow'r above :
 " All things that ever come to pass, they cry,
 " Are preordain'd by him who reigns on high.
 " Great part of men are forc'd in sin to stand,
 " That they may in eternal mis'ry land :
 " There are a few, by his decree of love,
 " To gain the realms of blessedness above."
 Thus Calvin publish'd an erroneous plan,
 " God foreordain'd, said he, the fall of man."
 He told this gross absurdity to all,
 That " God would have his creature man to fall."
 His children love to tread the path of ease,
 To have all finish'd by divine decrees :
 They seem of greatest confidence possess'd,
 They were decreed to be among the bless'd.

But others cannot with this scheme accord,
Since* ev'ry one must have a full reward.
At the tribunal of the Deity,
According as his works on earth shall be.
But sad to tell, a being greatly fam'd,
To govern Him who is Eternal, aim'd—
That fallen angel, serpent call'd of old,
And Dragon, Satan, Devil, we are told.
Of this old serpent, it is understood,
That he was once an angel, great and good.
The sacred scriptures of the Devil tell
That he and comrades all from heaven fell :
In boundless pride he drew a potent train,
Rebell'd that he in majesty might reign ;
And was cast out, in an alarming hour,
By the Almighty, and eternal power.
He's call'd Abaddon, as the Hebrews speak,
And nam'd Apollyon, it is said, in Greek,
The angel of the pit that's bottomless,
A roaring lion, seeking to distress.
He yet remains a foe to God and man,
Makes use of lies, and all the power he can,
To rob the Lord of glory, and to cause
The sons of men to break his righteous laws.
He by enchantments to deceive the true,
The third part of the stars of heaven drew :
Which may, no-doubt, of pious men be view'd
Who shone on earth as stars of magnitude.
Therefore the gracious counsel was to all
Who think they stand, to watch against a fall.
Here contemplate the mighty worlds that roll,
And boundless region that contains the whole :
The glorious station for each star and sun,
And fleeting lights that in their orbits run :
The laws are there immutably obey'd,
Of Him who this stupendous structure made.
Shall man, with reason bounteously endu'd
Slight common sense, and treat his Maker rude ?

* Prov. xiv. 12. Mat. xvi. 27.

Be in transgressing his commands allow'd ;
 For breath dependant, say, shall he be proud ?
 Supply'd with food, with rain and sunshine free,
 Shall he run on in immorality ?

When offered riches, pleasures, glory, grace,
 Pursue the path of Cain's delinquent race ?
 Oh, no, there's nothing wicked or unclean,
 Can be within the Holy City seen.

Then mind the free redeeming call, O youth !
 And those in years, to listen to the truth,
 Obey the King, who ought to have renown,
 There's then for thee, a mansion and a crown.

This doctrine of the reprobation plan,
 The fix'd destruction—partial choice of man,
 Is quite reverse from all we ever find,
 Taught by the Saviour of the humankind.

This scheme is with prodigious folly fraught,
 Makes Paul destroy the doctrine that he taught.

"*Let supplications be perform'd for all,"

Was the instruction and command, of Paul ;

"For this is good, acceptable and right,
 In our most gracious, great Redeemer's sight."

Let none suppose that wisdom should be crav'd,
 To ransom souls that never can be sav'd.

"The Lord," says Paul, "from dark perdition's fate,
 Would have all sav'd, with a salvation great :

For there's one God, one Mediator, free,

Between the Lord, and human family,

Christ Jesus, he who gave, in boundless grace,
 Himself a ransom for the human race."

Paul further says, in wisdom's gracious plan,

"†Christ tasted death, indeed, for every man."

"‡The grace of God, that is salvation's call,

Has made its kind appearance unto all.

Indeed, the object of this saving grace,

Is free salvation to the human race :

All have sufficient granted of the same;

By him who as a gracious Saviour came;

* 1 Tim. ii. 1 to 6.

† Heb. ii. 9.

‡ Titus, ii. 11.

To save them in the awful judgment hour,
 If they would yield to its redeeming power.
 This light that is so gloriously unfurl'd,
 *Enlightening all that come into the world,
 Is like the running of a fountain, free—
 May be receiv'd, or not receiv'd by thee.
 Those who will listen to the Saviour's call,
 May have redemption, freely, from the fall.

In vain may man the case of Pharaoh bring,
 The cruel tyrant, the Egyptian king,
 For the supporting of the strangest plan,
 That ever enter'd in the heart of man.
 His heart was like a crocodile, we see,
 By long oppression—direful cruelty
 Himself he hardened of his own accord,
 Long time ere he was harden'd by the Lord.
 His crimes, indeed, were of the deepest hue,
 And down upon him awful vengeance drew :
 He pass'd his day of visitation o'er,
 The voice of mercy he could hear no more ;
 His heart long hard, by his own cruel will,
 Of hardness God bestow'd on him his fill :
 Since he would not an ear to mercy lend,
 God hardened him to ruin in the end.
 The Lord, indeed, did on this monarch wait,
 In much long-suffering, and in patience great.
 Since this would not him to obedience bring,
 He was rejected by the heavenly King,
 And rais'd to show, as by a mighty hand,
 God's power throughout the kingdoms of the land.
 "†Blessed are they who are in mercy free,
 "For they," said Christ, "shall mercy gain of me."
 "†He who would show no mercy to his kind,
 Without sweet mercy he shall judgment find."

This cruel doctrine of divine decrees,
 That seems so vainly, many minds to please,
 Makes the great mission of the Son all-wise,
 (Who for lost man, bow'd as a sacrifice)

* John, i. 9.

† Mat. v. 7.

‡ James, ii. 13.

Of nothing worth—Him as a useless light—
 His mediation ineffectual quite.
 It makes, indeed, 'tis with such folly fraught,
 The preaching of the great apostles nought.
 It opens wide a door, for all to press
 Headlong, in paths of gross licentiousness.
 It makes it folly, to a world in strife,
 To urge repentance, and a holy life :
 It veils the glory of the gospel day,
 And throws all grounds of precious hope away.
 It first decrees, and forces men to sin,
 Then charges them as criminals therein :
 It makes the fountain of all purity
 The source of sin, and not of grace, that's free :
 It makes the King, who boundless love unfurl'd,
 The author of all evil in the world :
 It gives to him who boundless space can span,
 A character worse than the vilest man :
 Makes him more cruel, in his potent place,
 Than all the tyrants of the human race—
 Makes him a world of human beings hate—
 Makes him a race of living men create
 For nothing, but to banish from his sight,
 And seal their misery in eternal night.
 It truly seems as if the powers of man,
 Had some black aid in forming of the plan :
 It sure had not its origin above,
 For lo ! the Lord is everlasting love.

How can a mind, that heeds the light, at all
 Believe, that he, the great apostle, Paul,
 In his renew'd, illuminated state,
 Would doctrine so blasphemous propagate—
 Concern'd for truth, would in the smallest thing
 Oppose the laws and usage of the King—
 Annul the precepts, and the blessed plan,
 Of him who came a sacrifice for man ;
 Against the rules, and exhortations fight
 Of the apostles, who were in the light.
 Paul, sure, would not a two-fac'd man appear,
 Preach up salvation, free for all with cheer ;

And the next day, in contradiction tell
The greatest part are foreordain'd for hell !
What he could mean, then, draws attention great,
By "call'd"—by "chosen," and "predestinate."
That 'twas unto salvation he design'd,
We never can, by all our searching find.
The word "Salvation," is not us'd at all,
While treating on the noble theme, by Paul.
They were ordain'd, we find the text to run,
"To be conform'd to th' image of his son ;"
That is, in likeness to the Son above,
In righteousness, in purity and love.
Elected "that he might a first-born be,
Of many brethren in the family,"
That is, be rais'd unto pre-eminence—
Stand as a chief, to rule in excellence—
A noble office, in the church obtain,
The ruling station of a first-born gain ;
The first among the brethren there be view'd,
A star, indeed, of the first magnitude.
Here we are fairly to opinion led,
That what, by Paul, was on the subject said,
Related to the usefulness and sway
Of individuals, in their time and day.
That if the Lord e'er chose particular ones,
He glorified them, as transparent suns—
Lights in the spiritual universe to shine,
For the increase of happiness divine.
That instruments, by the Great Deity,
Should be foreknown, cannot suprising be.
He might determine noble ones to call,
To rouse the sleepers from the gloomy fall :
To choose good Noah, virtue to impress—
To be a preacher of pure righteousness—
Impower Moses, Jacob's seed to draw
From bitter bondage, and give forth the law ;
To raise a David, in some after days,
To save his people, and to sound his praise :
To choose the prophets, dignified for good,
That future ages, when they understood

Their prophecies accomplish'd, might incline
To view the Christian system as divine.
So Christ's disciples chosen were, and led,
That they might tidings of salvation spread.
So Paul was chosen by pure heavenly grace,
To sound the gospel to the gentile race.

Such words as "chosen," "foreordained" relate
To usefulness of individuals great,
While in the church, they, in their stations, move,
Not their salvation, in the realms above,
Judicious reader, may to thee appear,
From good attention to the emblem clear,
That this apostle (to religion true)
On this occasion offers to our view.

"*Shall the thing form'd the maker's power deny?
Why hast thou form'd me, in this manner, cry?
Hath not the potter power o'er the clay,
Of the same lump? shall he not bear the sway;
To make one vessel unto honour true?
Another to dishonour in our view?"

The potter some for splendid uses makes,
And others for more ordinary takes:
But he makes none of high or low degrees,
To dash to pieces, that himself may please.
The Lord hath chosen individuals great,
For glorious stations, in the church or state;
While others, with the common mass, more mean,
Are not in any noble actions seen.

Nor have the latter reason to complain,
That God is partial, in the loss or gain,
More than he varies blessings he bestows:
On some earth's fatness, like a river, flows:
While others pious, quite reversely fare,
Of temporal riches have a scanty share.
The rich, indeed, are not from troubles free,
They have their burdens of anxiety:
The poor may, surely, gracious blessings find,
The choicest riches is a peaceful mind.

* Rom. ix. 20, 21.

Come, listen now, with an attentive ear,
 To what was written by an ancient seer :
 " * When he who once was righteous turns away,
 Most foolishly from righteousness to stray,
 And follows vainly each ungodly plan,
 Abominations of the wicked man,
 Shall he then live, who loves in sin to run ?
 Not so indeed—the good that he hath done
 Shall not be mentioned at the judgment day;
 He discontinued wisdom to obey.
 In vain may he for precious mercy cry;
 He shall for his abominations die.
 What did the weeper o'er Jerusalem say ?
 " If thou hadst known, e'en thou, in this thy day,
 The things that to salvation appertain,
 The joy and glory that the ransom'd gain :
 But thou would'st not regard the Saviour's cries,
 And now, behold ! they're hidden from thine eyes."
 There was a day, to you I plainly tell,
 O ye ! who in the favour'd city dwell,
 When blest with grace, and by the light that shone,
 The way of peace you clearly might have known.
 I then was willing to have gather'd you,
 Just as a hen, is to her chickens true ;
 But ye would not the day of mercy prize,
 And now the light is hidden from your eyes.
 I offer'd mercy from the seat of grace,
 A mansion in the heavenly resting place ;
 But ye refus'd the riches of my store,
 Now is your day of visitation o'er.
 These things, and more, may be perus'd by youth,
 And those who would investigate the truth ;
 And all who will not close their eyes can see
 The laws and usage of the Deity :
 That his decrees are righteousness to bless,
 And with destruction punish wickedness.
 We find that Adam had a seat bestow'd,
 Where every blessing to perfection flow'd :

For disobedience see the punishment,
 He was from the delightful garden sent.
 Mankind were once to wickedness so bound,
 By a great deluge all the world was drown'd.
 Old Sodom was for her transgression dire,
 Consum'd by rain of brimstone and of fire.
 They sinn'd, indeed, and their great punishment,
 On them for their own wickedness was sent.
 The Israelites rebelling on the road,
 Were not admitted to the rich abode;
 That those who enter'd, and who there rebell'd,
 Were from the fertile, promis'd land expell'd.
 That those who sought Jerusalem above,
 And fell away from confidence and love,
 Had no admittance with the heavenly blest,
 To saints and angel's everlasting rest.

This was the doctrine of the King, all-wise,
 And of his Son, who came a sacrifice:
 Of seers, of saints, evangelists, and those
 Who by true wisdom, unto glory rose.
 To cast this doctrine from its ancient seat,
 Would overthrow christianity complete:
 From its sure orbit sooner might be hurl'd
 The Great Creator's glorious work. the world.

Let me consider—Calvin's scheme review,
 Admit the whole to be divine and true,
 That God, by his immutable decree,
 Has foreordain'd the fall of man to be:
 That men were guided, when we thought they sinn'd—
 Just like machines, by water or by wind:
 The drunkard, liar, and blasphemer, then
 Are acted on, just like the writer's pen.
 The thief must steal, the murderer must kill,
 Those we call vile, perform the holy will.
 And all the faithful to their sov'reign Lord,
 Have sure a gracious adequate reward:
 'Twill be, in justice, granted ev'ry one,
 According to the service he hath done,
 Those who by love and piety would please,
 Must share less pay than pirates on the seas:

The conqueror, by whom are millions slain,
 Will be rewarded with a boundless gain.
 The tyrant, who led martyrs to the stake,
 A vast enjoyment will, indeed, partake.
 As water is the element for fish,
 Prepar'd for them completely to a wish:
 The air for fowls that joyful take their flight;
 The moles in earthly, dark abodes delight;
 So surely, all the foreordained for hell;
 Are fitted there, in happiness to dwell.
 Tho' ten times hotter than the fiery wo,
 For Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego;
 Such bodies, sure, are granted them complete,
 As stand the great extremity of heat:
 'Twill only be a flow of glowing love,
 On them bestow'd most justly from above.
 The heat, indeed, will not the scene annoy,
 But much augment the sweetness of the joy.
 If Calvin's system is but good and pure,
 To all the world is free salvation sure.
 God's will is done by all the human race,
 And all will find a blissful resting place.
 Of many systems that would lead to bliss—
 We rarely find one so complete as this.
 As people dwell in valleys with delight,
 Sometimes superior to the mountain's height;
 Here's heav'n below, more glorious than above,
 A free reward of everlasting love.

Most vainly Adam, and his consort Eve,
 Let the old subtle serpent them deceive:
 The devil, who in a smooth form appear'd,
 Them with the love of useful knowledge cheer'd;
 He who was busy, with deception there,
 Most enviously survey'd the happy pair:
 He look'd upon them with a pleasing eye,
 And said, "indeed ye shall not surely die."

contradicted the Creator great,
 And drew them from their happy state—
 And draw them from fidelity to vice,
 And rob them of their blissful paradise.

Transform'd as to an angel-wise and good,
 He was first liar who the truth withstood—
 The first enticer into sin, we see,
 To be transacted with impunity ;
 First preacher on the universal plan,
 That life is certain to rebellious man !
 He who thus whisper'd in an ancient hour,
 Is busy still, with his alluring pow'r :
 Since his first smiling on our mother Eve,
 With his enchantments vilely to deceive ;
 He ne'er was known more warmly to engage,
 And fight the truth than in the modern age :
 His business seems much in the ancient line,
 By cunning falsehoods truth to undermine.

The Prince of Peace, when on the earth, declar'd,
 " If ye should die in sin, and unprepar'd,
 Where I shall go, it is the firm decree,
 You cannot come, cannot the kingdom see."
 " Not all that say, Lord, Lord, to me are blest,
 Nor enter into the eternal rest ;
 But only those who righteousness fulfil,
 Perform my great and heav'nly Father's will."
 Christ told of one, who with a dread surprise,
 In bitter torment lifted up his eyes ;
 He, in the depth of his unceasing pain,
 To cool his tongue, for water call'd in vain.

Man's foe appears, and sov'reign goodness feigns,
 Opposes Him, who in his kingdom reigns ;
 He with a train of subtle reasoning cheers,
 That to dark man invincible appears.
 Tho' men continue in their sins, he'll teach,
 To them salvation, universal preach ;
 That tho' thro' life they should remain impure,
 To them eternal happiness is sure.
 This old allurer into ev'ry sin,
 Delights to lull the world asleep therein :
 He tells the Universalist the lie,
 Fear not at all, " ye shall not surely die."

He is a busy whisperer to those,
 Decreed to life, as fondly they suppose ;

Tells them of the unchangeable decree,
 Fear not, "ye shall not surely die," says he.
 To some, who tamely follow satan's nod,
 He smiles on them, and says, "there is no God."
 "There is (says he, when men to him incline)
 No revelation unto man, divine ;
 This is a theme the visionary feign,
 Beyond the grave there is no place of pain :
 Some have no souls," he whispers in his plan ;
 There is no devil," he declares to man.

Alas ! our parents were beguil'd, we see,
 To eat the fruit of the forbidden tree :
 They disobey'd—they beauteous Eden sold,
 They lost God's image by transgression bold ;
 Put off their robe of innocence and love,
 And holiness, their garment from above.
 Yes, dear their vain and empty pleasure cost,
 For they their master's living presence lost.
 They disobey'd the high, divine command,
 Did not their season of probation stand.
 Most vainly they the law divine transgress'd,
 And were expell'd from their delightful rest :
 They so incurr'd the great Creator's rod,
 They lost the life that's hid with Christ in God.
 For disobedience, judgment was their doom,
 Death took possession, with its dreary gloom.

Yet we believe no guilt at all is laid,
 To infant's charge, for Adam's blunder made,
 Till they against the saving light transgress,
 And run, of choice, into unrighteousness.
 This we from scripture, and right reason, draw,
 "Sins not imputed where there is no law."
 No law can reach the infant state an hour,
 Before reception of the mental pow'r.
 Those who no laws can hear or understand,
 For breaking laws what justice them can land,
 In a deep pit of dark eternal gloom ?
 Or for a parent's sin to misery doom ?
 This can't be done, 'tis clear, without dispute,
 So long as justice is an attribute :

While purest love the essence is complete,
Of Him who deigns to fill the mercy seat.

Some in a maze of deep delusion tell,
Of infants not a span in length, in hell.
Presumptuous men who hold to such a theme,
The Deity most horribly blaspheme :
Dark beings gloom'd in Babylonish night,
Who hath the shining of the gospel light.
"The* soul that sins, that very soul shall die,
The father's sin upon the son can't lie."
Now if no sin is charg'd upon the son,
For that which was by his own father done,
Far less will he be call'd upon at all,
To bear the sin of ancient Adam's fall.
The Prince of Peace, displaying love intense,
Proclaim'd the state of children's innocence ;
Was he not like one almost fill'd with charms,
When he enclos'd them in his sacred arms ;
"Young† children suffer to come near to me ;
Behold, for such the heav'nly kingdom's free."

Tho' man had fallen from his blissful state,
The Lord look'd down, in pity that was great ;
And seeing he had been deceiv'd in heart,
And that no malice drew him to depart ;
No vain presumption led him thus to flee,
But 'twas the serpent's wond'rous subtlety ;
And by the mediation of his mate,
Man's social partner, in his lonely state—
The great Creator, in his tender care,
Foresaw a way the mischief to repair,
Regain the loss, and fallen man restore ;
A nobler Adam than the one before,
Was promis'd of a woman to be born,
For man a ransom from the state forlorn.
As by a woman, man had been undone,
When in temptation, by the evil one ;
So, in due time, he, by the sex that's fair,
Should come impow'rd, the injury to repair.

*Ezek. xviii.

† Mat. xix. 13.

He who is mighty should appear, 'tis said,
 He would prevail, and bruise the serpent's head.
 That this should be in the appointed hour,
 To grant deliv'rance from the serpent's pow'r.
 All this was in an after day fulfill'd,
 Just as the Father infinite had will'd.

Lo! he appear'd from the divine abode,
 By th' dispensation of the Son of God.

The Lord beheld his creature man undone,
 In great compassion sent his only Son :
 He who is gracious, ever good and wise,
 Deign'd for lost man to be a sacrifice :
 In condescension for the world's great loss,
 Took human flesh, and died upon the cross ;
 Whereby for man, in gloomy darkness stray'd
 A wretched captive, he the ransom paid.
 When he had yielded, and had took his flight,
 He sent his spirit for an inward light ;
 Illuminating all in darkness hurl'd ;
 " He* lights each one that comes into the world :"

Inviting thro' the visitation day,
 To come from the captivity away :
 Entreating all to hear and understand,
 And come from Egypt to the promis'd land :
 That as the ransom now is paid complete,
 They may enjoy the everlasting seat.

But man, in fact, can never walk the road,
 Advances make toward the blest abode,
 One step unaided, any more than can
 A dead man rise, and be a living man.
 To raise the dead, essential is the call,
 The voice of him who first created all ;
 So it remains an everlasting law,
 " Not† man can come, except the Father draw."
 Then man must wait upon him for his hour,
 The season of extended love and pow'r ;
 And when he feels the drawings of the Son,
 With ease and pleasure he the path may run.

* John i. 9.

† John vi. 44.

'Tis when the heart is freely drawn by grace,
And then alone we run the heav'nly race.

When Adam sinn'd, by Satan led astray,
The Lord reprov'd him in the cool of day;
So now we oft are call'd upon for sin,
Just when the heart and all is cool within.
This visitation from the living truth,
Is oft extended to the ag'd and youth;
To all there is a most propitious hour,
When they may hear the inward voice with pow'r.
From the deep pit; wherein the sinner lies,
In death-like gloom, the call is to arise;
And when attention to the word is paid,
The fallen creature may discern his aid.
The voice is gracious, lo! it sounds within;
To woo the heart, and draw away from sin:
The voice of wisdom, that was ever true
The great Creator of the heart anew.
The first old heaven and earth must pass away,
A new be form'd, for righteousness to sway.
Here's strength sufficient granted, as we wait,
To rise to life—to a triumphant state.

When the transgressor feels condemn'd within,
And deeply wounded, with the guilt of sin:
When he's oppress'd with stings of conscience, there,
For faults, no mortal could to him declare;
Then is the time to listen, and to hear
The still small voice that's sounding in the ear.
This voice is wisdom, in the inward part,
'Tis Christ in spirit, knocking at the heart:
He calls the sleeper to awake, arouse;
"Open to me, my sister and my spouse:
My head is wet while knocking here, 'tis true,
My locks are fill'd with the nocturnal dew."
If man still cleaves unto his darling sin,
And will not let the gracious knocker in;
If he then closes up his eye and ear,
Will not the voice of truth and wisdom hear?
Nor pay attention to the word divine;
The light within, that's brightly sent to shine:

Continues thro' his visitation day,
 The long repeated calls to disobey.
 What then must be the consequence or cost ?
 The glorious kingdom is for ever lost.
 There's no admittance, thro' the gate above,
 For those who will not hear the voice of love ;
 Without the city then the soul must dwell,
 Where satan, when cast out of heaven, fell :
 There* murd'ers, cheats, and vile blasphemers cry,
 And ev'ry fool that loves and makes a lie.

Lo ! † Christ is now, as said a saint renown'd,
 Not by ascending, nor descending found :
 The word from sin that calls thee to depart,
 Is very nigh thee, in thy mouth and heart.
 The call is sounded, and the light display'd,
 And all have heard, but all have not obey'd.‡

Once in the flesh, the meek Messiah came,
 And wrought great wonders by his potent name :
 His ||second coming is, indeed, within,
 Where he is calling to redeem from sin
 'Tis not consistent with the love that's free,
 To force one soul into felicity—
 To force to happiness indeed's a theme
 That's inconsistent to a great extreme.
 Man must obey the sacred call of grace,
 Or he can never see his Maker's face ;
 And none can true, accepted subjects prove,
 Unless they do their Lord and Master love.
 A plain and easy, most consummate plan,
 Is form'd by wisdom for his creature man,
 To reach the promis'd and the peaceful land,
 By love sincere, and heeding his command.
 In ancient times were requisitions three,
 So they remain for evermore to be ;
 To † justly do, and also mercy love,
 And humbly walk before the Lord above.
 All must obey, though they probation find,
 And crosses trying to the carnal mind.

* Rev. xxii. 15.

† Rom. x. 6, 7, 8.

‡ Rom. x. 16, 18.

• || John, xvi. 7, 13. Col. i. 27.

§ Micah, vi. 8.

"No man, says Christ, can my disciple be,
 Unless he takes his cross, and follows me."
 Altho' the leader, proving us, may call
 To little things, or those appearing small.
 Let none forget the language, where we read,
 "The kingdom's like a grain of mustard seed ;
 Atho' it was but very small to view,
 It, in the garden, with great vigour grew."
 We must be faithful, when with grace endu'd,
 In little things, and those of magnitude.

The invitation is to every soul,
 The love that flows, extends from pole to pole—
 "†Come look to me, ye who in gloom are hurl'd
 From the remotest corners of the world."

Lo ! ‡wisdom cries, her solemn call repeats,
 Her plaintive voice she utters in the streets ;
 How long will ye yet love, O simple ones,
 Simplicity ! O vain and foolish sons !
 And scorers in their jeering take delight,
 And fools hate knowledge, that would guide them right.
 Turn ye at my reproof, rebel no more,
 Then I will on you of my spirit pour.
 Because ye set my counsel all at nought,
 And would not heed instruction when I taught,
 I'll laugh when your calamity is near,
 And mock at you, when you are fill'd with fear :
 When fear arrives, and makes all desolate,
 And like a whirlwind, your destruction's great ;
 When you of darkness see the fearful gloom,
 And when distress and anguish is your doom,
 You will on me, in awful terror call,
 But I'll not answer, nor regard at all."

There's one strait path, that leads to lasting gain,
 And one that's broad, the end of which is pain ;
 Come take your choice, O sons of men, be wise,
 For ||as the tree falls so it ever lies—
 The soul that misses heaven loses all ;
 There's no redemption, from this pit no call.

* Mat. xvi. 24. † Isaiah, xlv. 22. ‡ Prov. i. || Eccles. xi. 3.

Let every heart (th' important theme to sum)
 Flee from each evil, and the wrath to come;
 Let one and all, from aged to the youth,
 Not fear the crosses in the path of truth.
 And let the children of the kingdom hear,
 Obey the call, that's solemn in the ear;
 If they will not from vanity refrain,
 An awful sentence they must hear with pain:
 Many shall come, and flock from east to west,
 And with the ancient patriarchs shall rest;
 Shall sit within the kingdom of renown,
 Cloth'd with white robes, and with a golden crown,
 While those who were the kingdom's heirs, are cast
 In utter darkness, evermore to last

Let those who have been taught of rectitude,
 Who children of the kingdom may be view'd—
 Who have been taught, while in the days of youth,
 The precious path of everlasting truth,
 Not wander from the strait and narrow way,
 Nor from the truth to sin and folly stray.
 Let no one give a tender parent pain,
 Nor wound the church, for "godliness is gain."
 Take heed to truth, and not the cross refuse,
 There's set before thee, life or death to choose.
 The faithful find, in pure religion gain'd,
 A hundred fold for all the loss sustain'd;
 And at the end of this short race is found,
 A rest, where joys for evermore abound.

Truth from the breast of worldly joys will wean,
 Support the mind through every trying scene;
 It is the aid of every weary soul,
 And keeps the heart in deep affliction, whole.
 'Tis lasting treasure—richest ever known,
 The mighty rock, the sure foundation stone—
 Truth ne'er decay'd, nor will it ever fail,
 Nor o'er its power, the gates of hell prevail.

Tho' wealth might vanish, as from Job renown'd,
 Truth is the best supporter ever found;
 Though stripp'd of spouse, and every joy terrene,
 'Tis the sustainer, in the trying scene.

Should famine grimly stare thee in the face,
 Lo ! there is granted all-sufficient grace ;
 Though thou the terrors of the grave might see,
 Just as the day is, so thy strength will be.
 *Although the trees no more to bloom incline,
 Nor fruit appear that long adorn'd the vine—
 The olive fail her labour sweet to yield,
 And herbage cease from garden and from field—
 The fleecy flocks all vanish from the fold,
 Nor field, nor stall, a living creature hold ;
 Yet those who in Messiah trust alone,
 Who build on Truth the sure foundation stone,
 Shall raise, with joy, a sweet triumphant voice,
 And in their great salvation's God rejoice."



THOUGHTS

ON THE TRUE MINISTRY—ON WAR—ON UNIVERSAL PEACE,
 AND THE GLORIES OF THE PROMISED DAY.



No MAN takes this honour on him, we are told,
 But he who is call'd, as was Aaron of old.†
 One rightly influenc'd the gospel to preach,
 Must be cloth'd in pure love universal to teach.
 Non-essential are arts—theological rules,
 And the learning in high estimation in schools.
 He who is enliven'd the truth to impart,
 Proclaims with a power that reaches the heart.
 He invites us from darkness, delusion and harm,
 And out of Mount Zion he sounds an alarm.
 In the flowings of love, he invites from the fall ;
 Glad tidings proclaims, in his good-will to all.
 A watchman that's true, in the service he's found,
 Of the Lamb that was slain, rose again, and is crown'd.
 Just like the good man, from his heart we behold,
 He brings forth his treasures of things new and old ;

* Heb. iii. 18, 13.

† Heb. v. 4.

He calls us to heed the true light that's within,*
 That shows the great folly and vileness of sin;
 The great mental teacher, the wisdom that's best,
 To lead from dark Egypt to Canaan's true rest.
 He freely receives, and as freely he gives;
 He preaches the gospel and of it he lives:
 To refuse when he's call'd by the highest control,
 Would land him in wo, and in death of the soul.
 He invites one and all, from the aged to youth,
 To justice and mercy—to dwell in the truth;
 To humbly pursue the plain path, to true peace,
 In Messiah's own glorious reign to increase;
 To seek for the riches, and pleasures of love,
 Enjoy'd in their fulness, in heaven above;
 The city of light, whose foundation is sure;
 The rest that will through boundless ages endure;
 Where prophets and martyrs, and angels are crown'd;
 Whose Builder and Maker and King is renown'd.
 He calls us from war and its spirit to run,
 As we would the jaws of a crocodile shun:
 He tells us we need not an enemy fear,
 If we trust in the Lord; if our faith is sincere,
 The mountains will move, and the hills skip away;
 No enemy covet our lands in that day.
 The ancients, found gracious defence from above,
 As their faith was unshaken, and constant their love.
 PENN, influenc'd by this, without weapon or strife,
 Abode with wild Indians, a peaceable life.
 Like him, let us trust in the name of the Lord;
 the tower that is strong, his invincible word:
 Who trusts in his power that long has been prov'd,
 Shall be as Mount Zion, that can't be remov'd.

The true Bishop waits, so his strength doth renew;
 The good of mankind is his object in view.
 By him hath the wisdom most ancient been sought—
 The rich and the poor are by him freely taught;
 As free as sunshine, or as rain from above: [love.
 'Tis a stream that springs fresh, from the source of pure

* John, i. 9. Rom. i. 19.

It runs like a river, the hour its reveal'd,
From a garden enclos'd—from a fountain unseal'd.
It flows like a stream, with pure ardour to all;
To come to Mount Zion he sounds forth his call.
On Lebanon's mountains, no longer to stay;
To come from the top of Amana away:
From Sherin and Hermon—from lions' dens near,
And hills and high mountains where leopards appear.
To come from the seat, the source of all pride,
Where rational creatures to misery slide;
To come from all wars, from contention and strife,
The pest of mankind, the destroyer of life.
Men deader than adders, and blinder than moles,
Make war when the great prince of darkness controls.
Like lions, and leopards, the wild beasts of prey,
Behold! in great fury their fellows they slay!
Lo! thousands of thousands are slain in the field,
Where the engines of death and destruction they wield;
Separating of men from their wives who are dear,
And children from parents, who truly are near:
Desolating of cities and nations in strife,
And taking from millions the staff of their life.
Give me leave upon you, O ye females, to call,
To unite in a cause so important to all;
Let the subject of love and of peace be your choice,
Unite on the theme with one heart and one voice,
That neighbours and states may in harmony dwell—
The extent of your interest you scarcely can tell.
Come use your most fervent exertions, that those
May dwell in true love, who were once hateful foes.
Let the fair sex united, their influence bend,
That quarrels and wars, in the world may all end.
Fear not, in truth's cause, O ye women, to run!
In Christ, both the male, and the female are one.
To the rulers of nations and states raise your cry,
And their power to sacrifice subjects deny.
Inform them that shedding of blood is to cease,
In the reign of Messiah, the great Prince of Peace;
That those who depart from his blest peaceful laws,
Are not his good subjects nor true to his cause.

The weapons of war cease for ever to wield,
'Tis far from true honour to die in the field.

How long ! ah, how long ! O most blest peaceful day,
By ancients foretold, wilt thou yet thus delay ;
When glittering swords are all beat to ploughshares,
And pruning hooks made of the slaughtering spears :
When the rising of nation 'gainst nation is o'er,
And the science of war none will learn any more ;
When pride, hatred, malice, and murder shall cease,
Superseded by love and the glories of peace.

Were the great gospel light, the full force of his rays,
Unobstructed to shine, we might soon see the days ;
When wars, and the rumours of wars, would all cease,
And the standard be rais'd, of the great Prince of Peace.
Then nation no more against nation shall rise ;
For famine and war, peace and plenty they prize.
No widow nor orphan whose mourning is seal'd,
For a husband or father, who fell in the field.
Of instruments war-like, unheard is the sound ;
Instead of a curse, greatly blest is the ground.
The horrors of war are not seen on the plain,
Nor garment that's stain'd in the blood of the slain ;
For a Child now is born, and a Son to us giv'n,
His government's peace, on the earth and in heav'n ;
His kingdom will stand with bold warriors, the test,
And the government on his own shoulders must rest.
For wisdom and pow'r, he was anciently fam'd,
And Wonderful, Counsellor, mighty God, nam'd ;
Everlasting kind Father, and great Prince of Peace,
Whose blest, peaceful kingdom & reign, must increase,
Till a joyful, sweet peace, universal is known,
And for ever on earth he's establish'd his throne.
Enlist in the cause—O unite in the theme,
'Tis not a vain thought nor chimerical dream.
O rational beings, come lend all your aid,
And the noble end answer for which you were made.
Lo ! we were created for peace and for love,
To honour and worship our Maker above.
O cease from war's spirit, and fervently pray
For peace universal, the long promis'd day.

Messiah there rules—he's the great Prince of Peace ;
 Yes, under his government wars shall all cease.
 Of whose blessed reign 'tis the glory indeed,
 That the wolf and the lamb, in one pasture can feed.
 Here's an end to the sword, bombs & cannons that roar,
 And slaughtering arts none will learn any more :
 No kings force the people their battles to fight,
 Nor men who in war's fancied honours delight.
 Bold warriors united, all lay down their arms,
 In the spirit of peace and the love of its charms.
 The armies that long have infested the land,
 The greatest of scourges, with pleasure disband.
 No pirates are found on the seas to annoy ;
 Nor ships that are built, men and wealth to destroy.
 Such vessels as Fulton the First, they have nam'd,
 Are totally useless, and no more are fam'd.
 The world shouts for joy—human carnage is o'er ;
 Yes, nation shall rise against nation no more.

The aged and those in the bloom of their youth,
 Delight to obey the plain dictates of truth :
 They'll not let the lies of the serpent delude ;
 Nor treat their meek Saviour with ingratitude ;
 Nor let him stand calling with mercy in view,
 Till his head is all fill'd with the nocturnal dew.
 They'll open the door of the heart with delight,
 Ere his locks are bedew'd with the moisture of night.
 In a feast of fat things, they together will join ;
 They'll eat of his manna and drink of his wine.
 A covenant firm as the mountains will make,
 And their love and their duty will never forsake.

Here the youth with true wisdom the narrow way
 choose,

The pleasures of sin, and the broad way refuse :
 In shunning of vanity, folly and strife,
 They find an increase of enjoyments in life ;
 Universal true justice and mercy they love,
 Walk humbly before the great spirit above.

The people in union assemble, and wait
 On the King, who is gracious, eternal and great ;

They'll not be so dark, or so blind, or unwise,
 To let husbandry, politics, trades, merchandise
 From worship divine, their attention allure,
 From treasures celestial, delightful and pure.
 Much time, old and young, in devotion employ,
 And great is their peace, and sublime is their joy.
 Some thousands of volumes that led the dear youth,
 From virtue, from wisdom, religion and truth,
 Did many unguarded in mind captivate,
 To a region of gloom, to a labyrinth great :
 The people unite, with one heart and one voice,
 Such books to commit to the flames, and rejoice.
 From corrupt publications, the eye and the ear,
 They turn to such books as enlighten and cheer ;
 Thro' the various scenes that occur in the road,
 That leads to Messiah's celestial abode.

Here is obliterated the infidel's creed,
 No fool that would sow a deistical seed ;
 Men heed not the lies that some jeeringly tell,
 That for eating an apple our first parents fell :
 There's wisdom that all may the crime understand,
 That is, gross disobeying the supreme command.
 A Voltaire, a Gibbon, Hume, Byron, and Paine,
 Are known to be grossly deluded and vain.

Here's an end to card players, & those who are lewd ;
 To all who are guilty of ingratitude.
 No sland'ring is known, and Apollyon's vile band,
 Of swearers and liars, all cease in the land.
 On the earth is not one of the vile, daring train,
 Who the name of the all-awing judge takes in vain.
 Not a fool who would wish the commandments to break,
 To lie, curse and swear, all for vain fashion's sake.

The train of stage-players are all at an end ;
 A theatre, none on the earth will attend :
 We see them in flames in the cities around,
 As tho' the Almighty upon them had frown'd.
 Horse-racing, cock-fighting, diversion of fools,
 Are extinct, with wild duels and vain fencing schools :
 No drunkards, nor tippling houses are known,
 Nor poor hungry families making their moan.

All disdain the vain thoughts of the cups and excess,
Of leaving their children and wives in distress :
And people would live upon water and bread,
Ere richly by tippling profits be fed.

From meeting together the youth's all refrain,
For converse, or plays, or diversion that's vain :
The Deity's fear'd, and behold, 'tis a day,
When children, their parents with pleasure obey :
They delight in the Lord, and in objects sublime ;
In mirth and in dancing, none waste precious time :
They follow no courses, rude, vicious, nor vain,
That give tender parents affliction and pain ;
They never can plunge them in grief and in tears,
Who train'd them with care from their infantile years ;
They'd sooner choose death than administer pain,
To the breast that did them once so fondly sustain.
All changes of fashion, to gratify pride,
In dress and in language, are quite laid aside.
Of the pleasures of sin, not a youth will partake,
When a crown that's immortal they know is at stake ;
Nay, the pleasures of sin are extinct and all dead,
Since the love of the Lord the whole earth has o'er-
spread.

Lo ! people love wisdom, have granted their choice,
With knowledge that's saving, to shun satan's voice.
Against loving the world, the old people take care,
And the young against flying away in the air.
Men and women stand ready, their neighbours to aid ;
The once wretched world is a paradise made.
All those who have plenty, assist those in need,
(If any were found) and the hungry one's feed ;
They comfort the feeble and cover the bare,
And rejoice that they're furnish'd with good things to
spare.

You that hold more than you can enjoy a great deal ;
You that rose from a state that was low, can't you feel ?
Give alms, and not covet the vain empty sound,
Of leaving great wealth when you're laid in the ground.

When women and men from the fall are renew'd,
A passionate temper is curb'd and subdu'd :

Wild passion in fact is the vice of a fool,
 Who slights the true learning of wisdom's free school,
 A passionate man, like a drunkard insane,
 Turns order and peace to confusion and pain;
 The voice of Xantippe, the face of a scold,
 We hear with contempt, and with pain we behold.
 No fools now are found, who, their palates to please,
 Destroy their own health and who die debauchees;
 No gluttons, nor great epicures, the world o'er,
 Such poor human creatures are seen now no more.

None for fashion dress thin, and quite early in age,
 With consumptions thus vanish from this earthly stage;
 Here's a watch against loving of money and pride,
 Love of pow'r and numerous evils beside.
 From pride, many mischiefs and sorrows have flow'd;
 It leads to distress, to destruction's abode.

No oaths now are taken by aged nor youth,
 They're all superseded by speaking the truth;
 A person would sooner choose death than to dare,
 False witness against any neighbour to bear.
 No vile persecutions, religious disputes;
 Pure love is the only religion that suits.
 No posts of great profit and honour allure,
 The object most sought is a kingdom more sure;
 No men who to quarrel on politics meet;
 No one who would covet an emperor's seat:
 On government-forms the dispute is no more;
 Theocracy now is the form the world o'er.

No forbidding to marry—no people so vain,
 Whose tenets would lead to unlink hymen's chain:
 Common sense they would never burlesque or degrade,
 When they know that the sexes for union were made.

No one e'er by gaming his wealth would increase,
 For sure it would be at the price of his peace.
 Some men's ruling passion is gaming through life;
 With vain, horrid oaths and much drinking and strife;
 Or other gross evils too tedious to name,
 That disgrace human nature, and common sense shame.
 They feel acute stings in the conscience for sin,
 Till all is like fire that is burning within.

Ere they live out one half of their day in the world,
 Some commit suicide, and away they are hurl'd.
 The devil, no doubt, such a leap will admire ;
 Right "out of the frying pan into the fire."
 No one from this horrible pit can arise ;
 The fire is not quench'd, and the worm never dies.
 None now the poor Indians can drive from their soil,
 Where long they have hunted, with pleasure and toil ;
 Men sell them no rum, neither cheat nor despise ;
 By peaceful examples their minds moralize.
 Their generous hearts by good precepts we gain :
 None of them do their hands in their neighbour's blood
 stain ;

If we want fertile lands, or our states to increase,
 Like Penn let us purchase, and long live in peace.

No men who so far after money do soar,
 As to cross the Atlantic, to Africa's shore,
 And their poor fellow-creatures most basely procure,
 And sell them to bondage that's hard to endure.
 Long as Baal's false prophets might auctioneers cry,
 No person they'd find a poor negro to buy ;
 'Tis firm as the Medes' and the Persians' decree,
 That all who come into the world should be free.
 No crying nor mourning of slaves in the land ;
 No person is known one of them to command ;
 No hard, cruel heart to be found the world o'er, [sore.
 Who would lash the poor slaves till their backs are all
 Or drive them to work for a hard master's gain,
 When they've eat scarce enough human life to sustain.
 The earth's corners are dark, and with cruelty fill'd,
 And many poor slaves have been cruelly kill'd !
 Oh ! the torturing shackles, the gags and the chains,
 The hungerings, the thirstings, afflictions and pains ;
 The abuses inhuman, with scourges and rod !
 As tho' there was no day of judgment, nor God.
 Oh ! crocodile heart, thy account thou must pay ;
 There's approaching a great and a dire judgment day :
 Thou hast stifled and crush'd, with an arrogant scorn
 The fine human feelings, with which thou wert born ;

Made war with conviction, and conscience hast done—
 Thy heart is obdurate, like iron or stone !
 Unless thou repent, 'twill not long be before
 Heaven's awful artillery against thee will roar !
 In dread of the Great Mighty Judge, thou wilt call
 On rocks and the mountains upon thee to fall.
 In eternal oblivion to hide thee, unknown,
 From his wrath and his fury who sits on the throne.

All people on earth now in unity join,
 And love universal is known, that's divine.
 There's now no great need for the pastors to preach,
 Nor each one his neighbour and brother to teach,
 Saying know ye the Lord, let his love be increas'd,
 For all shall know him from the greatest to least.
 The covenant new, with its blessings pervade ;
 With spiritual Israel and Judah 'twas made :
 In ev'ry heart is a law plac'd to teach,
 That none may his neighbour defraud on o'er reach.
 All people on earth are redeem'd from the thought,
 Since covetousness to extinction is brought.

Old age presents peace that the world can't destroy,
 A calm preparation for heavenly joy ;
 And the youth are elated, in raptures of love,
 In anticipating the pleasures above.
 The cardinal virtues are truly possess'd,
 In lieu of great evils the world is now bless'd.
 Here's industry, frugality, prudence and wealth,
 With justice and fortitude, temperance, health ;
 Faith, meekness, humility, patience and love,
 That flows from the source inexhausted above.
 Sin's scourges, the famine and pestilence, cease ;
 Of plenty and health there's a joyful increase.
 All stations and ages—all colours and ranks,
 Return for these favours, praise, worship and thanks.
 They wisely attend to the light and the call,
 That leads to the state man was in ere the fall :
 Nay, thro' the removal of objects that let,
 They in heavenly places in Christ Jesus set.
 From a seat of distress, of corruption and vice,
 The world is renew'd to a sweet paradise.

Behold! at the dawn of the bright shining day,
 The shadows must vanish and types flee away*;
 The shadows of things that are good were, we find,
 No longer than till reformation-tenjoin'd;
 They now in as small estimation are grown,
 As in days of the ancients before they were known.
 The militant church in sweet peace and pure love,
 Resembles the church that's triumphant above;
 The leopard, the wolf, and the lamb are agreed;
 And the child that is small the young lion can lead.
 No ravenous beast here is found to annoy;
 None in God's holy mountain to hurt or destroy.
 Here under the tree bearing figs men recline—
 They eat and they drink of the fruit of their vine:
 The hills and the valleys abundantly yield, [field.
 And the hand that in peace sow'd, in peace reaps the
 There's corn, wine and oil, all plenty in store,
 And blessing on blessing, till room for no more!
 Behold! there are none now, to sound war's alarm;
 Nor on earth, nor the sea, one to do any harm: [west,
 From the north, and the south—from the east and the
 One peace universal, one sabbath of rest.

 THE MESSIAH.

HAIL! Zion's Pilgrims, join the peaceful song;
 To you the notes of paradise belong,
 Ye who were once in Egypt's land oppress'd,
 In gloomy darkness where you found no rest;
 Ye who attended to the cogent call,
 The glorious light and leader from the fall.
 Egyptian pleasures, sought in days of yore,
 And Babel's glories give delight no more:
 The images set up on Dura's plain;
 The trumpet, harp, and organ's sound are vain:

To you belong pure joys—triumphant strains ;
Messiah, in his peaceful kingdom reigns.

The prophet rapt in future time begun ;
Behold ! *a virgin shall conceive a Son,
And they his name Immanuel shall call ;
He'll be glad-tidings, and great joy for all.

Lo ! in the last, the glorious latter day,
The mountain where the people homage pay ;
Where Zion's saints, the Prince of Peace, adore,
Shall be exalted all the regions o'er ;
As flocks of doves, unto the windows go,
To it all nations of the earth shall flow.

Behold ! the people shall in union cry,
Let us ascend the holy mountain high,
The house of Jacob's peaceful king to reach,
And of his ways he freely us will teach.
From Zion forth shall go the law that's true ;
His edict from Jerusalem that's new ;
And he shall judge among the nation's great,
Rebuke the people in their warring state,
They then shall beat their glitt'ring swords to shares,
And pruning hooks shall make of slaughtering spears ;
No sword is drawn, nor guns like thunder roar,
And men shall learn the arts of war no more.†

Lo ! every battle of the warrior bold,
Is with great noise, in blood his garments roll'd.
But this, from war and wild ambition free,
Shall with the fire of burning fuel be.
A fire that like an oven burns within,
To purely purge away the dross and tin.
For unto us a peaceful child is born,
A son is given in a joyful morn,
The government shall on his shoulder rest,‡
And in his reign shall every clime be bless'd.
Another ancient thus his view displays,
Thus saith the Lord, there yet shall come the days—
When I will make a covenant that's new,
With Israel's house, and tribe of Judah too :

* Isaiah, vii, 14

† Isaiah, li. 2 to 4.

‡ Isaiah, li. 5, 6, 7.

I'll put my law into their inward parts—
 And fair and plainly write it in their hearts :
 I'll be their God, and teach my gracious word,
 And they shall be my people, saith the Lord,*
 The first was writ on tables made of stone,
 But this in tables of the heart is known :
 The first a type, of riches, great and good,
 In meats and drinks and divers washings stood,
 Impos'd on Jews, until the gospel time,
 Until the High Priest order'd things sublime.
 Till he from blood of goats and calves would call,†
 Till with his blood he paid the price for all.
 By suffering and the sacrifice he made,
 For all the world the ransom he has paid,
 And in his love the helpless captive calls,
 To come forth from the gloomy prison walls.

So one might pay, in love sublimely kind,
 And ransom slaves in Barbary confin'd :
 To pay the sum would be of no avail,
 Should they to come forth from the prison fail.
 The ransom's paid, yet marvellous to tell !
 The slaves choose in that foreign clime to dwell ;
 The words of truth they will not understand,
 When told the sweets of free Columbia's land ;
 Their friend invites them, with a plaintive voice,
 But lasting bondage is their foolish choice !

Christ paid man's ransom, visits, woos, invites,
 To taste pure pleasures, and supreme delights ;
 He calls from Egypt, to the rest that's true ;
 From Babel's bondage to Jerusalem new.
 He's the true light, of all in darkness hurl'd,
 And lights each one that comes into the world.†
 Those who are lost will not by truth be sway'd,
 For all have heard, but all have not obey'd.
 Blood and burnt offerings, sacrifice for sin,
 Taught by the law, he had no joy therein :
 Said, " lo ! I come thy holy will to do." ‡
 He nulls the old, establishes the new :||

* Jer. xxxi. 31, &c. Heb. viii. 8. † Heb. ix. 10, 13. ‡ John, i. 9.

|| Heb. x.

By which he calls to scenes of joy above—
 The blood of Christ was shed for all in love,
 The law of shadows, made in days of yore,
 In estimation was to be no more ;
 To vanish like a morning cloud away,
 At the bright shining of the gospel day :
 The founding of the covenant in the heart ;
 So the Messiah, outward, must depart.
 For you it is expedient, I say,
 That I should pass from this abode away.
 If I continue in this region here,
 The Comforter will not to you appear ;
 If I depart, the Comforter I'll send,
 Thro' every scene that's trying to attend ;
 And when this teaching spirit's come, he'll guide
 You in all truth, and will with you abide.*
 He call'd the ancients, in his boundless love,
 His calls are yet in spirit from above ;
 The voice is heard, the covenant is made,
 Behold, the call must be in love obey'd.

When wisdom utters her inviting cries,
 Hear me ye simple—O ye fools, be wise :
 And when the sun, that rules the gospel day,
 Would light us from Egyptian gloom, away ;
 Let none despond, but as the guide inclines,
 Pursue the journey, while his glory shines.

Too few, alas ! regard the rays of light,
 They love the dark, and wander in the night ;
 Yet here and there a willing heart is found,
 To mind the call, to hear the trumpet sound ;
 Illuminated, these the path pursue,
 To Zion's mount, to the Jerusalem new ;
 Whose builder is the glorious Prince of Peace ;
 Whose kingdom long must prosper and increase.
 As individuals to the cause subscribe,
 Some from a city, and from ev'ry tribe ;
 They rise like trees, that gospel fruits produce,
 Salubrious, sweet, and fit for ev'ry use.

* John xvi. 7, 13.

The fruits of peace, cementing love and joy,
 The world can't give, nor all her powers destroy.
 These like the willows by the waters grow,
 They stand uninjur'd by the winds that blow.

Yet more there are who take of these a view,
 Allur'd by love that's ancient, sweet and new :
 They're drawn to meet, where they unite, and lo !
 As with one heart to Zion's standard flow :
 Here they augment, in wisdom's path of peace,
 And multiply, a marvellous increase ;
 Till cities, states, and nations, with delight,
 And all the kingdoms of the world unite !

The Lord here reigns—the 'habitants rejoice,
 With one harmonious, one triumphant voice :
 The battle's won, the victory's obtain'd ;
 Hell's ghastly tyrant in his dungeon's chain'd ;
 Peace reigns o'er all—to love, each heart inclines ;
 Lo ! Eden's fount—millennial glory shines :
 True knowledge now extends from pole to pole,
 As in their orbs the mighty planets roll.
 Ye bards of peace, the glorious tidings bring ;
 Behold ! the dumb shall hallelujah sing :
 The blind receive with thankfulness their sight ;
 The cripple walk with wonder and delight :
 The deaf shall hear, the dead to life be rais'd,
 And with one voice, the king of glory prais'd.

See love abound, no tongue nor pen can tell,
 And brethren in unshaken union dwell ;
 All jars shall cease, and falsehood be unknown,
 And justice reign on her exalted throne.
 The sword is sheath'd the spear is rais'd no more,
 Peace round the world her golden blessings pour.
 No nation shall against another rise,
 Nor warriors meet, with fury in their eyes ;
 Nor hills, nor vales, be stain'd with human gore,
 The thund'ring cannon shall be heard no more.
 The schools, to teach the arts of slaughter, cease,
 And wild ambition ends in love and peace :
 And while the sweets of unity pervade,
 Each one with pleasure grants his neighbour aid ;

Pure odours rise to him who reigns above,
A precious incense of unmingled love.

Long years of war, pale scenes of want, be gone,
And let the bright, unclouded morning dawn;
Auspicious babe, be born and spring to light,
Dispel the gloomy darkness of the night.
Lo! nature hastes her garlands here to bring,
With precious incense of a joyful spring.

Fear not, O men, the Lord hath in his view;
Great things indeed, and marvellous for you;
Fear not ye fair, but in the truth be bold,
He'll not from you consoling love withhold;
Be not afraid, O true and faithful youth,
Your basis is the long prov'd rock of truth:
Be not afraid, ye shepherds of the field,
For lo! the valleys, verdant pastures yield.

See Eshcol's clusters ev'ry region cheer;
No more in mourning Calvary appear.
See morning-stars most brightly shine and sing,
And sons of God unmingled off'rings bring;
Rejoicing in pure songs of love unfeign'd;
Lo! here's delightful paradise regain'd

Behold, Mount Horeb's lofty head appear,
And all the trees in verdant blooming cheer:
See Lebanon with joy exalt his voice,
And ev'ry cedar tall and green rejoice.
Behold Mount Zion o'er the mountains reign,
And hills, like lambs when skipping o'er the plain:
See joyful too, and in the midst of them,
The holy city, New Jerusalem.

See fragrant clouds from Sharon's valley rise,
And Carmel's flow'rs with odour scent the skies;
The vine shall yield her cool refreshing shade,
And grapes of which delicious wines are made.
The wheat and barley their choice riches yield,
And he who sow'd shall reap the fertile field.

The thirsty traveller, with glad surprise,
Sees springs of water in the desert rise;
And where the swain was faint with hopeless toil,
On barren wilds, there's now a fertile soil.

Lo ! here's a feast of fatted things that please;
And luscious wines, well purified from lees ;
The world is fill'd, an inexhausted store,
Till men and women can enjoy no more.

Of this blest reign the glory is indeed,
That wolves and sheep in one enclosure feed :
The steer and tyger meet in perfect peace,
The carnage of the furious lions cease ;
The foxes and the little lambs agree,
They feed in concert on the mountains free ;
The twining snake, so long inclin'd to bite,
Has lost his venom, and is harmless quite :
The feather'd race, in peaceful notes can sing ;
The flowers of the verdant valley spring.
Beneath the shade of Eden's fruitful vine,
In sweet repose, the young and old recline ;
There they rejoice—the sweets of joy increase,
While they behold a universal peace :
While they behold, in an exulting state,
An end to war, and all its horrors great.

See Babylon, that rul'd the nations o'er,
Fall from her glory and be seen no more :
See multitudes obey the voice that calls
Them from the failing shelter of her walls ;
Her long lov'd pleasures and her sins forsake,
That they may not of her sore plagues partake.

And lo ! the merchants of the earth shall weep,
And be for her in lamentation deep ;
In sackcloth clad, for silks in use before,
For men will buy their merchandize no more.

The harper's voice, the sweet musician's sound,
No more shall in thy spacious streets be found ;
No more in thee shall shine the candle's light,
Nor bride, nor bridegroom's voices give delight.

See peace triumphant—hearts remote from strife,
United in the glorious path of life :
See those who yet are in their youthful days,
With joy and gladness their Redeemer praise :
The parents joy, the willing balmy youth,
Are nurs'd in peace, in harmony and truth ;

Are taught to love, their Maker to obey,
And never wish from wisdom's path to stray.

O, be prepar'd for the delightful morn !
As a fair bride will for her spouse adorn :
Rejoice ye mountains, and ye valleys wide,
As a bridegroom rejoiceth o'er his bride.

Rise peaceful Salem, rise, appear in view,
And O descend Jerusalem that's new !
See distant tribes in crowds thy courts adorn,
And sons and daughters, who are yet unborn ;
Whose heart-felt pray'rs, and pure incessant cries,
Like precious incense shall perfume the skies.

See nations barb'rous, dark and wild before,
Bow in thy temple—in thy streets adore.
~~See~~ distant kings, long time at war and strife,
Live in pure love and harmony through life ;
With hearts sincere, and minds serene and true,
The glories of the promis'd land in view.

See heaven in most consummate beauty shine,
Illuminating with a light divine :
See from the portals, pure transparent rays,
Its inmost glory thus unveil'd displays.
No more shall suns diffuse their shining light,
Nor silver moons their lustre in the night ;
But swallow'd up in brighter shining rays,
One scene of glory, one transcendent blaze,
O'erflows the city, where the ransom'd meet ;
There's beauty, peace, and holiness complete.

Though rocks should melt and mountains fade away,
The rivers dry, and verdure all decay ;
The elements with fervent heat dissolve :
The earth no more around the sun revolve :
The covenant with times and seasons fail ;
Thick darkness o'er all boundless space prevail ;
And suns and moons, and each terrestrial world,
Be from their stations and their orbits hurld ;
Yet fix'd his love—invincible his pow'r,
And high and strong his ancient royal tow'r ;
His kingdom, glory, majesty remains ;
Messiah, in his peaceful kingdom, reigns.

ON THE MINISTRY,

AND

WOMEN'S PREACHING.

No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God,
as was Aaron. Heb. v. 4.
Male and female are all one in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 28.

LET none in haste invalidate my theme,
Nor it beneath a fair inspection deem.
Let not Columbia's citizens refuse
The rustic numbers of a farmer's muse :
A lonely peasant might the courtier teach ;
An humble layman to the learned preach ;
One far advanc'd, might be inform'd by youth,
The boundless value of religious truth.
Let all inspect the basis where they stand,
Build on the rock and not upon the sand.
Come view the ground, to know if firm and good,
On which some churches have for ages stood ;
Let doctrines fairly be produc'd for test,
Though predecessors might have thought them best.
Fear not, for gold well purified before,
Will nothing lose by trying it once more.

This world was form'd and glorious orbs that shine,
And human beings, by a power divine :
But sad indeed, to contemplate and tell,
Man, in probation, from his station fell.
After his sin, behold ! the object great,
Is to redeem him from his fallen state ;
God sent his Son to offer a reprieve,
That whosoever would on him believe
Should never perish by the prince of strife,
But be renew'd to everlasting life.

Among the means, well thought by wisdom fit,
 To rouse mankind from the benighted pit,
 He qualifies some humble ones to teach,
 The gospel with authority to preach.
 Let none conceive that scientific rules,
 Or all the learning ever gain'd in schools,
 Though highly valued in its proper place,
 And very useful to the human race—
 Although the student high degrees may take,
 That this a gospel minister can make.
 By all the force of brightest human parts,
 And study through the theologic arts,
 Men can no sooner make a true one there,
 Than a triangle model out four-square.
 The work is His, for whom we cannot plan,
 He who dispenses gracious gifts to man.
 He who dictates, in his own time and hour,
 What must be utter'd in his name and power,
 Some at the schools their speaking talents gain,
 While others, theirs more privately attain.
 The learn'd can move in a sublimer sphere,
 Display bright talents, and delight the ear;
 The more unlearn'd, and ignorant, are fain,
 By coarser means their proselytes to gain;
 Both artificial—they cannot unfold
 Pure gospel truths, like holy men of old,
 Who spoke with an authority well prov'd,
 Just as they by the Holy Ghost were mov'd.*

By mental powers, by art and study great,
 Some men may gospel preachers imitate;
 Much fervour seem sincerely to impart,
 From sparks they kindled in the head and heart:
 Such may observe what by a prophet sam'd,
 Was, with great power, in ancient days proclaim'd—
 “I sent them not, they went without my word,
 And shall not profit people, saith the Lord.”†
 “Behold! all ye who kindle up a flame,
 Yourselves surround—enliven with the same,

* Peter, i. 2.

† Jer. xxiii. 32.

Walk by your fire, and strange alluring light,
By sparks ye kindle, in the gloom of night ;
But this shall ye for all your labour gain,
Ye shall lie down in sorrow and in pain."*

The call must from another source arise,
That for true gospel labour qualifies :
It is an impulse from the realms above—
A stream of pure, a flame of heavenly love.
"Let prayers, said Christ, unto the Lord extend,
That he will labourers in his harvest send."
"When he ascended to the high abode,
He gifts dispens'd, in love that freely flow'd ;
He gave apostles, who with wisdom came,
Evangelists, and teachers in his name :
For the perfecting of the saints, the free,
Important office of the ministry ;
For edifying of the church that's true,
In faith and love, Christ's body to renew,
Till all might in the precious union run,
In faith and knowledge of God's only Son,
The measure of a great advancement know,
And to the stature of perfection grow."†
In Christ's bright day, he sent them in his name,
Glad gospel tidings freely to proclaim.
Christ changes not—is as he was before,
Same yesterday, to-day and evermore.
An ancient said, "the Lord in love to save,
To me a tongue that's like the learned gave,
That I should know how to revive the weak,
A word in season to the weary speak.‡

When Balaam his enchantments laid away,
And set his face toward where Israel lay,
The spirit of the Lord upon him came,
Then he could speak in wisdom's holy name.
So now should men relinquish every plan,
That are the efforts of the carnal man ;
Sit down resign'd, in humble patience wait,
On him whose love flows to the lowly state ;

* Isa. l. 11.

† Eph. iv. 8 to 13.

‡ Isaiah, l. 4.

As in days past the spirit would be shar'd,
 And joyful tidings in his name declar'd.
 Let none from waiting think we are releas'd,
 Nor smile, and say, the spirit long has ceas'd :
 I'll tell thee, friend, if thou wilt lend an ear,
 To whom its ceas'd—to those who will not hear.
 To those who in their unbelief withdraw
 From the new cov'nant, from the inward law.
 To those who wait, and true attention pay,
 He is the same as in a former day :
 He is to those who humbly seek his fold,
 The same to-day, as in the days of old.
 Although the spirit, as in days of yore,
 Might on our sons and humble daughters pour,
 Let us for truth this sentiment receive,
 They might be present, and we not believe.
 The prophets and apostles were unknown,
 Though they with lustre like the planets shone.
 Behold the Jews ! how very dark and blind,
 They knew not him who came to save mankind.
 To teach the flock, as plain as day appears,
 The Holy Ghost alone made overseers.*
 'Twas this indeed that qualified a man,
 Before the great apostacy began.
 'Twas from above, that they receiv'd their call ;
 "How shall they preach, unless they're sent, †says Paul.
 No man assumes this consecrated place,
 Unless, like Aaron, he is call'd by grace." ‡
 He must attend the Christian's school that's free,
 Learn patience, meekness, and humility.
 First, nature's deeds must all be mortified,
 And fleshly lusts condemn'd and laid aside ;
 The man put off that wickedness pursu'd—
 The new one form'd, that is with grace endu'd.
 Can women pass, as well as men, this change ?
 That they cannot, is doctrine, new and strange :
 All will the plain affirmative admit ;
 Then women may for ministers be fit :

* Acts, xii. 28.

† Rom. x. 15.

‡ Heb. v. 4.

Yes, male and female are describ'd as one,
 In Him who is the ever-ruling Son.
 Did Paul, the gentile's great apostle, teach
 No woman may, in public, pray or preach?
 He thus himself would contradict, we find,
 With a dark cloud illuminate mankind.
 What he once said, with prejudice is view'd,
 And consequently grossly misconstru'd.
 Paul, well enlighten'd with the gospel sun,
 Has said, "in Christ are male and female one."
 Then grant her leave her soothing voice to raise,
 Above sweet music's modulated lays.
 Let her in truth's most precious cause appear,
 In higher strains than notes to please the ear.
 If in Christ Jesus they with men are one,
 Why may they not on gospel errands run?
 Mind your own calling, O ye fair, unite,
 And firmly stand for your invaded right,
 Of which no human power can you divest,
 More justly than of everlasting rest.

This theme concerns not you alone, I know,
 But all the church that's militant below;
 To all who worship in the truth, esteem—
 It is a deeply interesting theme.

In the creation man was nobly made,
 United with his precious female aid;
 A partner pleasant, social and complete,
 A kind assistant, and a true help-meet.
 None who their station, in blest Eden know,
 View them unequal, either high or low:
 They are, by those who certain knowledge gain,
 View'd as one flesh, and not distinct or twain.
 Fair is her model, and her talents bright—
 Her eye, O man! as keen as thine for sight;
 And she is furnish'd with a finish'd ear,
 As quick and certain as thy own to hear.
 Thy equal, in an understanding heart,
 In things divine, that wisdom may impart.
 Profuse in blessings, nature has, we know
 On her bestow'd of thoughts an easy flow,

United with the eloquence of speech,
 Full equal to the gift of men, to teach :
 And when with light, and heavenly grace endu'd,
 She's like a star of the first magnitude.

O ! how delightful are the virtuous fair !
 How sweet the union of the happy pair—
 The husband's crown, is his dear, faithful wife,
 His most complete felicity in life.

However Eve, might after sinning stand,
 And in whatever situation land,
 The first blest station is regain'd by all
 Who rise to life, renew'd from Adam's fall :
 Within the kingdom of the Prince of Peace,
 All government but that of love must cease.

Those who prohibit women now to teach,
 Glad tidings in the gospel day to preach,
 Deny that females have so high a call,
 Raise an objection from the words of Paul :
 " In churches let your women silence keep,
 I grant them no permission there to speak ;
 Let them if they more knowledge yet desire,
 Of their own husbands, when at home, inquire."*
 He does not say that women must not teach,
 When they're impell'd by purest love to preach ;
 But more like this ; let those whom you have there,
 Who in the gospel have no lot or share,
 " Your women," who are talkative, untaught
 In Christ the Way, must be to silence brought :
 Impert'nent questions cause debates and heat,
 And vain contentious when the people meet,
 For them to cavil is a shameful sight,
 (Some married women drew him thus to write)
 Let them, when met, from idle questions cease,
 Which there disturb the congregation's peace.
 The women there, thus spoken to by Paul,
 Includes not those who had a gospel call.

Preaching and prophesying are, we find,
 One simple thing, in this apostle's mind ;

* 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35.

Which is to speak or publicly proclaim,
 "To edification in the sacred name ;
 And comfort,"* in the strength he lov'd the most,
 The pure influence of the Holy Ghost.
 In that epistle some presume to say,
 Paul grants no woman leave to preach or pray ;
 He gives the fair a standing rule we find,
 When in such public exercise to mind.
 For women, when they prophesied or pray'd,
 How they should be before the church array'd.

To give a rule for women when they preach,
 And silence them that they may never teach,
 Must foreign be from common reason view'd ;
 Paul was indeed with better sense endu'd.
 You who have eyes, search for yourselves and see,
 And not rely on what is said by me ;
 Investigate, with an attentive mind,
 And not confide in teachers who are blind.
 'Tis strange indeed, that men no better know,
 Than force the saint himself to overthrow.
 But men will in a crooked path be led,
 With human learning, when right reason's fled ;
 Or when our carnal interested views,
 Cloud wisdom's rays, and light and truth refuse.
 " Ask of the learn'd, says one, the learn'd are blind,
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind."
 Paul ne'er was lost, nor yet eclips'd in sight,
 So as his own important themes to fight.
 We may discern by nations of the land.
 In wars intestine they can never stand.
 Should Satan cast the prince of devils out,
 His kingdom then must fall, without a doubt.
 A family divided, void of sense,
 A fall of them must be the consequence.
 Just so in doctrine, should the learned Paul,
 Make war with his own sentiments, he'd fall.

The dispensation of the ancient seers,
 Admitted women, plainly it appears :

* 1 Cor. xiv. 3.

† 1 Cor. x. 5. &c

Men spoke not in that favour'd day alone,
 For Miriam was a prophetess well known :
 And Deborah, who surely had her call
 From Him, who is the ruler over all :
 She was a judge in Israel, it is said,
 One by internal inspiration led.

This noble woman, in her day, was view'd,
 A shining star, of the first magnitude ;
 In Israel was for great achievements known,
 Above the men she for her wisdom shone.

After the birth of the great Prince of Peace,
 Who came, the world from mis'ry to release ;
 His parents, as the law dictated, went
 Before the Lord, the infant to present ;
 And humbly there to offer sacrifice,
 To the Creator, merciful and wise.

A prophetess, one Anna, whose delight,
 Was serving her Creator day and night,
 Just at the instant in the temple went,
 And thank'd the Lord, who is omnipotent :
 Of this blest child she spoke, in purest love,
 To all who sought redemption from above.

This then was spoken, audibly we find,
 To those who were to seek the truth inclin'd ;
 Assembled in the temple, in the place
 Of public worship for the Jewish race :
 Here not a few were by the woman taught,
 She spoke to all who for redemption sought :
 Is it not then strange doctrine that can teach
 The godly fair, that they must never preach ?

Did Christ, when teaching truth at Jacob's well,
 Forbid the female proselyte to tell
 Great and good tidings ? "this is Christ," she cried,
 And of him in the city testified ;
 That many there her message well receiv'd,
 And on him as Messiah they believ'd.
 To visit them, the people him besought,
 And lo ! he tarried there two days, and taught.
 "Now we believe," some others to her cried,
 Not only for what thou hast testified,

For we have heard him, and are well agreed,
And know that this is Jesus Christ indeed;
Saviour of men, who are in darkness hurl'd,
The great and kind Redeemer of the world."*

One circumstance might aptly here be view'd,
By those who think a woman's preaching rude,
Some women who for piety were fam'd,
A theme of greatest consequence proclaim'd;
They had the honour, at the first to spread
The news that Christ was risen from the dead.
After the resurrection of our Lord,
His friends assembled faithful to his word:
'Twas his instruction and command to them,
"Wait for the promise at Jerusalem,
Which in due time must there accomplish'd be,
The father's promise ye have heard of me,
That John with water once baptiz'd is true;
But lo! the Spirit there shall baptize you.
And when on you the Holy Ghost shall show'r
To call on men, ye shall receive my pow'r,
And ye shall then be witnesses for me,
In Canaan's land, and far beyond the sea."
Then he, who had his humble people cheer'd,
To their great pain and wonder disappear'd:
His work was finish'd, then he took his flight,
And lo! a cloud receiv'd him from their sight.

From Olivet, the mount of ancient fame,
They then retir'd and to Jerusalem came;
And as commanded, there they humbly wait,
Upon their master, gracious, good and great:
On him in faith, devoutly they attend,
Who promis'd them the comforter to send,
The truth's pure spirit, into truth to guide,
Which was with them for ever to abide.
The pow'r of pray'r and supplication then,
Was pour'd upon the women and the men:
They did as they were well instructed, wait,
It was a pure solemnity, so great,

* John iv. † Acts i. § John xiv. 16, 17. and xvi. 7. 18.

It brings to view what a divine relates ;
 At breaking of the seventh seal, he states,
 He saw, where reigns supreme celestial pow'r,
 " Silence in heaven the space of half an* hour."
 With one accord, th' apostles, in one place,
 Were met, and found the promis'd day of grace :
 The Holy Spirit's great effusion there,
 Fell on the men and on the godly fair.
 This was the morn of the most glorious day,
 When types and shadows were to flee † away ;
 That dispensation, favour'd once and good,
 In meats, and drinks, and divers washings, stood,
 And ordinances of a carnal kind ;
 Adapted to a weak, external mind ;
 Impos'd, until the reformation time, ‡
 The day of the great antetype sublime.
 Here they the substance of the shadows found,
 The scene with love and heavenly life was crown'd :
 Lo ! they were then with pow'r divine endu'd,
 To preach Christ Jesus to the multitude :
 Through every heart the Holy Spirit run ;
 " In Jesus Christ are male and female one : [broke ;
 Their cups o'erflow'd—mouths open'd—hearts were
 They, as the Spirit gave them utt'rance spoke."

At this sublime, and solemn, glorious state,
 The multitude were in amazement great ;
 But Peter, fill'd with the Holy Ghost, was bold,
 Stood on his feet, and all the people told,
 " This scene that you behold, with wonder here,
 Is that foretold once by an ancient seer :
 The days shall come, unlike the days of yore,
 Upon all flesh my Spirit I will pour ;
 Your sons and daughters then inspir'd shall be ;
 Old men dream dreams—young men shall visions see ;
 And on my servants and handmaidens, I
 Will pour my Spirit, and they'll prophesy". ||

The women doubtless, spoke with fervour here,
 They'd been, like men, Christ's witnesses sincere ;

* Rev. viii. 1. † Cant. ii. 17. ‡ Heb. ix. 10. || Joel ii. 28, 29.

They preach'd, or else what Peter held to view,
 Could not have been, without exception, true.
 If women had not spoken therē with weight,
 That prophesy could not to this relate :
 Were daughters not, as well as sons, to preach ;
 Handmaids, as well as other servants, teach,
 That prophesy would sacred records stain ;
 A falsehood must for evermore remain.
 Who this to say, would ever be beguil'd ;
 A sentiment, blasphemous, gross and wild.

We find that Philip, an apostle great,
 A deacon and a minister of weight,
 Had, if we may in sacred writ confide,
 Four virgin daughters, and they * prophesied.
 No doubt but Philip, and the churches round,
 United with their ministry as sound.

" I do," says Paul, the Roman's faithful friend,
 " Our sister Phebe to you recommend ;"
 And our translators have been pleas'd to say,
 " The SERVANT of the church at Cenchrea."
 The learn'd, who are to search the Greek, inclin'd,
 Assert she was a minister, they find.
 Translated SERVANT, doubtless, with design
 To hide her office, in the gospel line.

In history, is Phebe handed down,
 For gospel labours, one of great renown :
 She preach'd to Romans and to Greeks they tell,
 And the remote Barbarians knew† her well.

Paul greets Priscilla and Aquilla too,
 Brings them as fellow-labourers to view :
 We of Priscilla and her partner find,
 That they were persons qualified in mind ;
 That they were teachers great Apollos found,
 Who could with clearness gospel truths & expound.

" Salute Tryphena, and Tryphosa too,
 Says Paul, who labour'd in the Lord for you.
 Present lov'd Persis my saluting word,
 Who much with us hath labour'd in || the Lord."

* Acts xxi. 9. † Rom. xvi. 1. ‡ Theodoret, as cited by Clarkson
 § Acts xviii. 24, 26. || Rom. xvi. 12.

Again some women are describ'd by Paul,
 "Who labour'd with him in the gospel * call."

Would he thus female preachers recommend,
 And be to them as father and a friend,
 And then, alas, command them not to teach,
 That they indeed must neither pray nor preach?
 You who can in so gross an error slide,
 'Tis time, in fact, that you were rectified.

'Twas far from ancient men, including Paul,
 To quench the spirit—stop the gospel call;
 To silence her that's fill'd with tidings glad;
 Who's with the garment sacerdotal clad:
 Fill'd with pure ardour sinners to allure,
 To seek a city with foundations sure.

Have we not read, and ought we not to know,
 Just where it listeth, there the wind must blow?
 And human vision is too weak to see,
 Where it began, or where the end may be.
 Just so it is with th' ministerial tribe,
 And man must not truth's leading circumscribe:
 In Jesus Christ are male and female one,
 When she is sent, pray let the woman run:
 When rightly call'd and qualified to teach,
 Let her the gospel of glad tidings preach:
 'Tis not for man the Spirit to control,
 Nor stop the heav'nly bodies when they roll.



THE DELUGE.



From ancient Adam two great families came,
 Each were distinguished by a different name;
 Unlike in nature and the paths they trod,
 Were call'd the sons of men, and sons of God.
 The sons of men descendants were of Cain,
 Whose race were grossly dissolute and vain;

* Phil. iv. 3.

The sons of God, were Seth's religious race,
They highly valued piety and grace.
When men on earth were greatly multiplied,
And daughters born whose fame extended wide ;
The sons of God, remiss in watchful care,
Beheld the daughters of Cain's race were fair ;
An intercourse familiar then arose,
And they took wives of any whom they chose:
However they might be deprav'd before,
This aggravated their transgression more :
In nuptial ties they with strange women mix'd,
Whereby on them destruction's seal was fix'd.
The Lord then said, " my Spirit shall not strive
Always with man, to save his soul alive,
Because he's flesh—I now indeed decree,
One hundred twenty years his days shall be."
God with displeasure view'd the sinful state
Of man on earth, whose wickedness was great ;
Whose whole delight, and each pursuit were vain,
Were only one incessant evil strain.
So widely man from his Creator stray'd,
The Lord repented that he man had made :
To speak as men their sentiments impart,
That he made man, now griev'd him at his heart.
The end of this rebellious race was nigh :
The Lord declar'd in his displeasure high :
" I'll man destroy, with every fowl and beast,
They all shall die from greatest to the least."
This came to pass, in worthy Noah's days,
One who had gain'd his Maker's love and praise.
He was (if any should to know incline)
From Adam tenth, in Seth's once favoured line ;
Call'd just and perfect, authoris'd to teach,
And qualified true righteousness to preach :
God gave of him this testimony grand,
" I've seen thee righteous in my presence stand."
Pure virtue, truth and piety he chose,
And to great favour with his Maker rose ;
Was so esteem'd, and much belov'd we find,
That when the waters overwhelm'd mankind,

His family, in number only eight,
Were sav'd, indeed, by a deliverance great.
Of this great deluge, on the wicked sent,
God gave them warning that they might repent :
By Noah's preaching, and the ark also,
They long were warn'd of this great overflow.
The years lent men to do the heavenly will,
Were spending fast, and they rebellious still ;
The Lord told Noah what he had design'd,
Of the destruction, of the human kind ;
That he a flood upon the world would bring,
For man's rebellion 'gainst the heavenly King.
Directed him a spacious ark to make,
For him and family, he should with him take ;
And also some of every herd and flock,
And every fowl, the earth again to stock.
That tho' this race he could no more endure,
With him he'd make a covenant most sure.
This ark was great in magnitude and strength,
About four hundred fifty feet in length,
And seventy-five the breadth thereof was, quite,
And forty-five, or fifteen yards, in height.

So, faithful Noah built the ark complete,
And was therein commanded to retreat :
Seven days before the rain began to fall,
He who is Sovereign Ruler over all,
Told Noah he must speedily embark,
And take his family with him in the ark ;
That he therein, must safely with him bring
Some of all beasts, and every creeping thing,
And also fowls, whose elements' the air,
A male and female—he must take a pair.
Clean beasts by sevens must with him proceed :
Three pairs of them were sav'd alive, to breed.
The seventh, doubtless they would greatly prize,
After the flood, for food and sacrifice.
It surely by divine instinct appears,
The creatures gave themselves up volunteers.
Of food, he took a plenteous store, we find,
For household fare, and beasts of every kind.

When Noah had the high command obey'd,
 Embark'd on board the vessel he had made,
 Himself and wife, and his three sons and wives,
 And all the creatures, to preserve their lives,
 And of provisions taken in the store,
 The Lord himself vouchsaf'd to shut the door.
 All this occur'd, we find by sacred page,
 In the six hundredth year of Noah's age.

The rain began in torrents then to fall,
 Shock'd old and young, alarm'd the great and small.
 Then broken were the fountains of the deep;
 In vain might men for mercy cry and weep:
 They'd sinn'd their day of heavenly favour o'er,
 Could have the gracious privilege no more.
 Heaven's flood-gates open'd, each the misery shar'd,
 Nor man, nor beast, the mighty deluge spar'd.
 When it had rain'd thus forty days, we note,
 The ark began, as in a sea, to float;
 And when the waters were increas'd still more,
 It rose the hills, and lofty mountains o'er;
 But yet was safely thro' the scene controll'd,
 Tho' winds were boisterous, and the billows roll'd.
 To that degree prevail'd the mighty flood,
 It fifteen cubits o'er the mountains stood.

Thus fell this wicked and rebellious race,
 That hated virtue, piety and grace;
 Thus they all died, and every living thing,
 That mov'd on earth, or mounted on the wing,
 Were swept away, except the favour'd few,
 With Noah sav'd, to stock the world anew.

When the great work for which the flood was bro't,
 Was finish'd quite, the Lord on Noah thought,
 And shut the fountains of the mighty deep,
 The rains from falling on the world to keep;
 The windows of the high expanse did close,
 And o'er the earth a driving wind arose:
 The waters then assuag'd, as by command,
 Like a swift current, run from off the land.
 The flood prevail'd one hundred fifty days,
 And after that, (as sacred record says).

The vessel struck, and made a lasting stand,
 Upon a mountain in Arminia's land.
 And when it there had stationary been,
 Ten weeks and half, the lofty mounts were seen.
 A sight most welcome, this must surely be;
 Yet Noah knew they could the mountains see,
 When waters were within the valleys deep,
 He all confin'd chose forty days to keep.
 And after this, he forth a raven sent,
 Which to and fro, till th' waters dried, went.
 From this, we find, about the seventh day,
 He from the vessel, sent a dove away,
 But she, not finding any resting stand,
 Because the waters overflow'd the land,
 Soon to return unto the ark was fain,
 And Noah took her into him again.
 Seven days from this, he made one trial more,
 Sent out the dove, the valleys to explore;
 She in her bill, at evening's safe retreat,
 Came with a leaf, from off the olive sweet,
 By which he knew the waters were allay'd,
 Yet seven days he from the present stay'd,
 Then sent the dove, as he had done before,
 And she return'd to him again, no more.

When Noah had, with some solicitude,
 Been there three months, since he the mountains view'd,
 This lonely dwelling he unclos'd, and found
 That then was dry, the surface of the ground.
 Yet having a devout regard of mind
 In coming forth, (as he embark'd) resign'd
 To God's command, to whom his ardour glow'd,
 He eight weeks longer in the ark abode:
 And right it was, that he should there abide,
 Not only till he saw the ground was dried,
 But, till it might some verdant fruit produce,
 That would be needful for the creature's use.
 From time he enter'd, till he went on shore,
 Was one whole year, a week or little more.

The time arriv'd, he had the Lord's command,
 For him and for his family to land,

And all the living creatures forth to lead,
Abundantly upon the earth to breed.
So came forth Noah—he the word obey'd,
Was through the scene by his Creator sway'd.

Then righteous Noah, there an altar rais'd,
And with thanksgiving his preserver prais'd :
Burnt offerings offer'd, of clean beasts we find,
With gratitude, and reverence of mind.
He found acceptance with the Lord complete,
God smell'd a savour, that to Him was sweet ;
And then he made a covenant of grace,
With Noah, and with his succeeding race.
A gracious promise surely he made then,
The ground no more to curse because of men—
A general flood there should not be again,
While he the earth permitted to remain,
Seed time and harvest, day, night, heat and cold;
Summer and winter he would not withhold.
He then conferr'd a confirmation sure,
A token that this covenant should endure.
When men should see the gloomy storms arise,
The rain descend, to keep them from surprise,
He in the cloud vouchsaf'd to set his bow,
A token sure to let the people know
The word of Him, who bounds the sea and shore,
That floods should overflow the world no more.



THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

COME view the life of Joseph, the renown'd,
Who sought the truth, and heav'nly wisdom found :
The life of this great Patriarch, I sing,
Rais'd from a slave to govern like a king :
A pattern of stability in youth,
A lover of fidelity and truth ;

He quite unshaken, like a mountain stood,
 To him each evil was a source of good.
 When rais'd to pow'r, when he in state could ride,
 He shunn'd the path of vanity and pride;
 When he was potent, he forgave and sav'd,
 Those who were cruel when he mercy crav'd:
 His love was bounteous, and his grace was free,
 To pardon a repenting enemy.
 In him thro' life, love had the chiefest place,
 It flow'd to God, and to the human race.
 Let all who have true happiness in view,
 The path of virtue patiently pursue:
 O youth, your time in wisdom's ways employ!
 And truth's sublime advantages enjoy.

When Joseph was, says ancient sacred page,
 A youth, advanc'd to seventeen years of age;
 His father's flock, he and four brethren fed,
 And there he found what evil lives they led.
 He to his father stated this, in truth,
 Which made them angry at the harmless youth.
 The patriarch was of more love possess'd
 For Joseph, than for any of the rest,
 Because he was of his old age the son,
 First-born of Rachel, by long patience won;
 Who now in youth display'd a virtuous mind,
 Was like himself, to piety inclin'd.
 To Joseph he too much distinction paid,
 A coat for him of divers colours made.
 His brothers' spite by this was much increas'd,
 All social converse they with Joseph ceas'd:
 Soon for their malice rose another theme,
 About this time young Joseph dream'd a dream;
 While sleeping peaceful; 'twas to him reveal'd,
 That he and they at labour in the field,
 Were binding sheaves, and, to his wonder quite,
 His sheaf arose, and lo! it stood upright;
 His brethren's sheaves, that standing were around,
 To his sheaf made obeisance to the ground.
 When this he simply to his brethren told,
 Their indignation they could not withhold.

"Shalt thou rule us, said they, a stripling vaint,
Shalt thou e'er us a mighty monarch reign?"

Their hatred now was greater than before,
But lo! the youth was led to dream once more.

"The sun, moon, and eleven stars, said he,
When in my sleep, obeisance made to me."

This dream he could not in his bosom hold,
But to his father and his brethren told.

The consequence thereof his father view'd,
And he rebuk'd him, as a little rude.

But tho' he thus of Joseph's dream made light,
That it might not be so offensive quite,

To his hard sons, almost for war array'd,
It on his mind a deep impression made.

When of fresh pasture they became in need,
They with their flock to Shechem went to feed;

And Jacob wishing how they far'd to know,
Directed Joseph forth to them to go,

And get intelligence if all was well,
And then return, and him the tidings tell.

The filial youth was ready to consent,

From Hebron's vale, away to Shechem went;

He found that they from Shechem had withdrawn,

And understood they were to Dothan gone.

He thither went—as he was drawing nigh,

They happen'd him approaching to descry;

And to a vile conspiracy were led,

His dreams were grievous, and they wish'd him dead.

"Behold this master dreamer comes, said they,

As soon as he comes hither, let us slay,

And cast his body in a lonely pit,

A place for vain and idle dreamers fit;

Then nothing will assuredly remain,

But saying, he was by a lion slain:

We him into oblivion's shade will send,

And then behold where all his dreams will end.

When Reuben heard their grossly vile intent,

His study was the mischief to prevent;

Their bloody plan he view'd with mental pain,

And wish'd to send his brother home again:

"He told them their contrivance was not good,
Let us, said he, abstain from shedding blood,
But let us cast him (it would be more mild)
In yon deep pit, within the lonely wild ;
My counsel's better than the scheme you plann'd,
Let us upon him lay no bloody hand."

The mode of treatment he propos'd as best,
Was readily admitted by the rest ;
And they resolv'd to make the youth a prey,
Seiz'd him, and stript him of his garment gay ;
With hearts congeal'd, like adamant or stone,
He then was in the gloomy dungeon thrown.
Now Reuben saw him in the pit, conceiv'd
There would be means for him to be reliev'd ;
Therefore he seem'd to favour their design,
Tho' to relieve him was his aim benign.

But going on some call another way,
The rest while taking of some food, that day,
Approaching, view'd an Ishmaelitish band,
Of late from Gilead, bound to Egypt's land,
With sturdy camels, laden with supplies,
Of spices, balm, and other merchandize.
Then Judah spoke, like one concern'd for good,
"Shall we kill Joseph, and conceal his blood ?

My heart from such a cruel scene invites,
Come let us sell him to the Ishmaelites :
Let not our hand be heavy on the youth,
For he's our brother, and our flesh, in truth."
So true is, what we of the wicked read,
Their* tender mercies cruel are indeed.

When they had Judah's project understood,
They all united, and pronounc'd it good :
Since by this means they could their end obtain,
Get rid of him, and by the bargain gain.
So Joseph from the gloomy pit they drew,
And notwithstanding his entreaty new,
Would not regard his anguish nor his moan,
With cruelty but rarely seen or known ;

* Prov. xii. 10.

For twenty silver pieces, we are told,
They Joseph to the foreign merchants sold.

As Reuben was returning by the pit,
He found his brother then was not in it ;
And apprehending they had Joseph slain,
He rent his clothes, for anguish and for pain.
A mode in eastern regions to express
The deepest sorrow, and extreme distress.
In mournful accents he their conduct blam'd ;
He went to them, " the child is gone, exclaim'd,
What shall I do—what will become of me ;
Where shall I turn, or whither shall I flee ?"

So Reuben mourn'd, he thought that of them all,
His father's anger most on him would fall ;
As he was eldest, should have had most care
Of him who was the youngest brother there.
The rest of them contriving what to tell,
On this expedient craftily they fell ;
To keep their father from a thought remote,
That they were guilty, they took Joseph's coat,
And kill'd a kid ; with blood the garment stain'd,
And sent it on, with this account they feign'd,
" This we have found, remote from thy abode,
Is it the same thou on thy son bestow'd ?"
He was with sorrow, and with mourning smote,
He knew it well, said " 'tis my Joseph's coat ;
A beast of prey hath met him in his route ;
My son is slain ; he's dead without a doubt."
In grief extreme, he then his garments rent,
And into deep and doleful mourning went ;
In sackcloth clad, he shed the briny tears,
And mourn'd for Joseph, days, and months, and years.
'Tis not unlikely but each guilty son,
That found his father so with grief o'errun,
And sunk in sorrow, might too late relent,
And of their dreadful wickedness repent ;
But durst not now discover what they'd done
To their old father's highly valued son.
Vile as they were, they yet presum'd, we find,
To comfort him, when overwhelm'd in mind ;

So were their wives and tender sister led ;
But he refusing consolation, said
" I'll mourning go until my race is run
Down to the grave, in sorrow for my son."

Ere long we find the Ishmaelitish train,
Who bought young Joseph, for the sake of gain,
Took him to Egypt, where we now behold,
Him as a slave to an Egyptian sold,
Who was the captain of the monarch's guard.
Soon he perceiv'd 'twas not a bargain hard ;
The profit of a faithful servant found,
Who was indeed by truth and virtue bound.
The Lord bless'd Joseph in that distant land,
And prosper'd him in all he took in hand.
This dignified him in his master's view ;
A favourite he early with him grew.
He serv'd his master with a heart sincere,
Who soon advanc'd him, in his house with cheer.
His property was put in Joseph's hand,
All his possessions at the youth's command ;
And lo ! the captain, and what he possess'd,
For Joseph's sake, indeed, was greatly bless'd :
Thus was the blessing of the Lord, a shield,
On all he had, both in the house and field.

Joseph not only was possess'd of truth,
But much admir'd, as a most comely youth ;
His master's wife, remote from love that's true,
Address'd young Joseph, with an amorous view.
But he indeed, by purest virtue led,
With firmness that was never shaken, said,
" How can I sin, and thus incur the rod,
Do this great wickedness against my God ?"
Awhile from this, upon a certain day,
When from the house the people were away,
She so far o'er the bounds of virtue broke,
In her wild frenzy caught him by the cloak.
As he was still immovable in mind,
He fled from her, and left his cloak behind.
She in a rage, aside the garment laid,
Until her husband his appearance made ;

Then spreading it before him, like a saint,
 Of Joseph made a pitiful complaint.
 The unsuspecting master heard her tale,
 Which could not to excite his vengeance fail :
 Not thinking she a word of falsehood spoke,
 With ease deceiv'd at sight of Joseph's cloak,
 He took him up with an avenging power,
 And close confin'd him in king Pharaoh's tower,
 A place where the state prisoners were bound ;
 There he must feel the galling iron's* wound.
 Afflicted youth with the Egyptian band,
 Stranger with strangers, in a distant land ;
 No relative, no advocate or friend
 To plead his cause, his innocence defend.
 But he was favour'd, in the gloomy day,
 With peace the world can't give, nor take away.
 His friend was truth, he felt its calming rays ;
 The Lord was with him in probation's days :
 His gracious favour did to him extend,
 He made the gaoler humble Joseph's friend ;
 And he was soon brought to promotion here,
 Of all the prisoners made an overseer.
 The things of little consequence, and great,
 Done in the prison, he must regulate.
 The Lord was with this faithful youth indeed ;
 And made all things he took in hand, succeed.
 Thus Joseph rul'd king Pharaoh's prison o'er,
 As he had rul'd his captain's house, before.
 Tho' thus promoted, he was prisoner still,
 But in due time, it was the heavenly will,
 Whose mercies to his children never cease,
 To make a way for Joseph's full release.
 He from the prison was by means set free,
 No human prudence ever could foresee.

The butler and the baker of the king,
 Gave him offence, in some important thing ;
 The monarch highly anger'd in his mind,
 Imprison'd them where Joseph was confin'd,

* Psalm cv. 18.

The keeper plac'd them under Joseph's care,
Who overlook'd, and saw their daily fare.
While they were in the prison, on a night,
Each dream'd a dream, to them alarming quite ;
When morning came, their hearts were so distress'd,
That Joseph found their visages depress'd ;
He query'd of them, " tell me now I pray,
Wherefore ye look so sorrowful, to-day ?" ↑
They let him know, his view indeed was right,
That each of them had dream'd a dream that night ;
Their hearts seem'd ready with distress to fail ;
They knew none who the meaning could unveil.
Egyptians then, depended much, it seems,
On their soothsayers, to interpret dreams.
The butler and the baker, thus restrain'd,
They knew not how there could be one obtain'd.
That they their views might otherwise incline,
The youth referr'd to wisdom that's divine,
The true unfold of mysterious themes—
Requested them to let him know their dreams.
They to relate them, willingly were led :
" When in my dream, the anxious butler said,
A vine before me, my attention drew,
From which forthwith, three verdant branches grew ;
They budded and were soon with blossoms fraught,
And sweet ripe grapes the hanging clusters brought ;
Lo ! in my hand I held the monarch's cup,
From which the wine his practice was to sup ;
I from the clusters press'd delicious juice,
And gave it into Pharaoh's hand for use."
Attentive Joseph soon unveil'd the theme,
The true interpretation of the dream ;
" The three green branches mean, within three days,
The king shall thee among his servants raise,
Lift up thy head, restore thee to thy stand,
And thou shalt put the cup in Pharaoh's hand ;
As in past days when it was kept by thee,
This is the meaning of thy dream," said he :
But added Joseph, " when thy favours flow ;
Forget me not, thy gratitude bestow ;

Make mention of me kindly to the king,
That he may me from this confinement bring.
For I indeed was by a wicked band,
Sold into bondage from the Hebrew's land :
I've done no wrong, in action or in mind,
For which I should in prison be confin'd."

The baker seeing how the butler far'd,
Somewhat elated, he his dream declar'd.
"I also was, when in my vision, led,
To view three baskets standing on my head ;
And in the one that was above the rest,
Was baker's meats, for Pharaoh nicely drest :
Upon this meat the birds of prey were fed,
They ate it from the basket on my head."
This Joseph heard, and view'd the baker's state,
This is, said he, the meaning, and thy fate ;
These baskets likewise signify three days,
Within that time, lo ! Pharaoh shall thee raise,
Quite out of office, hang thee on a tree,
And there the birds shall eat thy flesh from thee."
Three days from this they had a great parade,
'Twas Pharaoh's birth-day ; he a banquet made,
For all his servants, and did then restore
The butler to his office, as before :
Far otherwise it with the baker far'd,
He hung him, just as Joseph had declar'd.
Poor Joseph might, with reason good, have thought,
That now the butler was to office brought,
He sure would Pharaoh's favour try to gain,
So as for him sweet freedom to obtain.
But yet the heedless butler, it appears,
Forgot him long—he yet remain'd two years,
Enjoying grace, truth, innocence and peace,
Ere any way appear'd for his release.

When these two years had terminated quite,
The king himself was much alarm'd one night ;
When he in bed had sought repose awhile,
He dream'd of standing by the river Nile ;
That stream of ancient and of modern fame,
And lo ! there forth out of the river came

Seven fat-flesh'd and well favour'd kine, that fed
On verdant grass, in an adjoining mead :
And after them came seven more out lean,
All quite ill-favour'd, and extremely mean,
Such as he'd never in that kingdom seen.
And these upon the river's border stood,
Beside the kine that were fat-flesh'd and good.
And lo ! the lean, and the ill favour'd kine,
Eat up the seven, that were fat and fine,
Of being fuller there was then no sign.
Pharaoh awoke—to sleep again he fell,
And in his vision view'd things strange to tell ;
He dream'd seven ears of corn, all full and good,
Grew on one stalk, completely fit for food ;
Seven wither'd ears sprang after them to view,
All blasted with an eastern wind that blew.
And lo ! the ears that were unfit for food,
Devour'd the others that were full and good ;
Then he awoke, and lo ! it was a dream ;
Was wonder struck at the mysterious theme.
When morning came, his dreams with him remain'd,
So that his spirit was with trouble pain'd.
He sent forthwith for the magicians round,
And men of wisdom in his kingdom found ;
To these he told his most alarming tale,
But none of them the mystery could unveil.
Behold the time was now arriv'd, we find,
Poor Joseph came into the butler's mind ;
So he then to the anxious king made known,
“ When he and baker were in prison thrown,
That in their dreams one solitary night,
They things beheld, and marvell'd at the sight ;
Which a young Hebrew, in the prison barr'd,
A servant to the captain of the guard,
Interpreted to each of us—behold !
It came to pass precisely as he told ;
My office was restor'd again to me,
But lo ! they hang'd the baker on a tree.”
On this the monarch for young Joseph sought,
And him in haste they from the prison brought.

As his appearance was in garb too mean,
He shav'd himself, and put on raiment clean :
Then Joseph, who was humble, wise and good,
Before the grand Egyptian monarch stood :
"I've dream'd a dream, said Pharaoh, which in vain,
Have the magicians labour'd to explain ;
But I, of late, have been inform'd of thee,
That thou canst into things mysterious see ;
And by the aid of some discerning pow'r,
Interpret visions of the midnight hour."
Joseph would not in his own pow'rs confide,
"Tis not in me he modestly repli'd ;
But God, the true interpreter, who's kind,
Will give the king an answer to his mind."
The monarch then, with some increase of cheer,
His dreams related for the youth to hear.
Th' interpretation was to Joseph plain,
He told the king that tho' his dreams were twain,
Or two in semblance, it might be rely'd,
That they but one thing only signify'd :
The seven fat kine, said he, and seven good ears,
Do represent one and the same, seven years ;
And these point out what is indeed at hand,
They mean seven years of plenty in the land :
The seven lean kine, and seven empty ears,
Are to describe another seven years ;
And these unfold what will ere long be seen,
They seven years of grievous famine mean ;
By which the Lord on high hath brought to view,
And shown the king what he's about to do.
As first came up seven kine, and ears, all good,
And after them the seven unfit for food ;
So these shall come (and which is near at hand)
Seven years of plenty thro' the favour'd land,
And after them, with horror and surprise,
Shall seven years of grievous famine rise ;
So great that all the overflowing store,
Shall be forgotten, shall be known no more ;
By reason of the famine sore and great,
That will consume the people of the state.

He told the king, the doubling of the dream,
Was to assure, and certify the theme ;
And that these things, tho' new and strange indeed,
He might depend would come to pass with speed.
When Joseph had unveil'd the hidden thing,
He then proceeded to advise the king,
How he indeed, might, in his royal state,
Improve the dream to an advantage great :
" Therefore, says he, let Pharaoh look around,
And let a man, discreet and wise, be found ;
And give him of all Egypt the command,
Let him appoint o'erseers throughout the land,
To take a fifth of all the things that grow,
Which in the seven plenteous seasons flow ;
In magazines let them abundauce lay,
Against the famine, and the trying day ;
That having stores of sustenance at hand,
The people be not cut off from the land."

Th' interpretation of the dream complete,
And to the king his counsel so discreet,
Were all receiv'd, as good, in Pharaoh's view,
And in the eyes of all his servants too :
Says Pharaoh to his courtiers, " can we find,
A man like this among the human kind ;
He is by me with admiration view'd,
A man who with God's Spirit is endu'd :
Because the Lord hath shown thee this," said he,
To Joseph, " there is none so wise as thee ;
Thou shalt be ruler o'er my house and field,
My people all to thy command shall yield ;
The rule of Egypt now shall be thy own,
I only will be greatest on the throne."

So he bestow'd on him, without delay,
The ensigns of great dignity and sway ;
Yes, splendid Pharaoh, the Egyptian king,
Then took from his own royal hand the ring,
Which he on humble Joseph's finger laid,
And him in vestures of fine silk array'd ;
Did him with the superbest honours deck,
He put a golden chain about his neck.

And made him in his second chariot ride,
His heralds going on before him, cried,
To "bow the knee," and at the king's command,
They made him ruler over all the land.
Then higher still to raise young Joseph's fame,
He Zaphnath-paaniah call'd his name;
And that he might enjoy the sweets of life,
Gave him the daughter of a prince to wife.

Joseph had been a bondman, it appears,
In that strange region, thirteen trying years;
When on a sudden, lo! the Lord, in love,
Rais'd him to honour—set him far above
His mistress, who had falsely him accus'd;
Above his master, who had him abus'd:
Thrown him in prison, in his anger hot;
Above the butler who had him forgot:
Above the rulers in the kingdom known;
O'er ev'ry man, but Pharaoh on his throne.

And now commenc'd the seven plenteous years;
The earth produc'd each fruit that greatly cheers;
Abundantly, and Joseph gave command,
When on his circuit thro' the fertile land,
To gather up of all the food a share,
All they, besides a sustenance, could spare.
He, corn and fruits in great abundance found,
And stor'd it safely in the cities round.
Thus he continued to increase the store,
And heap'd up grain, as sand upon the shore.
They kept account, but to an end they came,
It was beyond the reach of number's name.
Thus thro' the seven plenteous years they pass'd;
And then commenc'd the seven years of blast.
As Joseph had expounded Pharaoh's dream,
So was the sad, and most distressing theme;
Throughout all Egypt was the dearth severe,
And o'er the regions that were far and near.
In Egypt still it was not quite so sore,
Because awhile they had a plenteous store.
But when the famine there increas'd, 'tis said,
The people call'd upon their king for bread;

They were by Pharaoh unto Joseph sent,
Then they to him with their petition went ;
So he sold corn to the Egyptians nigh,
And those who came from distant lands to buy.
To that degree the famine rag'd around,
There was no bread in all the regions found,
Except what Joseph had at his command :
Here Egypt's kingdom, and all Canaan's land
Were in a state the pen can scarcely paint,
They were by reason of the famine faint.

Jacob, at length, was by some person told,
That there was corn in Egypt to be sold :
He charg'd his sons, to not stay there in pain,
But go to Egypt, and procure some grain.
His ten first sons, to this command took heed,
Without delay for Egypt they proceed ;
The youngest Jacob kept at his abode,
For fear some ill would happen on the road.
Though Joseph rul'd the land of Egypt o'er,
He would not trust to deputies the store ;
But overlook'd, with an attentive eye,
How corn was dealt to those who came to buy.
His breth'ren when they had the gov'nor found,
Bow'd down their heads before him near the ground.
He at first sight, his brethren clearly knew,
Tho' he was quite a stranger in their view :
His dream of them occurring to his mind,
To try hard treatment he was then inclin'd,
To see if that would bring them to a sense
Of their unnatural, and their dire offence.
He spoke by an interpreter, 'tis said,
To roughly ask them, whence they came, was led :
"From Canaan's land, that we might corn procure,
Said they, the famine's grievous to endure."
Then he repli'd, "ye are of spies a band,
And come to view the weakness of the land."
They answer'd with a most submissive word,
"To buy some food thy servants came, my lord,
We're one man's sons, who peaceful is and wise,
We are true men, thy servants are no spies."

But Joseph then repeats the charge, "'tis true
The weakness of the land you came to view."
This led them on themselves to further clear,
To show their lord that they were men sincere ;
"Thy servants were twelve brethren once, said they,
Sons of one man, the youngest is this day
In Canaan, with our father, who was led
To mourning sore for one that's long been dead."
"Well, then, said Joseph, it shall now appear,
If you are spies, or in your hearts sincere :
You have a younger brother, as you say,
Till he appears, you shall not go away ;
To send, and fetch him, I have now design'd,
Meanwhile shall ye in prison be confin'd ;
You'll then be try'd and prov'd, or otherwise,
As sure as Pharaoh is alive, ye're spies."
This Joseph said, and though they took it hard,
He put them straightway, three days under guard.
They on the third day, at his call appear'd,
He let them know that he his Maker fear'd ;
Wish'd them to live, that they must this pursue,
"If ye be men, who faithful are, and true,
Let one of you in prison here abide,
Go carry corn beyond the region wide,
Back to your father, stript of joys terrene,
And feed your families in the trying scene ;
But see you bring your younger brother here,
Then I shall find you in your words sincere."
To this the men, (their families soon to feed)
As there was no alternative, agreed.
Here they into a painful theme were led,
About their brother they suppos'd was dead.
"Ourselves in guilt and sorrow we have roll'd,
For we our brother into bondage sold !
When he entreated, ah ! we would not hear,
To his distress we turn'd a deafen'd ear ;
Though we beheld his painful bowels roll,
And saw the inmost anguish of his soul,
We verily are guilty we confess,
Therefore is sent upon us this distress."

"Did I not beg you, when ye were so wild,
Said Reuben, not to sin against the child?"
Ye would not hear, nor grant what I desir'd,
Therefore behold! his blood is now requir'd."
Joseph was present, heard their mourning sore,
He spoke by an interpreter before,
Now gone, while they this lamentation made,
To Joseph here they no attention paid;
As far from thinking he could understand,
As that their brother govern'd Egypt's land.
These words of theirs, pierc'd Joseph's heart so deep,
That he no longer could forbear to weep.
That this might not be by his brethren known,
He turn'd from them and wept awhile alone;
Then he return'd (though doubtless trying quite)
Took Simeon out, and bound him in their sight,
The eldest, next to Reuben, whom he spar'd,
Because he had so far for Joseph car'd,
That to relieve him was his anxious will,
When they conspir'd the harmless youth to kill.
He set the rest at liberty, that morn,
Their sacks directed to be fill'd with corn,
And to restore each man his money back,
To place it in the mouth of every sack;
And grant provision for them on the road,
They then proceeded for their old abode.
As one of them took down his sack to feed,
He found his money, was surpris'd indeed.
He call'd out to his brethren then around,
Declar'd to them he had his money found.
At this, great fear their guilty hearts assail'd;
A consternation wonderful, prevail'd!
And they exclaim'd to one another thus,
"Ah! what is this, that God hath done to us?"
Conscious of guilt, they in their terror view'd
This as a judgment of the Lord renew'd.
The guilty conscience feels its direful fears,
While innocence, with open face appears;
Adversity! how blunt thy arrows are,
When they with poignant stings of guilt compare.

Ere long they reach their native land, and give
Their father an alarming narrative ;
That Egypt's lord, to their extreme surprise,
Declar'd they were a band of wicked spies,
And that their youngest brother must appear,
As proof to him, that they indeed were clear.
That he by force did Simeon from them take,
Until the youth should his appearance make.
By this was Jacob sorely try'd and griev'd ;
But when their sacks were open'd they perceiv'd,
That each man's money there was safely laid,
Both Jacob and his sons were all afraid,
Lest there would some new accusation rise,
When that was settled of their being spies.
On this, good Jacob, ready near to faint,
Broke forth into a sorrowful complaint—
“Ye have bereav'd me of my sons endear'd,
Joseph and Simeon both have disappear'd,
And Benjamin, I fear, will be no more ;
These are to me afflictions that are sore.”
Then Reuben speaks, he labours to persuade,
A wild proposal to his father made,
“Let Benjamin with me in charge remain,
And I will bring him safely back again ;
If I should fail, indeed, without delay,
Two of my sons I'll give thee leave to slay.”
Of information, Jacob had no need,
How ill would be the recompense indeed,
If Benjamin should not again appear,
To kill two grandsons that to him were dear.
This proposition gave him no relief,
But aggravated his most painful grief.
“My son, said he, shall not go down with you,
His brother's dead, he's precious in my view ;
If mischief should befall him on the road,
That he should not return to my abode,
Then ye shall bring (remote from what you crave)
My grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave.”
Thus it appears awhile with them it stood,
Till they had near exhausted all their food :

Jacob gave orders to his sons once more,
To go for corn to Egypt as before.
Not seeming the injunction then to heed,
That they must bring their brother down indeed,
If they meant corn of Joseph to receive,
Or from confinement Simeon relieve.
The sons well knew, to go it was in vain,
Unless they could their father's leave obtain,
For Benjamin upon them there to wait ;
To get consent was now the puzzle great.
Reuben in vain his eloquence had try'd,
His father would not in his words confide ;
So Judah now his skill concludes to try,
To animate his father to comply.
" If thou wilt with us our young brother send,
We will arise, on thy commands attend ;
But if thou dost from going, him restrain,
For us to go, it is indeed in vain :
For he who is the grand Egyptian lord,
Gave us his solemn, and unfailing word,
That we no more his face should ever see,
Unless our brother was in company."
Now Jacob seem'd to hesitation led,
Which Judah seeing, to him further said,
" If thou the lad wilt to my care bestow,
We will arise and down to Egypt go ;
Our fam'lies in this trying scene supply,
That thou and we, and children may not die :
I will ensure him to his tender sire,
And thou shalt surely him of me require :
If I do not him safe to thee restore,
Let me endure the blame for evermore."
Tho' importunity and reason fail'd
To gain consent, necessity prevail'd.
" If we no other remedy can find,
Says Jacob to them, this is now my mind.
Take of our fruits, the best of Canaan's land,
And carry down a present in your hand ;
A little honey and some balm with you,
Some spices, myrrh, and nuts and almonds too."

If any one should wonder in his mind,
How they these things could in the famine find,
Let him at once make this reflection here,
This of the dearth was but the second year ;
These articles not us'd for common food,
Some of the old stock might remain yet good.
"Take double money with you," said their sire,
"The price of corn in Egypt may be higher ;
Likewise the money found in ev'ry sack,
Be sure to carry with you safely back,
And make it with the governor all right,
For peradventure 'twas an oversight ;
And take your brother Benjamin with you,
Arise, the journey there again pursue,
And God Almighty mercy give, I pray,
(My sole assurance in the trying day,)
So that the governor favour may extend,
And to me Simeon and young Benjamin send."
So they went forth, all cheerful seem'd to be,
With Benjamin to bear them company ;
The money also found in ev'ry sack,
They took with them to carry safely back,
And also double money corn to buy,
A gift the angry lord to pacify :
They reckon'd they could certainly appear
Before him now with confidence and cheer.
When they to Egypt had arriv'd once more,
They sought for Joseph, as they'd done before ;
There he beheld his youngest brother stand,
Then gave the steward of his house command,
"Bring these men home, and that without delay,
For at my table they must dine to-day."
This order by the steward was obey'd,
Which much alarm'd them, they were sore afraid.
'Twas strange indeed, and marvellous they thought,
Why they should to the ruler's house be brought :
They apprehended they would there be bound,
By reason of the money they had found ;
That a demand upon them they would make,
And them for bondmen and their cattle take.

That they might make their innocence appear,
They to the steward of the house drew near,
O sir, when first we hither came, said they,
"To purchase food, and had return'd away,
To our surprise, when we our sacks unbound,
"Our money there, in its full weight we found.
But who return'd the money in each sack,
We cannot tell, but we have brought it back,
And other money we have brought to buy,
Some sustenance, our fam'lies to supply."
The steward was dispos'd the men to cheer,
With gentle accents told them not to fear,
"Behold, your God and father's God, who's true,
Hath given treasure in your sacks to you."
And then, as he had been by Joseph taught,
To them their brother Simeon he brought.
He order'd water, and they wash'd their feet,
And gave their cattle provender to eat.
They having knowledge of the new design,
That they at noon should with the ruler dine;
The present brought, they ready made with fear,
To hand it to him when he should appear.
And when he came, they, as their father taught,
Presented him the articles they brought;
And with a rev'rence, that was most profound,
Bow'd down themselves before him to the ground.
He ask'd them of their welfare, and to tell,
If their old father was alive and well?
"Thy servant's father, tho' he's old and grey,
Is favour'd yet with life and health," said they.
When this was said, they bow'd to him once more,
And made obeisance, as they'd done before.
Here Joseph saw, (tho' strange it might have seem'd)
Accomplish'd what he first of them had dream'd,
Wherein their sheaves, as was to him reveal'd,
To his sheaf made obeisance in the field.
Then on them lifting up his eyes with care,
He saw his brother Benjamin was there:
"Is this your younger brother here, said he,
Of whom ye spake some time ago to me?"

May God be gracious unto thee my son,"
With yearning bowels, then he from them run;
Retiring to his chamber, with intent,
To give his tears, and tender passion vent :
And when his lonely, briny show'r was o'er,
He wash'd his face, return'd to them once more,
Refrain'd from tears, and with affection fraught,
Commanded that the dinner should be brought.
Accordingly, provision then was made,
In ample order, just as Joseph bade ;
That brought for him, was by itself to be,
To fit a prince's rank and dignity.
One table was for the Egyptians there ;
For Joseph's brethren, one was set with care ;
And when each table was prepar'd complete,
They were invited to set down and eat :
These all were plac'd, with Reuben at the head,
According to seigniority 'tis said ;
A circumstance like magic in their eyes,
Which made them marvel, with a great surprise ;
Not knowing Joseph, into wonder fell,
How he their ages could discern so well.
He to his brethren good attention lent,
And to them messes from his table sent :
The mess for Benjamin, his mother's son,
Was five times more than any other one.
Well furnish'd thus, with Egypt's goodly fare,
They ate and drank, were merry with him there.
Now might they think the trying scene was o'er,
That stormy winds would rise on them no more :
They'd sunshine have, but soon, alas ! they found,
The blackest clouds their horizon surround.
They who had not yet, with sufficient weight,
Felt Joseph's trials, his afflictions great ;
Were not yet clear of deep affliction's shore,
Must be corrected, and be prov'd yet more ;
To give to Joseph an unerring view,
If they indeed to Benjamin were true.
Joseph commands his heedful steward then,
To fill the sacks belonging to the men,

As much as they could carry with them back,
And each man's money place within his sack;
And put my cup, my silver cup or cann,
Within the sack's mouth of the youngest man.
All which was done, and at the dawn of day
Next morning, they were calmly sent away.
When they awhile had on their journey gone,
Not far out of the city yet withdrawn;
The gov'nor gave his steward orders new,
"Rise up, said he, in haste the men pursue;
As soon as thou shalt overtake them, say,
Why have you me rewarded ill this day;
Is not this that in which my lord doth drink?
He surely will not at such treatment wink;
But what ye are he certainly will find,
Ye have done evil, and have been unkind."
The steward thus instructed, straight pursu'd,
He overtook them, and (as they thought, rude,)
Charg'd them exactly as his lord had told;
They knowing well their innocence, were bold;
And to the man made light of it, and said,
"Why should my lord to say these things be led?
The Lord forbid thy servants so should do,
Not one of us have had the thing in view.
Behold, the money, with surprise, that we
Found in our sacks, we brought again to thee;
Unlikely now, that we should be so bold,
To rob thy lord, of silver or of gold."

In confidence that they indeed were clear,
Propos'd a search, set penalties severe;
"With whomsoever it be found, said they,
He for his crime, may die without delay;
The rest of us, (we give our word to thee)
To Egypt's lord, will faithful bondmen be."
The steward them at their proposal takes,
But this important mitigation makes;
"The one with whom the cup shall now appear,
Shall be my servant, and the rest be clear."
Then ev'ry sack upon the ground was laid,
And as they open'd, he inspection made;

Quite from the eldest to the youngest round,
And lo ! the cup in Benjamin's was found.
This seem'd full proof, this was conviction plain,
And from deep sorrow they could not refrain ;
At sight thereof they all were sore afraid,
Amazement and cold terror now pervade.
In token of their grief at this event,
Each one of them in twain his garment rent ;
And seeing now no remedy remain,
They to the city straight return'd in pain.
Joseph at home for their arrival staid,
They soon with terror their appearance made ;
And when they Joseph at his house had found,
They all fell down before him on the ground.
Ere they could any vindication make
To clear themselves, he to them sternly spake :
What deed is this that ye have done this day
Me for my good, with evil to repay ?
Did you not know a person in my line,
Could find you out, could certainly divine ?
Tho' they of this were altogether clear,
So great was their anxiety and fear,
They knew not what to answer or to say,
Till Judah spoke abruptly in dismay :
"What shall we utter to my lord, or state,
In this distress, ourselves to vindicate ?
The Lord, this day, thy servants sin hath view'd,
How we are guilty of ingratitude :
Lo ! we must be as servants to thee bound,
Both we, and he with whom the cup is found."
"Nay, God forbid, that I should so command,
Only the man, said Joseph, in whose hand
The cup is found, him I may not release,
The rest may go to their abode in peace."
This condescension, Judah boldness gave,
To come near to him, and attention crave :
"Let now (I pray) thy servant, O my lord,
Speak in the hearing of my lord, a word ;
Let not thy anger at thy servant burn,
Nor from the humble in displeasure turn ;

Thou art to all the people round endear'd,
As much, indeed, as Egypt's monarch fear'd.
Then he proceeded and repeated o'er
What pass'd, when they in Egypt were before,
And with their father, in his grief and pain,
When they went back, to their abode again.
In moving notes did he delineate
His father's sorrow and affliction great,
For one lost son, as said some former day,
Was torn to pieces by the beasts of prey;
The wonderful affection that he bare
To his son Benjamin, who then was there;
That 'twas a scene of labour and of pain,
Their father's leave for him to come to gain—
That he himself had been oblig'd to be
For Benjamin's return, security;
His father's life was in the lad so bound,
If he should see the rest return and found,
That Benjamin was to return no more,
His father's anguish then would be so sore,
In spite of all that they could do to save,
He sure would go with sorrow to the grave.
Thus Judah plead the governor to reach,
With this petition he concludes his speech:
"Now let thy servant his desire obtain,
Let me a bondsman with my lord remain,
Instead of brother Benjamin, the lad,
Let him return, and make his parent glad;
"For how shall I my father ever see,
And Benjamin, my brother, not with me:
Behold him drink the wormwood and the gall,
And see the evil that shall on him fall."

So sensibly did Judah's moving speech,
The heart of deeply feeling Joseph reach;
And finding he could not himself contain,
No longer from his brethren could refrain.
He order gave, that each Egyptian there,
Should from his presence instantly repair.
As soon as from him had withdrawn the crowd,
His long pent heart burst into weeping loud!

It was a scene of wonderful surprise—
I'm Joseph, doth my father live, he cries ?
The name of Joseph in that doleful hour—
Their sense of guilt—to take revenge his power,
Were almost like a thunder-bolt to wound ;
Struck them to silence awful and profound,
Which he observing, then was pleas'd to say,
In depth of feeling, " come to me, I pray."
They drawing near, he said to them, behold !
I am your brother ye to Egypt sold !
These words, though spoken with a mildness great,
Must every heart most deeply penetrate,
Where, either guilt would let in doleful fear,
Or true repentance, sorrow that's sincere.
He seeing their extremity of grief,
Was pleas'd to add, to grant them quick relief,
" However, let not your affliction stand,
Because you sold me to a distant land :
The Lord, who rules with power omnipotent,
Men's lives to save, hath me before you sent ;
For these two years the famine hath been sore,
And lo ! there are to come yet five years more
When there shall be (as well I understand)
No ears to grow, nor harvest in the land :
The Lord hath sent me hither, by his grace,
To save your lives, and to preserve your race ;
The Lord prepar'd the path that I have trod,
It was not you that sent me here, but God."
Thus this good man, endur'd with love intense,
By mitigation, eas'd their great offence ;
His views beyond the instruments arose,
To him who can all things for good dispose.
We may, if we the subject rightly view,
With ease discern his sentiment was true ;
It was not they, indeed, that sent him there,
It was the Lord, in providential care :
They sold him to an Ishmaelitish band
Who might have sent him to a foreign land ;
And they car'd not where he was sent, it seems,
Could they be rid of him, and all his dreams.

The Lord, indeed, convey'd him to that place,
By various steps of his propitious grace,
Through trying scenes, and in his time and hour,
Rais'd him to state, to dignity and power,
'That he might be an instrument of good
In that important work of saving food,
The family of the faithful ones to save,
And many more, from an untimely grave.
"Therefore, said Joseph, I am thus array'd,
He hath a father me to Pharaoh made.
I have, as lord of all his house, command,
And am the ruler over Egypt's land."
Haste you in peaceful cheerfulness away,
Go up to Canaan, to my father say,
Thus saith thy Joseph, thy dear long lost son,
The Lord for me things marvellous hath done,
He's made me of all Egypt's land, the lord,
Come down to me, my father, is the word;
Sure Goshen's land is set apart for thee,
Thou shalt reside contiguous to me :
Yes, there shalt thou and all thy race remain,
There I will thee, and all that's thine sustain;
Five years will pass, before the dearth will cease;
Here thou and household may be fed in peace."
And that no doubt at all with you may rise,
That I am Joseph, (wond'rous in your eyes)
As proof thereof, you may good notice take,
Ere now by an interpreter I spake;
"But now behold! your eyes may clearly view,
That 'tis my mouth that speaketh unto you.
Ye shall return, and my dear father cheer,
Shall let him know of all my glory here;
Of all you've seen, and all ye understand;
Make haste and bring him down to Egypt's land."
When he had thus reviv'd his brethren well,
Upon his youngest brother's neck he fell,
And there he wept, in love sublime and deep,
And Benjamin did on his brother weep.
And after this, to them of fear divest,
An amnesty he granted to the rest;

He kiss'd them all, his pardon then to prove,
And wept upon them in endearing love ;
By which kind carriage, all encourag'd, they
Discours'd with him familiarly that day.

The news of Joseph's brethren being there,
They soon to Pharaoh, Egypt's king declare ;
This pleas'd the monarch, and the courtiers well,
They bid them welcome in the land to dwell.
The king for Joseph call'd without delay,
And told him he must to his brethren say,
Take wagons ; lade your beasts and go the road,
That leads to Canaan—to your old abode ;
When you arrive, your aged parent tell
That he must in the land of Egypt dwell ;
And bring him with your wives and children dear,
There's houses and provisions for you here ;
Mind not your stuff, but my advice pursue,
For lo ! the good of Egypt is for you."

With Joseph's view, thus Pharaoh coincides,
The wagons and provisions he provides,
To aid his father he was so intent,
A noble present of good things he sent.
Kind Joseph then, to give his brethren cheer,
A confirmation of his love sincere,
With a new suit presented every one ;
But to distinguish his own mother's son,
Young Benjamin, he gave him with delight,
Of silver coin, three hundred pieces bright ;
Five suits of clothes likewise on him bestow'd ;
So his affection for his brother glow'd.
And lest they should upon the way contend,
Which had, or had not, been his foe or friend,
His parting caution was to them, that they
Should not fall out, or quarrel on the way.
All things prepar'd according to his view,
They were dismiss'd the journey to pursue ;
Appearing now more like a stately train,
They came to Canaan, to their sire again.
When they had their long-mourning father told,
"Thy lost son Joseph is alive, behold !

He is the ruler of all Egypt's land !
 O'er Pharaoh's kingdom Joseph has command !"
 The sudden news was almost like a dart,
 To penetrate his long afflicted heart :
 Amidst extremes of pleasing hope and fear,
 He sunk to languor—was to dying near.
 His deep affection would sincerely lead
 To earnest hope, that it was truth indeed ;
 But yet his judgment would not quickly view ;
 Let him believe it was, or could be true ;
 Their declaration was, indeed, in vain,
 Till he had view'd the wagons in a train,
 That Joseph sent to take them all away,
 And them forthwith to Egypt to convey.
 On this did Jacob's languid heart revive,
 "It is enough—my son is yet alive ;
 No more of his new dignity relate,
 His power, his riches, honours in the state ;
 He is alive, and that's enough, I cry—
 I'll go with joy, and see him, ere I die.

Then Israel journey'd, and without delay,
 With all he had, arriv'd at Beersheba,
 Where God (whom Jacob's predecessors fear'd)
 Had to his father Isaac once appear'd.
 And there he worshipp'd ; there he sacrific'd
 Unto the God his father Isaac priz'd.
 Herein, no doubt, he thank'd the Lord, who sav'd
 His son, who had in Egypt been enslav'd ;
 And thank'd him for his other sons restor'd ;
 He doubtless supplicated and implor'd,
 'That he'd continue his protection true ;
 Be with him in the journey he'd in view.

Here Israel's God, this patriarch's delight,
 Appear'd to him in visions of the night ;
 Call'd "Jacob, Jacob !" "I am here," said he ;
 "I am, said God, thy father's Deity :
 To go to Egypt, do not hesitate,
 For there I'll make of thee a nation great,
 I'll go with thee, and will with thee remain,
 And bring thee to the promis'd land again."

That is, thy lifeless body to be laid,
And offspring to abide—be not afraid;
“Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes;”
Thy son shall close thy eye-lids, when thou dies.
Thus Jacob strengthen’d, and with grace endu’d,
His journey he with greater joy pursu’d.
He took with him his daughter and his sons,
Likewise their wives, and all their little ones.
The patriarch, with his whole offspring then,
They calculate to be threescore and ten.
They took their goods, and cattle they possess’d,
To seek for plenty and a place of rest.

When Jacob, near to Egypt’s borders drew,
He Judah sent to Joseph with a view
To let him know that they were near the place;
For Goshen then directly sets his face.
When Joseph had of this been notified,
His chariot was prepar’d for him to ride;
He forthwith to the land of Goshen went,
Himself before his father to present.
They met with joy, the pen can faintly tell,
And there upon each other’s neck they fell;
Forgetting all their sorrows, and their pains,
They bath’d in tears, and wept in joyful strains;
Then breaking forth in animation high,
Let me (said the enraptur’d parent) die,
Since thou art living, and by heavenly grace,
I’m crown’d with favour, to behold thy face!
When these endearments were in measure o’er,
The tears had flow’d, till they would flow no more.
Joseph propos’d that he would forthwith go,
And of their coming let the monarch know.
Accordingly he to the palace went,
Five brethren did before the king present;
Told him his father, late from Canaan’s land,
Arriv’d in Goshen, and had made a stand;
His children and their flocks and herds had brought,
And in that land the king’s protection sought.
The king receiv’d them with attention free,
And ask’d what might their occupation be?

They answer'd him, "thy servants shepherds are,
Keepers of cattle—so our fathers were;
In Egypt we desire awhile to dwell,
Because the famine sore on Canaan fell.
Now therefore let (says they to him) we pray,
Thy servants in the land of Goshen stay."
The monarch seem'd with sympathy impress'd,
Most readily he granted their request."
The way thus open'd, soon did Joseph bring,
His father, in the presence of the king;
He bless'd the monarch, says the sacred page,
The king then ask'd the patriarch his age.
His answer to the monarch thus appears,
"I've liv'd one hundred and quite thirty years:
I have not yet, of years the number gain'd,
My fathers in their pilgrimage attain'd."
A little time he thus with Pharoah spent,
And then he from the royal presence went.
Thus Jacob found, with Egypt's monarch, grace,
And Joseph did his aged father place.
And brethren too, in fertile Goshen's land,
According to the king's benign command.
And Joseph freely nourish'd them with bread,
His father, brethren, and their families fed,
With that same care and perfect tenderness,
As if they'd been his children in distress.
Thus Jacob liv'd in Egypt, it appears,
In life's declension, quiet seventeen years;
From bitter scenes, in his last days releas'd,
His offspring there exceedingly increas'd.
Years roll'd away, at length the time drew nigh,
When Jacob, the good patriarch, must die;
To call his lov'd son Joseph, he was led;
When he arriv'd his father to him said,
"If I, my son, have favour found with thee,
I pray that thou would'st kindly deal with me;
Lay not my bones in Egypt's land, I pray,
A promise make, that thou wilt me convey
To Canaan's land, where dwelt our ancient race,
And lay me in my father's burying place."

Good Joseph then a solemn promise made,
That his command should duly be obey'd.
When Israel thus had gotten Joseph's word,
He bow'd himself in reverence to the Lord,
That after all his mercies great and true,
He'd favour'd him with an assurance new,
By Joseph's promise, to him firmly made,
That he should in the promis'd land be laid.

A while from this, word came to Joseph quick,
To let him know his father then was sick.
He and his sons forthwith attention paid,
A visit to his feeble father made.

When Jacob found his son was come, 'tis said,
That he reviv'd, and sat up in the bed.

Jacob to Joseph then related o'er
The promise made unto him long before.

"The Lord at Luz, in Canaan, once appear'd,
And lo ! he blest me, for I him rever'd,

And to me said, behold, most surely, I
Will make thee fruitful, thee will multiply :

I'll make of thee a multitude indeed,
And this good land bestow upon thy seed,
That shall spring up, and flourish after thee ;
An everlasting heritage to be."

When Joseph had been there awhile, we find
The patriarch whose eyes were almost blind,
Discern'd some lads between the governor's knees,
Then Jacob query'd of him, "who are these ?

They're my two sons, the Lord hath by his grace,
Bestow'd on me, said Joseph, in this place."

Bring them to me, that from the choicest store,
I blessings may, said Jacob, on them pour."

Joseph, attentive to his father dear,
He bow'd his head, and set the children near.

Then Jacob kiss'd, and press'd them in his arms,
And said to Joseph (almost fill'd with charms),

"I had not thought to see thy face, indeed,
And lo ! the Lord hath shown to me thy seed."

One thing is worth an observation here,
When Joseph brought them to his father near,

He Ephraim took in his right hand, 'tis said,
And him towards his father's left hand led;
And took Manassah (as his prudence plann'd)
And plac'd him by his aged sire's right hand.
Israel, to stretch his right hand out, was sway'd,
Which on the youngest, Ephraim's head he laid;
His left hand to Manassah's head apply'd,
And both his hands did wittingly thus guide.
He Joseph blest, in ardour sweet that glow'd,
And blest the children in the stream that flow'd:
"The God whom my forefathers long ador'd
To whom they cried for ev'ry blessing pour'd;
The God that me throughout my life hath fed,
The messenger that me from evil led;
May he be pleased to bless the lads indeed,
And shower his gracious blessings on their seed:
Upon these children let my name be nam'd,
And name of Abraham and of Isaac fam'd;
Let them increase, and be a mighty band,
A multitude of people in the land."
When Joseph saw his father thus was sway'd,
That he his right hand on the youngest laid;
Which carri'd preference, and the chief regard,
And as he view'd it, nature's order marr'd;
This Joseph thought, must by his father be
Done through mistake, or inadvertency.
Of Jacob's right hand Joseph then took hold,
To lay it on Manassah's head, we're told;
"My father, this is my first-born, he said,
Therefore put thy right hand upon his head."
But Jacob, when his hands on them he laid,
Was not by judgment nor affection sway'd;
The hands of this great patriarch benign,
Were guided by authority divine.
He could not yield to Joseph's prudent view;
"I know, my son, said he, that this is true:
From thy first-born will rise a people great,
But they will not the younger emulate;
For lo! there shall, in after days, be view'd
Of Ephraim's seed, a mighty multitude."

Then adding to his former blessing stress,
"In thee, shall they who are of Israel bless,
And say, may he, who did the world create,
Make thee as Ephraim, and Manassah great."
Then growing weaker, found his end was nigh,
"Behold, said he, to his lov'd son, I die ;
The Lord of life shall with my seed remain,
And bring you to your father's land again."
Then found, apace was coming on his end,
Sent for his sons, upon him to attend,
While he had strength to bid them all farewell,
To pour on them his blessings, and foretell
What should befall them, in this vale of tears,
And progeny, in distant after years.
"Gather yourselves together now, said he,
Ye sons of Jacob, hearken unto me."
They all attentive, he proceeds, to each
Of them, distinctly makes his final speech.
When Israel thus had spoken to each son,
And in deep love, had bless'd them every one;
Not as his own affection would incline,
But as induc'd by openings divine,
Once more he notifi'd his children dear,
That his long-look'd for death was very near:
To bury him, he gave them a command,
Beside his father's bones, in Canaan's land ;
Then found from his decayed frame release,
His humble spirit yielded up in peace.
But pious Joseph's deeply feeling heart,
Could scarcely from his tender parent part ;
He fell upon his father's face, 'tis said,
And sorely wept, and kiss'd him on the bed:
By which he gave his tender passion vent,
Then to his servants the physicians sent ;
They then were to embalm the body bid,
Which in obedience to his word, they did.
And lo ! they had a solemn mourning then,
They mourn'd for Jacob threescore days and ten.
Then Joseph, his fond father to obey,
Went up, his bones in Canaan's tomb to lay.

To honour Joseph, and the funeral too,
There went of Pharaoh's servants, not a few ;
The elders of the royal fam'ly, grand,
And all the ruling elders of the land ;
Chariots and horsemen this great funeral grace,
They join'd with Joseph, and his father's race.
Thus they went on, at length they made a stand,
At Atad's threshing floor, in Canaan's land ;
And Joseph a most solemn mourning made,
The mourners there seven days together staid ;
Their mourning was so very sore and great,
The Canaanites, the people of that state,
Said, (at a scene unknown to them before)
" This to th' Egyptians is a mourning sore."
When this was clos'd, they with a solemn pace,
Proceeded to the ancient burying place ;
There, in the cave that long before was made,
Good Joseph saw his father's body laid.
His word perform'd, he, with the generous train,
Forthwith return'd to Egypt's land again.

While Jacob liv'd, his guilty sons might be,
As they consider'd, all from danger free ;
But having lost their potent advocate,
Their guilt reviv'd, their fears were very great :
Thought Joseph now, would punish ev'ry one,
For all the evil, they to him had done,
After consulting, they to Joseph frame
A message, in their worthy father's name ;
Whose memory liv'd, (as very well they knew)
And much was reverenc'd in the governor's view ;
That they their potent brother might appease,
A messenger they sent, with words like these :
" Thy father gave us a command to say,
To Joseph, please to pardon, now, I pray,
The trespass of thy brethren and their sin,
Although they err'd exceedingly therein."
And having thus to Joseph smooth'd the way,
Their own petition they prefer, and say,
" And now to thee we most sincerely pray,

Forgive the trespass, lay not now the rod,
Upon the servants of thy father's God "
Here we discern with what peculiar art,
They the most moving arguments impart;
His parent's wish, his long-lov'd dying friend,
That he to pardon them would condescend,
Not only in relation, as they stood
To him as brethren, his own flesh and blood;
But also servants, such as truly fear'd,
The God both Jacob, and that he rever'd.
This humble message struck the good man deep,
That he indeed, could not forbear to weep.
On this petition to procure his grace,
They came themselves and fell before his face;
Their hearts almost with fear and anguish bled;
"Behold, we are thy servants," now, they said,
His heart-sick brethren he was pleas'd to cheer,
In words consoling, told them not to fear.
"Do I," said he, "stand in the place of God;
To punish you with the avenging rod?
I know indeed that ye gross evil thought,
But God meant good, which he in mercy brought;
He rais'd me up an instrument to save
A multitude from an untimely grave.
Now therefore fear not any hurt from me,
For I so far from injuring you will be,
I'll nourish you, in every scene of need,
Both you and all your little ones will feed."
Good Jacob's death is thought to be, we're told,
When Joseph was just fifty-six years old;
And after that, it by the text appears,
He liv'd in Egypt four-and-fifty years.
When Joseph found his death was drawing near,
He call'd his brethren, and his kinsmen dear,
And said to them, "my days to come are few;
The Lord your God will surely visit you,
He will perform what long ago he plann'd,
Will guide you safely to the promis'd land.
Confirm'd to those who now are in the grave,
That he to Abraham and his offspring gave."

He then most solemnly confirm'd the thing,
 That God would surely them from Egypt bring.
 And then he gave them his farewell command,
 To take his bones with them to Canaan's land.
 He died in peace, as says the sacred page,
 When just one hundred and ten years of age.
 To this great man was due attention paid,
 He was embalm'd and in a coffin laid.

Thus, he who would to no temptation yield,
 Who gain'd the conquest in probation's field;
 He who was into gloomy bondage sold,
 And was rewarded e'en a hundred fold;
 He who was patient, humble, meek and wise,
 Obtain'd the great, and the immortal prize;
 His spirit that from youth for heaven glow'd,
 Rose as with wings to its long sought abode;
 The region where no wicked ones annoy
 The glorious kingdom of eternal joy.



THE ISRAELITES' DELIVERANCE.

STILL, in the tomb, awhile had Joseph lain,
 When a new king in Egypt rose, to reign;
 Another Pharaoh sat upon the throne,
 Who had not Joseph's person ever known.
 A fleeting age had roll'd away, or more,
 Since the Egyptian famine great and sore;
 And Joseph's kindness, and his worthy name
 Was now forgotten, to their lasting shame:
 When his good deeds to Egypt's king and crown,
 Ought to have had perpetual renown.
 This monarch view'd, and lo! it broke his peace,
 The Israelites' most wonderful increase;
 They prosper'd, and they multipl'd indeed,
 That Goshen's land was fill'd with Jacob's seed.
 The king held it expedient, to secure
 Himself from harm, and wealth and fame procure;

He by self-interest and delusion led,
Conven'd the elders of the land, and said,
"The Israelites are now become, we see,
In number more, and mightier than we;
Let us, therefore, with them be very wise,
Lest they grow stronger, and o'er Egypt rise;
Or in some war, join an invading foe,
To overpower us, and from Egypt go;
Whereby this land would lose a certain gain,
That we might from so many slaves obtain."
The people to the royal speech took heed,
And jointly with their cautious king agreed,
The Israelites to labour hard, did bring,
In making brick, and building for the king.
Their scheme was this, the Israelites to keep
To labour hard, and profits from them reap,
By slavery, unlimited disgrace,
To bring to abject indigence their race;
Their bodies weaken by the labour sore,
Their minds debase by stings unknown before.
In policy, more cruel than the tomb,
They set task-masters to complete their doom;
To oversee, and grievous burdens lay,
And make them serve with rigour, day by day;
So that their lives were very bitter made,
By grievous tasks, their tyrant masters laid.
To cruel bondage they were fore'd to yield,
In mortar, brick, and service of the field.
But as, indeed, the camomile we know,
When trod upon, more vigorous will grow;
And as the palm-tree, we so much admire,
With weights encumber'd, spreads and shoots the highèr;
And as the Church of Christ will grow the best,
When by its cruel enemies oppress'd;
So we this long-afflicted people view,
The more oppress'd the mightier they grew.
Thus Pharaoh was to deep vexation led;
He verifi'd what once a poet said.
"The envious man frets till himself grows lean,
Because his neighbour's fortune is serene."

It much disturb'd the king of Egypt's peace;
When he beheld the Israelites increase ;
In spite of all the heavy burdens laid,
To see them grow, made Egypt's men afraid.
The monarch's fears increasing to distress,
Their mighty growth completely to suppress,
He issu'd orders in his boundless strain,
That every son born to the Jews be slain ;
But they alive should every daughter save :
He this command unto the midwives gave.
But when the monarch came to understand,
That they had not regarded his command,
That they had not these infant children kill'd,
He was with bitter indignation fill'd.
Resolv'd a more effectual course to take,
To all the people in his kingdom spake,
And issu'd out an edict most forlorn,
That every son unto the Hebrews born
They should forthwith into the river throw ;
But every daughter should escape the wo.
This edict issu'd, so as not to fail,
Made for the drowning every Hebrew male,
Produc'd a sorrow, and a mourning sore,
Such as was not in Goshen known before ;
All schemes the anxious parents could contrive,
No doubt were form'd to save the babes alive.
Awhile before this cruel law was made,
Amram attention to a virgin paid ;
And to obtain domestic joys in life,
He made her in affliction's days his wife.
By whom a daughter, they call Miriam came ;
Four years from that, a son they Aaron name :
The next a son call'd Moses, it appears,
When Aaron's age was just about three years.
This little son, the last the woman bare,
Not only was so goodly, and so fair ;
But something supernatural, and divine,
Appear'd upon his countenance to shine ;
Which made his mother more for him regard,
And labour for his preservation hard.

She kept her babe three months conceal'd, that so
The Egyptians might not his existence know ;
And finding by contrivances apply'd,
She could no longer her dear infant hide ;
And apprehending he might soon be found,
By Pharaoh's executioners, and drown'd :
She, doubtless, led by an instinct divine,
Conducted not as nature would incline.
A little ark she of bulrushes made,
Which she with pitch to keep out water paid ;
And when the boat was by the woman done,
She laid therein her little darling son,
And plac'd it by the border of the Nile,
And set his sister Miriam there awhile,
A distance off, (then seven years old was she)
What would become of this fair babe to see.
'Twas order'd soon by Providence divine,
Who works great wonders in his love benign,
That Pharaoh's daughter, they Thermuthis name,
Down to the river, with her maidens came,
As she was walking by the river's side,
Behold ! the little floating ark she spy'd.
To fetch the same, she forthwith sent a maid,
The ark was brought, and near the princess laid,
Which, when she had to her surprise, unbound,
She there a lovely weeping infant found.
This unexpected innocent to view,
Compassion from the feeling princess drew ;
Made her exclaim in sympathy sincere,
" This is one of the Hebrews children dear."
Attentive Miriam, though she then was young,
Soon drawing near, she cast herself among
This company, and found the princess mild ;
The infant took to be a Hebrew's child ;
" Shall I go forth, and call in haste, said she,
A Hebrew nurse, to keep the child for thee ?"
" Go," said the princess—Miriam thus taught,
Ran, and her own, and the child's mother brought ;
Then said the princess, " one request I make,
That thou this child to nurse for me would take,

For thy reward I'll give thee wages fair,
As sure as thou performs the charge with care."
To this the infant's mother soon agreed ;
The bargain was a welcome one indeed.
She took it home, and with rejoicing true,
Durst nurse it now. expos'd to open view.
And when the child was old enough, 'twas brought
To Pharaoh's house, to dwell, and to be taught.
This lad, the princess' deep affection won,
And she adopted him to be her son.
And in a serious, retrospective view,
That she the child out of the river drew,
To call him Moses, open'd in her mind,
The word is thus, "I drew him out" defin'd—
Thus unawares predicting, (it is said)
Israel should be by him from Egypt led.
Thus Moses into Pharaoh's court was brought,
And in their learned sciences was taught ;
Both civil and the military line,
All that could make him in that kingdom shine.
In aftertime, this might good Stephen lead,
To call him mighty, both in word and deed.
And in some ancient histories, 'tis said,
That he as gen'ral, Pharaoh's forces led
Forth in the field, and gain'd a victory grand,
O'er a great army, from a distant land.
And other mighty deeds of him we find,
Ere he with the afflicted Hebrews join'd.
But when grown potent, and, as it appears,
Arriv'd unto the age of forty years,
An inclination sympathetic grew,
To go, and his afflicted brethren view.
So by a deep, unfeign'd affection sway'd,
He went, and their calamities survey'd.
The sight of this must almost him amaze,
A deep compassion for their misery raise,
And indignation in his heart create,
To the Egyptians, their oppressors great.
He there beheld (and could not bear the sight)
A hard Egyptian, a poor Hebrew smite ;

To that degree his indignation grew,
He the oppressing, vile Egyptian slew.
He thought his brethren would have understood,
The Lord Almighty, who is kind and good,
Would raise him up, an agent in his hand,
To lead his people to the promis'd land.
Such was his prospect, and this doubtless drew
Him then to go, and their afflictions view.

The next day Moses was inclin'd once more,
To view their burdens, that indeed were sore :
And finding two, who both were Hebrew men,
Each with the other in contention then ;
That they were brethren, he put them in mind,
Who ought to be to one another kind,
And said to him who was abusive quite,
Wherefore dost thou thy peaceful brother smite ?
The one that wrong'd his fellow with a sneer,
Said, " who made thee prince, judge, or overseer ?
Is it thy vile intention me to slay,
Just as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday ?"
This startled Moses, for thereby he saw,
'Twas known that he had broken Egypt's law.
If this was not conceal'd from Pharaoh's view,
To Egypt doubtless he must bid adieu.
Nor where his fears of Pharaoh's vengeance vain,
Who soon got news, and sought to have him slain.

No longer safe, from Egypt Moses fled,
He was towards the land of Midian led.
While on his travel, in fatigue, it fell,
To rest himself, he sat down by a well ;
Seven daughters of the priest of Midian came,
They Jethro call, or sometimes Reuel name ;
They came their father's flock to water there,
Of which they had (tho' maids of rank) the care.
Some rustic shepherds, who presum'd to sway,
With great importance crowded them away.
This Moses view'd ; his duty seem'd to press,
To grant relief to persons in distress.
He could not brook the rustic's rude offence,
But bravely stood up in the maids defence ;

In friendship, free as the nocturnal dew,
He water for the shepherdesses drew.
By the assistance of this man of pow'r,
The maids return'd at an unlook'd for hour ;
Their father was, with wonder, led to say,
"How happened ye to come so soon to-day?"
They answer'd him, "a man from Egypt's land,
Reliev'd us fairly from the shepherd's hand ;
He stood our friend, as firmly as a rock,
And water drew for all our thirsty flock."
His daughters he with some displeasure view'd,
And reprehended their ingratitude :
"Why have ye left the man behind, said he ?
Invite him home, to be refresh'd with me."
So they sent off, with expeditious care,
Brought Moses in, and entertain'd him there.

This friendly conduct, so sincere and kind,
Led Moses to communicate his mind ;
His proposition was, to stay, and keep
As a good shepherd, Jethro's flock of sheep.
To this proposal, soon he had consent,
And dwelt with Jethro, in a state content.
And after he had there awhile abode,
The priest on him a shepherdess bestow'd.
So Moses now was better pleas'd in life,
He had two sons by Zipporah, his wife ;
To name the first-born Gershom, he was led,
Which signifies, a stranger there, 'tis said.
"For I," said he, escap'd from Pharaoh's hand,
"Have been a stranger in a distant land."
He Eliezer nam'd the last—design'd,
Because the word, the Lord my help's defin'd ;
"My father's God, my gracious help, said he,
From Pharaoh's hand, and sword deliver'd me."

While Moses did with Jethro thus abide,
In Midian's land, the king of Egypt died ;
The Israelites' oppressor was remov'd,
But his successor such another prov'd ;
When one corrupt, inhuman king had ceas'd,
There rose another, and their woes increas'd.

The Israelites, beneath the doleful weight
Of ponderous burdens, and oppressions great,
Were forc'd to heave the deeply wailing sigh ;
They after sighing rais'd a bitter cry :
And after crying, they began to groan,
With a most grievous and heart-rending moan.
They sigh'd by reason of hard Pharaoh's rod ;
They cry'd, and lo ! their cry came up to God !
By reason of their bondage, deep and great,
God heard the groanings of their mournful state ;
His gracious cov'nant then was brought to view,
With Abraham, Isaac, and with Jacob too.
The Lord look'd down, with a propitious eye,
And paid attention to their doleful cry ;
And now approach'd the long predicted hour,
Of their deliv'rance from Egyptian pow'r :
The Lord, in his stupendous love and care,
Began his servant Moses to prepare,
His greatly injur'd people to command,
And be their leader to the promis'd land.

'Twas Moses' business, at this time to keep,
As he agreed, his father Jethro's sheep ;
The flock, attentive to the way he trod,
He led to Horeb, call'd the mount of God.
A mighty one then down from heaven came,
Appear'd to Moses in a burning flame,
Out of a bush, that on the mountain grew,
An awful and alarming sight to view !
The burning bush led Moses to admire,
'Twas not consum'd, tho' in a flame of fire !

This was a lively emblem of the state
Of Israel, under the Egyptian weight ;
Who, though the fire of trials, great and sore,
Among them burnt, unknown on earth before ;
Pharaoh's oppression made them groan and cry,
Yet they indeed, were not consum'd thereby.
This sight so rare and wonderful to view,
The deep attention of the shepherd drew ;
And made him say within himself, we're told,
I'll turn aside, and this great sight behold !

The bush, though burning, in a fiery flame,
Is not consum'd, but still remains the same !
The scene indeed was marvellous and new ;
And when God saw him turn aside to view,
He twice vouchsaf'd to call the shepherd's name,
Cry'd, " Moses, Moses !" from the burning flame.
When Moses heard, with his attentive ear,
The awful voice, he answer'd, " I am here."
The Lord to strike him with a deeper sense,
Of the dread presence of omnipotence :
Of Him, who is the majesty divine ;
And with the deeper rev'rence to incline
The ear of Moses, his pure word to hear,
Stopt him from moving, or approaching near ;
" Draw not nigh hither, to this awful seat ;
Put off thy shoes, that are upon thy feet ;
To view this sight advance not o'er thy bound,
The place whereon thou stands is holy ground !"
(The holy presence made it pure ; when gone,
The holiness was also quite withdrawn.)
Now Moses was to deep attention led,
And heard distinctly what Jehovah said ;
" I am the God, Abraham and Isaac fear'd,
That Jacob, and thy father too, rever'd."
When Moses saw the burning bush to shine,
And heard the voice of Him who is divine ;
He from a rev'rence, awful and profound,
Of him who is the king of nations crown'd,
Conceal'd his face, for sore afraid was he,
To look upon the heav'nly majesty.
The Lord then said, " lo ! I have surely seen
My people, who in Egypt long have been ;
I've heard their mournings, and their bitter sighs,
Seen their afflictions, and have heard their cries ;
And to relieve them from their woful state,
I am come down to them in pity great !"
The mode of speaking he made use of then,
Was imitation of the terms of men ;
That we may understand the king who reigns,
To stoop to man's capacity he deigns.

"I am come down, said Zion's heav'nly king,
My people from Egyptian pow'r to bring;
To lead them out from under Pharaoh's hand,
Unto a fertile and delightful land;
A region for them long ago I chose;
A country that with milk and honey flows:
Now therefore since my people Israel's cry,
In bondage sore has come to me on high;
I've heard and seen how deeply they're distress'd,
The great oppression, wherewith they're oppress'd;
Come now, and I will thee to Pharaoh send,
To call on him, an ear to me to lend;
And that thou may'st my people Israel bring,
Out from the bondage of the Egyptian king."

This awful and this unexpected word,
When spoken by the overruling Lord,
Much startled Moses, though his heart was good,
He knew how things with him in Egypt stood;
Why he from the Egyptian court had fled;
Might not have heard the former king was dead;
The angry king who sought his life to take,
That he began excuses here to make.

First from his meanness, insufficiency;
"Ah! who am I, that I should go, said he,
To Pharaoh! and that I should Israel bring,
Out from the bondage of th' Egyptian king?"

The Lord remov'd his first excuse, or plea,
By saying, "I will surely be with thee."
And let this wondrous and miraculous sight,
That I have sent thee, now convince thee quite,
"When thou hast brought the people Israel here,
Ye in the mountain shall the Lord revere."

But Moses said, "behold if I obey,
And come to Israel, and shall to them say,
The Lord who was to your forefathers true,
Your father's God hath sent me unto you,
And they shall ask, what is his name, we pray?
What shall I to them, as an answer say?"
"I AM THAT I AM," reply'd the gracious Lord;
And this indeed shall be to them the word.

And thou shalt also tell the people true,
Behold, I AM, hath sent me unto you.
Moreover thou (continued he) shalt tell
My people, who in cruel bondage dwell,
By Israel's elders, whom thou shalt convene;
To them relate the wonders thou hast seen ;
The Lord, the God, your fathers long rever'd,
The God that Abraham, and that Isaac fear'd,
With Jacob's God, I've had an interview,
And lo ! he now hath sent me unto you,
To let you know that I have seen most sure,
The great and sore afflictions you endure ;
And I have said, with my Almighty hand,
I'll bring you safely to the promis'd land.
And thou shalt come (with thee the elders bring)
And say to Pharaoh the Egyptian king,
The Hebrews' God hath met with us, and lo !
He hath indeed, commanded us to go
To worship him ; now we beseech of thee,
To listen to the mighty God's decree ;
And let us go, according to his word,
That we may sacrifice unto the Lord ;
And surely he'll not let you quit his land,
Nor me regard, but by a mighty hand ;
Then I'll o'er Egypt stretch my hand, in might,
And them with deep and sore afflictions smite ;
And after I my plagues, and wonders show,
The king will let you forth from Egypt go."

Enough was said, one would indeed have thought,
That well considers who it was that taught,
All Moses' scruples to have quite remov'd ;
Yet he objected, he still backward prov'd.
"Behold !" said he, "they will not me receive,
Nor hearken to me, nor my word believe ;
They'll say the Lord had not appear'd to me,
How shall I prove that I am sent of thee ?

In condescension here the Lord inclines,
To Moses' weakness, gave him several signs,
To prove to him by supernatural sights,
And to convince the hopeless Israelites,

That he was surely sent to take command,
And be their leader to the promis'd land.
Then Moses having in his hand a rod,
"Cast it forthwith upon the ground," says God :
And lo ! the rod that on the ground he threw,
Became a serpent, terrible to view.
This sudden sight struck Moses with such dread,
That he in terror from the serpent fled.
The Lord then said, (on seeing fear prevail)
"Put forth thy hand, and take it by the tail."
Thereby encourag'd, he became more bold,
Reach'd out his hand, and as express'd, took hold ;
It then resum'd the shape it had before,
And in his hand became a rod once more.
This was perform'd by Him who's good and kind,
To banish doubts from Moses' fearful mind ;
And that when he, in the Almighty's name,
Before the Israelites should do the same,
They might believe, with one unfeign'd accord,
That he was well-commission'd by the Lord.
That Moses might to doubting not incline,
The Lord vouchsaf'd to grant another sign ;
Put in thy bosom, now, said he, thy hand ;
Moses, obedient to the Lord's command,
Put in his hand, and took it out, and lo !
His hand was lep'rous, just as white as snow !
The Lord once more gave Moses a command,,
To put into his bosom then his hand ;
He put it in and took it out once more,
And it was cur'd, completely as before.
This miracle was evidence so great,
It could not fail of having strength and weight ;
In that the plague of dire white leprosy,
Which quite incurable, was held to be ;
Was both inflicted, and the very hour,
Was also cur'd, by an Almighty power !
Here Moses might, with reason good conceive,
That if the Israelites would not believe,
On the first sign exhibited to view,
That on the second, they'd believe him true.

But that there might not rise a doubting word,
The Lord was pleas'd to add to him a third :
" If they will not believe the two before,
The water of the river thou shalt pour
Upon the land, and though 'twas clear and good,
Before their eyes, it shall be turn'd to blood.

But Moses yet could not be fully free,
The want of utt'rance, was his present plea ;
" O Lord," said he, " I am not eloquent,
Therefore I am improper to be sent ;
Thy servant is unqualifi'd to teach,
I am so slow of utt'rance and speech."
This last objection, He who's good and kind,
Was pleas'd to move from his reluctant mind,
By telling him to " let it well be weigh'd,
By whom the tongue or mouth of man was made ;
Or who hath form'd, among the human kind,
The dumb, the deaf, the seeing or the blind ?
Say have not I, the all-creating Lord :
Now therefore go, thou hast, indeed, my word ;
" I'll be with thee, if thou wilt but obey,
And with thy mouth, and teach thee what to say."
Now having no apology to make,
He bluntly to his gracious sov'reign spake :
Instead of me, pray let some one attend,
" Send, O my Lord, by him whom thou wilt send."
While Moses had yet any thing to say,
Though e'er so small, why he should not obey,
In reason founded, or in common sense,
We do not read his Maker took offence ;
Did to his weakness condescension pay,
And all his scruples quite remove away ;
But since objections he can make no more,
He's yet unwilling, as he was before,
To be obedient to the heavenly word,
Was kindled to the displeasure of the Lord.
Which shows, that he will deign an ear to lend,
And long to human frailty condescend ;
Yet his dependants must obey his call,
For he will not be trifled with at all.

The Lord displeas'd, is yet with Moses mild ;
But treats him still unlike a stubborn child ;
He passes lightly over the offence,
Resumes his plea, the want of eloquence :
Told him more plain (to urge him to confide)
How that defect should fully be suppli'd.
Thy brother Aaron doth in Egypt dwell,
I know (says God) that he can utter well.
Lo ! he comes forth ; to meet thee is his choice,
The interview will make his heart rejoice ;
Thou shalt my will to him communicate,
Which he to others shall again relate ;
I'll be with thee, thy mouth and Aaron's too,
And teach what shall be said and done by you ;
Instead of mouth shall Aaron be to thee,
And thou to him instead of God shall be ;
And take the rod, that now is in thy hand,
And do great signs therewith, at my command."

Now Moses yielded, after he had stood
Against the word, as long as e'er he could ;
And taking with him, in his hand, the rod,
That from this time was call'd "the rod of God ;"
Since by the Lord so highly dignified,
And in his cause, completely prov'd and tried ;
Was us'd by Moses, wonders to produce,
And consecrated to a holy use.

He takes his wife, and his two sons away,
That from Mount Horeb he might them convey,
'To Midian, to his father Jethro's care ;
And it appears that Moses left them there,
Till he brought Israel from their deep distress,
And *met his family in the wilderness.
Since Moses now had yielded to obey
The Lord's command, was fitting for the way,
The Lord, to ease his mind of every fear,
And make him go upon the way with cheer,
Said, "go, return to Egypt, nothing dread,
For all the men who sought thy life are dead.
And see that thou perform in Pharaoh's view,
The wonders I commanded thee to do.

* Exod. xviii. 2,

But I will harden wicked Pharaoh's heart,
That he shall not let Israel depart.
And thou shalt go to Pharaoh with my word,
And say to him, thus saith the mighty Lord,
Israel's my son, first-born, I say to thee;
Let my son go, that he may worship me;
If thou refuse; if thou dost him retain,
Then thy own son, thy first-born shall be slain."

So Moses, on the journey now intent,
From Horeb to his father Jethro went;
But yet did not, that we discover state,
To him the vision, he had seen of late;
Nor tell him of the message or command
He had from God, to go to Egypt's land;
But only did to his kind father say,
Let me now go from thee awhile I pray,
Unto my brethren, who in Egypt dwell,
To see if they are yet alive and well."
He got' from him immediate release,
His answer was to Moses, "go in peace."
A form of speech, that did his leave express,
As well as with him in the way success.
So Moses forward went, as he was led;
The Lord then to his brother Aaron said,
Geforth, into the wilderness repair,
To meet thy brother (who is coming there.)
So Aaron went, and met him, with his rod,
And him saluted, in the Mount of God.
Then Moses told his brother how the Lord
Had him commission'd by his sacred word,
With all the signs that was the Lord's command;
So on they went and came to Egypt's land.

Soon to assemble, Aaron then invites
The heads or elders of the Israelites;
So they conven'd, just at the time he nam'd,
And Aaron to them solemnly proclaim'd,
The message by his brother from the Lord;
And Moses, by the signs, confirm'd the word;
Perform'd them, as commanded, in their sight,
Who thereupon believ'd, with great delight.

And when they had so clearly understood,
The Lord had them thus visited for good ;
That he had look'd on their afflictions sore,
And that their bondage now was nearly o'er ;
The elders humbled ; they with one accord,
Bow'd down their heads, and worshipp'd the Lord.

Moses and Aaron then to Pharaoh went,
With the plain message that the Lord had sent ;
"Lo ! we," said they, "were sent to thee to tell,
Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel,
Now let my people be from toil releas'd,
That they may go and hold to me a feast."

When they had thus deliver'd him the word,
"Who is (was Pharaoh's quick reply) the Lord ?
That I should be obedient to his voice,
And let the people go, against my choice ?
The Lord your God, I do not own or know,
Nor will I let the people Israel go."

"The Hebrews God hath met with us, said they,
And told us, we must homage to him pay,
And offer him an humble sacrifice ;
Therefore we pray thee, let us now arise,
And three days journey in the wild repair,
To offer to him sacrifices there ;
If we neglect, the Lord for our offence,
May fall on us with sword or pestilence."
The king, whose heart by wickedness was hard,
Took them up short, would not the word regard ;
"Moses and Aaron, why do you beguile,
And vainly stop the people from their toil ?
Their numbers greatly in the land increase,
And now ye make them from their burdens cease ;
To your concerns most strict attention pay,
Get you to your owns burdens now away."
By haughty pow'r triumphant over right,
They thus were driven from the monarch's sight.

He highly vex'd at this short interview,
To the task-masters orders gave anew,
To put in force a most oppressive law,
That they no more should give the people straw,

To make the brick, as they before had done ;
But they themselves to gather straw should run :
On them should yet, full tale of bricks be laid,
Which they, before this act was pass'd, had made.
“ Now lay, said Pharaoh, on these men the rod,
Who cry, let us go sacrifice to God ;
And let the work on them be very hard,
That they may not vain words of men regard.”

When these task-masters, who were sharp and bold,
And the inferior officers had told
The Israelites of this vexatious law,
That Pharaoh would no more allow them straw :
Yet of their work no part would he abate,
(A doubly sad and deep afflicted state.)
They then were scatter'd all the country round,
To gather stubble, since no straw was found ;
Their masters drove them to fulfil the law,
Their daily tasks, as when they found them straw ;
Now when they could not possibly complete,
The orders issu'd from the royal seat,
Those who were of the Israelites distress'd,
Whom the task-masters set above the rest,
To see each task completed, as before,
Were call'd to reckoning, and were beaten sore.

Those who thus fill'd the overseers hard place,
Were of th' afflicted Israelitish race ;
That they the truth to light might fully bring,
To know if this decree was of the king,
Or whether by their hard task-masters made,
They their complaint before the monarch laid ;
They told him of their grievance sore and great,
And humbly did with him expostulate.
“ Wherefore dost thou thus deal, to make a law,
That thy poor servants be allow'd no straw ?
Yet the task-masters, who with us are hard,
Say make us brick, when of the means debarr'd.
Since we our tasks can't finish, as before,
They take thy servants, and they beat us sore ;
Quite deaf are they to thy poor servants cries,
When all the fault in thy own people lies.”

Instead of listening with a gracious ear,
They had from Pharaoh this reply severe,
"You're idle, idle, I'll not hear your cries,
To quit your labour, and to sacrifice ;
Go to your work consistent with my law,
For I no more will furnish you with straw ;
To do your tasks ye shall not therefore fail,
But of the bricks deliver the full tale."

By this the Israelitish agents saw
Their state was wretched, by the monarch's law.
On coming forth from Pharaoh, in the street,
They did with Moses and with Aaron meet ;
And faithless now that they could find relief,
They vented out their anger and their grief :
"The Lord look down on you, in judgment right,
For ye have made us loathsome in the sight
Of Pharaoh, and his servants too, this day,
And given them a weapon, us to slay."

This was to Moses a retort severe,
For his great labour and his love sincere.
As soon as he a proper place could find,
To ease the burdens of an anguish'd mind,
He call'd on Him who rules in realms above,
Expostulating in the depth of love :
"Why hast thou dealt with Israel thus, O Lord ?
Why hast thou sent me with thy sacred word ?
For since I here to cruel Pharaoh came,
To speak to him, in thy most holy name,
Still greater burdens on poor Israel fall,
Thy people thou hast not reliev'd at all."

"Now, (said the Lord to Moses) shalt thou view,
What I will unto cruel Pharaoh do ;
Ere I have done with this oppressor, lo !
He will be glad to let the people go :
When he has felt most thoroughly the weight
Of my right hand, on him, in judgment great ;
Behold, he then shall with a potent hand,
Drive out my people from his ruin'd land.
"The covenant shall surely never fade,
With Abraham, Isaac, and with Jacob made.

The land of Canaan I on them bestow'd,
Where they as lonely strangers once abode,
Lo! I have heard the people's groanings deep,
Whom the Egyptians in hard bondage keep :
I've to the covenant attention paid,
For their release, I with their father's made.
Thou this decree shalt to the people state,
And tell them that I am Jehovah great :
You out from Egypt's burdens I will bring,
And rid you from the bondage of their king :
I will redeem you from Egyptian harm,
With direful judgments, and an out-stretch'd arm.
I'll turn my hand on those that you oppress,
And they shall feel the weight of your distress.
I'll bring you out from Pharaoh's cruel rod,
To be my people, and I'll be your God ;
And ye shall know I am Jehovah great,
I'll ransom you from your afflicted state,
And I will lead you to the fertile land,
Concerning which I lifted up my hand,
In confirmation, truly as I live,
To Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, I would give ;
I'll grant it as an heritage to you,
I am Jehovah," to my promise true.

Thus Moses sent, to Israel goes again,
And spoke to them in this majestic strain.
They guided not so much by faith, as sense ;
And finding now their burdens were intense :
Since he their cause had with the tyrant plead,
They were to double grievous burdens led ;
To that degree let prejudice appear,
That they would not at all to Moses hear.
And thus he left them, till their doleful state,
Or God's strong hand on their oppressors great,
Should waken them to a sincere desire,
And cause them for deliv'rance to aspire.

Soon Moses was commanded by the Lord,
To go again to Pharaoh, with his word,
And tell him that it was the Lord's command,
That he let Israel go from Egypt's land.

Then Moses paus'd, reluctant to consent,
And wond'ring stood, he drew this argument :
" Alas ! said he, since Israel would not bear,
Thy chosen people would not lend an ear,
In their enslav'd and deep afflicted state,
Although entire to their advantage great ;
How is it likely that so vile a king
As Pharaoh is, should listen in a thing,
That he so sternly has refus'd to heed,
And which would be so great a loss indeed ?"

To take his wonder, and his plea away,
The Lord did to his servant Moses say :
" Lo ! I have made thee lofty Pharaoh's lord,
And Aaron shall to him declare my word ;
Thou shalt relate to Aaron what I say,
And he the same to Pharaoh shall convey,
And let him know that it is my command,
That he send Israel's children from his land.
But that thou may'st not a repulse regard,
Take notice that king Pharaoh's heart is hard,
He will not hear you, nor my word obey,
That my strong hand I may on Egypt lay ;
And forth the armies of my people bring,
Out of the land of the Egyptian king,
With judgments great, and terrible and sore,
That I shall surely on that kingdom pour.
Egypt and Pharaoh, both shall feel the smart,
Since through his reign he harden'd his own heart ;
Since he kept Israel long in bondage sore,
With cruel hardness never known before ;
And now hath caus'd their burdens to increase ;
I'll surely give the haughty prince no peace :
His cruel heart I now will harden o'er,
Or suffer him his heart to harden more,
That my great signs and mighty wonders, I
May in the land of Egypt multiply.
Should therefore harden'd Pharaoh say to you,
Prove by a miracle your message true ;
That to the word he may attention pay,
Thou shalt unto thy brother Aaron say,

Cast down thy rod ; 'twill then be form'd anew,
Become a serpent, wonderful to view."

Now Moses' age was fourscore years, we see ;
His brother Aaron's, just fourscore and three.
With this command from the Omnipotent,
They to the palace, to the monarch went ;
To him the message, they with one accord
Deliver'd, as commanded by the Lord.
But he would not believe the word of God,
Then Aaron cast before the king the rod,
And also in his servants sight, we read,
And 'twas a serpent, terrible indeed.
Then Pharaoh call'd, (this miracle to try)
The sorcerers, and sages, far and nigh.
And two of them, most eminent or fam'd,
Jannes* and Jambus, by Saint Paul are nam'd.
Here these magicians, with delusion great,
Were suffer'd Aaron now to emulate ;
By their enchantments to perform that hour,
What had been done by God's immediate pow'r.
For ev'ry man threw down his rod, and lo !
They all were turn'd to serpents there, in show.
But Aaron's rod was of such pow'r possess'd,
With perfect ease, it swallow'd up the rest.
This last great wonder, and surprising thing,
Had been enough to have convinc'd the king ;
Had not the hard'ning of his heart and mind,
Obscur'd his sense, and made his judgment blind ;
That he could not the difference discern,
Nor comprehend what might an infant learn.
Blinding his judgment, harden'd him, that so,
He still refus'd to let the people go.

Although this was a miracle, and great,
It was no plague to monarch or the state ;
It brought no damage, though a wondrous thing,
To the Egyptian people, or the king.
It takes dire strokes of vengeance great, to draw,
Or penetrate obdurate men with awe.

* 2 Tim. iii. 8.

Behold, the Lord, for the Egyptian sin,
Was now resolv'd that he would plagues begin.

The Lord then said to Moses, Pharaoh's heart
Is hard indeed, he'll not let you depart.
He then bid Moses take the rod in hand,
Which had been to a serpent turn'd, and stand,
Next morn in waiting, by the river near,
Until the king of Egypt should appear.
My message then shalt thou to him present,
"To thee, the Lord, the Hebrew's God hath sent,
To let my people go from their distress,
That they may serve me in the wilderness;
And hitherto, when call'd upon to hear,
Lo! thou hast turn'd from my commands thy ear;
Thus saith the king, who speaks the sacred word,
Thou shalt discern by this that I'm the Lord :
Behold, I will close by the river stand,
And smite it with the rod that's in my hand ;
And lo! the waters, that are clear and good,
Shall all be turn'd immediately to blood.
The fish shall die, that in the river dwell,
And then most naus'ous will the water smell ;
And greatly will the Egyptians loath awhile,
To drink the water of the river Nile."

Then Aaron took the rod from Moses' hand,
And rais'd it up, at the supreme command,
And did the waters of the river smite,
Before the king, and in his servant's sight :
And lo! the waters that were sweet and pure,
Were turn'd to blood, that they could not endure.
This had its pow'r on all the streams around,
The rivers, ponds, and pools, in Egypt found ;
Their conduits, and their aqueducts, whereby
The people in their houses found supply ;
And all the vessels, both of stone and wood,
And ev'ry cistern now was fill'd with blood.
In Egypt there was nothing found but gore,
In ev'ry place where water was before.
And all the fish of Egypt's river died,
For disobedience, cruelty and pride.

Now the Egyptians so for water pin'd,
They dug wherever they could water find.
With this dire plague, all Egypt's kingdom o'er,
Seven tedious days were they afflicted sore.

Moses was known to have been bred with care,
In all the learning and the wisdom there ;
The king, therefore, suspected in his heart,
That this was all perform'd by magic art.
So he for the magicians call'd once more,
To try their skill, as they had done before :
The pow'r of magic they so understood,
They took some water, which they turn'd to blood.
This serv'd anew to harden Pharaoh's heart,
He would not let the Israelites depart :
Nor would he now regard them any more,
Than for the miracle they wrought before.

The Lord resolv'd to follow closely now,
No time would he of interval allow ;
As soon as seven days were at an end,
Since stubborn Pharaoh would not hear or bend,
The Lord sent Moses to the king again,
With this sharp message, he deliver'd plain :
" Thus saith the Lord, omnipotent and wise,
Let Israel go, that they may sacrifice ;
If thou wilt not with my command unite,
With loathsome frogs I will thy borders smite ;
Behold with frogs the Nile shall overflow,
That they shall forth out of the river go ;
They in thy palace shall appear with dread,
In thy bed-chamber, and upon thy bed ;
No house in Egypt shall of them be free ;
In kneading-troughs and ovens they shall be ;
Nay, they shall come, and on thyself shall creep,
Shall on thy servants, and the people leap."

This was the second plague denounc'd, we find,
Which harden'd Pharaoh would not hear or mind ;
Moses gave order, by command of God,
For Aaron to stretch out his hand and rod :
So he stretch'd forth the rod, a little while,
O'er Egypt's highly valu'd river Nile ;

And frogs came up at the divine command,
In such abundance, they o'errun the land.

Now Pharaoh tried the fam'd magicians might,
Who by enchantments so deceiv'd his sight,
That he believ'd, and all his servants thought,
They also frogs out of the river brought,
Which help'd to harden Pharaoh's heart once more,
That he indeed was harder than before.

This was a very loathsome plague, most sure,
And hard for king and people to endure ;
Great swarms of frogs in ev'ry house to creep,
And in their chambers, on their beds they leap ;
In ovens and in kneading-troughs abound,
Crawl on the king and all his subjects round.

How long this grievous plague continu'd there,
The text doth not explicitly declare ;
But it continu'd as a scene unknown,
Until it wearied Pharaoh on his throne.

Though his magicians juggled up to view,
False frogs, they could not send away the true.
This plague on Pharaoh was so sore and great,
He sent for Moses to capitulate :

"Entreat the Lord, that he may take, said he,
The frogs all from my people, and from me ;
And then I'll grant you leave, with one accord,
To go and sacrifice unto the Lord."

This was the first concession that was gain'd,
From haughty Pharaoh, when most deeply pain'd.
Then Moses said, "set thou the time, or day,
When I shall for thee and thy servants pray,
That he may from thee all the frogs destroy,
And from thy people they so much annoy :
That they may only in the river be,
If 'tis not done, then glory over me."

"To-morrow pray (says Pharaoh) to the Lord ;"
"So let it be, said Moses, at thy word ;
That thou may'st know who stretches out the rod,
That there's none like Jehovah great, our God :
To-morrow shall the frogs depart from thee,
Alive, they only in the Nile shall be."

Moses and Aaron then from Pharaoh went,
And Moses did his humble pray'r present,
The Lord Almighty fervently besought,
To take away the frogs that he had brought.
The Lord was pleas'd to condescend that day,
The frogs in Egypt died without delay,
From all their fields, their houses and their streets,
From Pharaoh's throne, and from the courtiers seats.

When Pharaoh found relief in time of need,
That Egypt from this grievous plague was freed,
He thought, perhaps, afflictions days were o'er,
His heart he harden'd as he'd done before ;
And was in his obduracy so bold,
He would not hearken, as the * Lord foretold.
The Lord then to his servant Moses spake,
To say to Aaron, he the rod must take,
And smite the dust of the Egyptian land ;
Which was perform'd, according to command :
And wonderful—for cruelty and vice,
The dust of Egypt all was turn'd to lice.
They were a plague to the Egyptians sore,
Such as the world had never known before ;
A grievous torment both to man and beast,
Alike distress'd the peasant, prince, and priest.
The bold magicians went to work again,
To try their skill, but all was now in vain :
They who by magic, at a former hour,
To turn to serpents all their rods had power ;
To blood turn'd water, also frogs had brought ;
Behold their credit now was come to nought ;
With all their skill in their enchantments' use,
They could not one small insect then produce.
The fam'd magicians now were forc'd to yield,
And own that they were beaten in the field ;
To Pharaoh they confess'd with one accord,
That this was by the finger of the Lord ;
Yet Pharaoh's heart was so intensely hard,
Moses and Aaron he would not regard.

* Exod. vii. 4.

The Lord intent the Israelites to save,
The harden'd king another summons gave :
Rise up, said He, who's infinitely great,
To Moses, early in the morn, and wait
Till Pharaoh comes forth to the river's side ;
Then say to him, regardless of his pride,
Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God to thee,
Let Israel go, to serve and worship me ;
Or else I'll send (to Egypt's great surprise)
On thee and servants grievous swarms of flies ;
And in thy palace, and all Egypt o'er,
The swarms of flies shall be a torment sore.
And that thou may'st be quite distinctly taught,
That 'tis on thee, and on thy people brought
For the dire burdens you on Israel lay,
I'll wonderfully sever in that day,
The land of Goshen, my own people's stand,
From all the other parts of Egypt's land ;
Behold ! within the Israelitish bound,
There shall, indeed, no swarms of flies be found.
I'll surely put a plain division line
Between those who my people are and thine,
That thou may'st then distinctly understand,
That I'm Jehovah, reigning in the land ;
If thou dost not thy stubborn will resign,
To-morrow shall be this afflicting sign.

But Pharaoh was not to submission led,
Therefore the Lord accomplish'd what he said :
Great swarms of most tormenting flies he sent ;
They in the king's and servants' houses went ;
And lo ! to their most terrible surprise,
The land was all corrupted by the flies.
Egypt's magicians, greatly fam'd before,
Foil'd by a louse, were call'd upon no more.

This plague was great, and very grievous sure,
That Pharaoh was not able to endure :
He then for Moses, and for Aaron sent,
And told them in a tone of discontent,
"Go ye, and to Jehovah sacrifice,
But in this land," and take away the flies.

To be reliev'd, he wish'd with all heart,
Yet was unwilling with his slaves to part :
And being born of Egypt's dark abode,
A stranger and an enemy to God,
He did not know that Jacob's humble seed,
That those who are true Israelites indeed,
Can't sacrifice availing to the soul,
While under the Egyptian king's control ;
They must, indeed, come forth from Egypt quite,
Who sacrifice, or worship God aright.

Moses so treated this important thing,
As to convince, and not provoke the king :
" 'Tis not consistent with the Lord's command,
Said he, to sacrifice in Egypt's land ;
We cannot sacrifice to him we fear,
Th' abomination of the people here :
To offer to the God that we adore,
The creatures the Egyptians fall before ;
The ox and sheep, will them to anger lead ;
A thing thy men abominate indeed.
Thy people, doubtless, would to stone us rise,
Should we their gods, to our God sacrifice.
Therefore, let us, (is humbly our address)
Go three days journey in the wilderness,
And sacrifice, quite out of Egypt's land,
Consistent with the Lord's supreme command."

The king reply'd (most bitterly distress'd)
"If nought will serve but what you now request,
I'll condescend to grant you leave to rise,
And in the lonely desert sacrifice ;
Yet ye shall not go very far away,
Therefore entreat the Lord for me I pray."

Though Moses could not in his words confide,
Yet that he to the utmost might be try'd ;
"I to the Lord," said he, my pray'r will make,
That he the grievous swarms of flies may take
From Pharaoh, and the servants of the king ;
To-morrow doubtless will complete the thing.
But let not Pharaoh, as at times before,
Deceitfully deal with us any more,

In not permitting, though we had thy word,
To go and sacrifice unto the Lord."

So Moses went, the king's desire obey'd,
And to the Lord most fervently he pray'd.
Then he, who was in living faith address'd,
Vouchsaf'd to grant his servant his request ;
Consistent with the humble Moses cries,
Remov'd away the grievous swarms of flies :
Not one of them, that the Egyptians pain'd,
With king, nor with the people then remain'd.

The monarch from his deep distress releas'd,
His view of standing to his promise ceas'd ;
Again he harden'd his obdurate heart,
And would not let the Israelites depart.
For this transgression, Pharaoh's heart of steel,
And Egypt too more grievous plagues must feel.

The Lord once more meek Moses sent to stand
Before the king, to tell him his command :

" Thus saith Jehovah, Jacob's God to thee,
Let Israel go, to serve and worship me ;
If thou wilt be so stubborn and so bold,
To disobey the word divine, behold !
To-morrow my strong hand will be reveal'd,
And fall upon the cattle in the field,
On horses, camels, oxen and the sheep ;
On all the creatures the Egyptians keep ;
A grievous murrain all thy regions o'er,
Such as in Egypt was not known before.
The Lord will then a mighty difference place,
Between thy beasts, and those of Israel's race ;
For notwithstanding Egypt's great distress,
Shall nothing die the Israelites possess."

The haughty king, whose heart was hard and stout,
Against divine direction standing out ;
Upon the morrow, the appointed day,
Through Egypt was a scene of great dismay ;
The hand of vengeance was again reveal'd,
Their cattle died, that stock'd the verdant field.
Then Pharaoh sent, to learn how Israel sped,
Lo ! he found no cattle there were dead

He might have view'd this as a certain sign
That this great judgment on him was divine,
Exactly fitting what the Lord foretold ;
Yet he was still so stubborn and so bold,
If possible, in hardness he increas'd,
For he would not let Israel be releas'd.

Since he the warning heeded not before,
Another plague was added that was sore :
For Moses now, at the divine command,
Took ashes from the furnace in his hand,
Which he besprinkled round about and threw
Toward the heav'ns, in haughty Pharaoh's view :
An epidemic plague, of boils and blains
Broke forth, with doleful and afflicting pains.
On Pharaoh and his people, man and beast,
Throughout the land, from greatest to the least ;
This was so grievous, and intensely sore,
That the magicians, who perhaps once more
Would have regain'd their credit in the land,
Could not at all in Moses' presence stand ;
For their distress was very sore and great,
As well as all the people of the state.

Yet Pharaoh from first hearing of the word,
His heart himself had harden'd 'gainst the Lord,
Was now by God judiciously made hard,
'That he would not the word divine regard.

This sixth plague not prevailing by its sting,
God sent a thund'ring message to the king,
To warn him, and the people of the land,
The awful, thund'ring vengeance was at hand.
Rise up to-morrow, early in the day,
Said God to Moses, and to Pharaoh say,
" Thus saith Jehovah, let my people go,
That they may serve me, else to thee is wo ;
For I will now and henceforth, like a dart,
Send all my plagues in, and upon thine heart.
(Not only frogs, lice, boils upon thy skin,
But I will pierce thee to the heart within)
On thee, and on thy people they shall be,
That thou may'st know there's none on earth like me.

If when I smote the cattle here of late,
I'd smitten thee, and people with their fate;
With pestilence, instead of murrain then,
Thou hadst been cut off from the sons of men;
But I have spar'd thee to this very hour,
That I might show thee my Almighty power.
And through the wide extended earth proclaim
My great and glorious, everlasting name.
Dost thou thyself thus dignify indeed,
And wilt not let my people yet proceed!
Behold! to-morrow is the word divine,
If thou dost not thy lofty will resign,
I'll cause to fall a very grievous hail;
Such as will make the hardest heart to fail!
The like o'er Egypt never did pervade,
Since it was known, or its foundation laid.
As thou wilt not to part with Israel yield,
Send now, and fetch the cattle from the field;
(The cattle that were in the shed or store,
Not in the field, escap'd the plague before)
For on each man, and also every beast,
Found in the field, from greatest to the least,
And not brought home, on this thou may'st rely,
The hail shall fall, and they shall surely die."
Although king Pharaoh was become so hard,
That he would not this message so regard,
As to command all the Egyptians round,
For cattle that might in the field be found
To be secur'd, as ordered by the Lord;
Yet some there were who fear'd the sacred word,
Their servants and their cattle home they brought,
And sav'd their lives as they were kindly taught.
But those who were so harden'd, and so blind,
That they would not the gracious warning mind,
For servants and for cattle never car'd,
Forthwith according to their folly far'd.
When the set time was come, and Pharaoh still,
Would not surrender his most stubborn will,
The prophet, by the high command of God,
Stretch'd out his hand, and toward heaven, his rod:

And lo! the Lord sent thunder, hail and fire,
Which ran along upon the ground most dire;
So terrible, the like was never seen,
Since the Egyptians had a nation been;
All courage fail'd, and every face was pale,
Throughout the land the direful crashing hail
Smote all that wrought, or pastur'd in the field;
Nor man nor beast, left there, could find a shield.
It smote the herbs, and still more strange to tell,
The stubborn trees before this tempest fell;
The flax was boll'd, and barley in the ear,
Were so grown up that they were smitten clear;
The wheat and rye, indeed, escap'd alone,
Because as yet they were but little grown.
Blest Goshen now escap'd the awful gale,
Where Israel dwelt there was no fire or hail.
Great loss did Egypt by this plague sustain,
In trees and fruits, in men and cattle slain;
And lo! the terror was so great and dire,
By thunder, hail, and awful running fire,
It made hard Pharaoh's heart, surrender more
Than all the plagues had ever done before:
For Moses and for Aaron, in his dread,
He call'd to him, and in his terror said,
"I've sinn'd, the Lord is righteous, well I know;
Yes, we are wicked, and deserve the wo."
This was the first confession Pharaoh made,
(When elements for battle seem'd array'd)
Done in a fright, was doubtless insincere,
For his repentance ended with his fear.
Proceeding then, "entreat the Lord, for me,
That there may no more mighty thund'rings be,
God's awful voice, with fearful hail and fire,
I'll let you then depart, as ye desire."
"As soon as I am gone, the prophet said,
My hands abroad unto the Lord I'll spread;
The thunders then that with dread terrors roar,
The flames and hail shall rage at all no more:
That thou may'st know who did the earth create,
That it belongs unto Jehovah great;

But as for thee, and for thy servants too,
I know the Lord will not be fear'd by you."

So Moses forthwith from the city went,
Did his petition for the king present :
Then ceas'd the fire, the thunder, hail and rain,
And anxious Egypt found a calm again.
This Pharaoh saw, and lo ! he sinn'd yet more,
His heart congeal'd, as it had been before,
He and his servants harden'd ev'ry heart,
And would not let the Israelites depart.
The king himself, to harden yet inclin'd,
Provok'd the Lord to harden him, we find :
From the beginning he refus'd to bend ;
God harden'd him to ruin in the end :
This for black crimes was his most direful fate,
A judgment on him for transgression great :
Of this the Lord to Moses gave a view ;
"I've harden'd him and all his servants too,
To show to him the wonders I have done ;
That thou may'st tell in hearing of thy son,
And thy son's son, that in the land may dwell,"
(The Israelites may their descendants tell ;
Thus future generations may be taught,)
What wondrous things I have in Egypt wrought ;
That ye may know who did the world create,
And that I was, and am Jehovah great.
Wherefore go in to Pharaoh, as before,
And say unto the haughty king, once more,
Thus saith Jehovah, sov'reign of the Jews,
How long wilt thou to bow to me refuse ?
Let Israel go, as I have said to thee,
That they in truth may serve and worship me,
Or else, to-morrow, I will locusts bring,
On Egypt's people, and upon their king :
And they so thick upon the land shall fall,
That one cannot discern the earth at all,
And shall completely eat the residue
Of that which hath as yet escap'd for you.
(That which remain'd the people to supply,
Escap'd the hail, to wit, the wheat and rye.)

Lo! they shall fill the monarch's dwelling place,
And all the houses of th' Egyptian race;
And such a plague shall this be Egypt o'er,
That no Egyptian ever saw before:
Of no such scene could thy forefathers tell,
Since they first came upon the earth to dwell."

This plague denounc'd, the seer without delay,
From Egypt's harden'd monarch turn'd away;
The courtiers now alarm'd indeed, were led
By human prudence, unto Pharaoh said,
How long shall Moses be a snare to us,
To thee and to thy kingdom be a curse;
Pray set the people from their bondage free,
To serve their God, as they request of thee:
Would'st thou first hear and bear the painful sight,
That Egypt is a desolation quite?

Then Moses, and his brother, back were led,
To whom, in haste, the monarch spoke and said,
"Go serve your God; but hold—I first must know,
Who they must be that are with you to go?"
"We all will go, said Moses, young and old,
Our sons and daughters, flocks and herds, to hold
Unto Jehovah, our great king, a feast,
All must be there from greatest to the least."
At this reply all Pharaoh's patience fled,
And breaking out, almost to cursing said;
"May your Jehovah have you so at heart,
I will not let you, on these terms, depart:
Not so, said he—not you and little ones;
I'll not permit your daughters, nor your sons;
The men may go and sacrifice entire,
And serve Jehovah; that was your desire."
Whereby he falsely would to them suggest,
They ask'd more now than was their first request.
"Look well, said he, on what you now insist,
For evil is for you, if ye persist."
And after this loquacious threat'ning, they
Who heretofore were us'd to go away,
In high displeasure, and in great despite,
Were driven out from lofty Pharaoh's sight.

On this meek Moses, by command of God,
O'er Egypt's land held forth the sacred rod ;
And lo ! the Lord arous'd an eastern gale,
That did that day and all next night prevail :
And by the morning, as the Lord had taught,
The east wind locusts, in abundance brought :
They overspread all the Egyptian land,
And all the borders, like an army grand.
This plague, indeed, was grievous to be borne,
And made the people of that kingdom mourn ;
Such locusts had been never seen before,
And such indeed were to appear no more.
Amidst the scene of horror and despair,
The clouds of locusts darken'd Egypt's air.

Now Pharaoh's realm was in a gloomy state,
For ev'ry herb this matchless army ate ;
They swept the fruit from ev'ry place entire,
That had escap'd the plague of hail and fire :
They left, in fields and gardens, nothing green ;
No verdure now in Egypt could be seen ;
The swarms of locusts swept without delay,
From Egypt thus its nourishment away.

Alarm'd was Pharaoh, he well understood,
The tendency of wasting all the food,
Must his dominions dolefully annoy,
And would, in time, both man and beast destroy.
This sore affliction made the king relent,
That he for Moses and for Aaron sent ;
" I've sinn'd, said he, against Jehovah, true,
Who is your God, and evil done to you ;
Yet now forgive, I pray thee, this one time ;
For well indeed, I understand my crime ;
Entreat Jehovah, your great God, this day,
To only take this death from me away."

Then Moses forth from Pharaoh's presence went,
To favour him most feelingly intent ;
The Lord entreated, at the king's request :
The wind then rose, was mighty from the west,
And swept the locusts, with a pow'rful blast,
And all of them into the Red Sea cast.

But yet the Lord was not with Pharaoh done;
 So deeply he in wickedness had run;
 His disobedience, and contempt of God,
 Incur'd the vengeance of destruction's rod.
 Therefore the Lord yet harden'd Pharaoh's heart,
 That he would not let Israel depart.

The Lord then gave to Moses this command;
 "Stretch out, toward the high expanse, thine hand,
 That darkness may spread over Egypt then,
 So thick indeed, it may be felt by men."
 Moses obey'd, when to the people's dread,
 Behold! thick darkness over Egypt spread!
 That for the space of three alarming days,
 They saw no morning, nor meridian rays:
 No one could now behold another's face;
 Scarce one arose from his benighted place:
 But all the land of favour'd Goshen o'er,
 The sun display'd his lustre, as before.

This was a long, and solitary night,
 That Pharaoh call'd for Moses, in a fright,
 And said, "Go ye, and your Jehovah serve;"
 He yields a little, yet makes one reserve;
 "To let your children go I'll be resign'd,
 Your flocks and herds shall only stay behind."
 "Our flocks and herds must sure, said Moses, go;
 Thou hadst more need burnt-offerings to bestow,
 That we may to Jehovah sacrifice;
 Indeed, our cattle we so highly prize,
 In this we cannot listen to thy mind,
 For there shall not a hoof be left behind:
 We cannot fail, in our dependant state,
 To take thereof to serve Jehovah great;
 For we know not (altho' in heart sincere)
 With what to serve him, till we there appear."
 An emblem apt, we might to profit weigh,
 Of the true worship, in the gospel day.

This word, that they would nothing leave behind,
 Gave great offence to haughty Pharaoh's mind:
 He said to Moses, in displeasure deep,
 "Begone from me, and henceforth from me keep;

Look to thyself, or thou wilt end in pain,
For thou shalt die on seeing me again."

"As thou hast said, says Moses, let it be,
For I, indeed, will come no more to thee."

But Moses having been inform'd before,
The Lord would bring one plague on Egypt more,
That he would surely all their first-born slay,
That Pharaoh then would Israel drive away.

As Moses was no more to see the king,
Ere parting, he unveil'd the secret thing:
"Thus saith Jehovah, at the midnight hour,
I'll pass thro' Egypt, with a mighty pow'r;
Behold, there then shall be a doleful cry,
For all the first-born in the land, shall die!
From the first-born of royal Pharaoh, known:
As heir apparent to him on the throne,
Down to the first-born of the servant maid,
That turns the mill—of Egypt's lowest grade;
That this will be, thou may'st indeed rely,
And all the first-born of the beasts shall die!"

That he the king and servants might impress,
He told them, "there should be such great distress,
Throughout all Egypt such a bitter moan,
As had not been, nor ever should be known."
To let them know how quiet, still, and free
From trouble, all the Israelites should be,
"That while the Egyptians in the dead of night,
Were, under this most direful plague and fright,"
He, by a proverb, draws their minds to hark,
"A dog shall not at one in Israel bark."
And that they might especial notice take,
How great a difference then the Lord would make,
He told the king, "that terror, like a dart,
At this dire plague, should strike them so to heart,
That those his servants, who were once elate,
His counsellors—prime ministers of state,
Should come to Moses ere the morning dawn,
Entreating him and Israel to be gone;
And after that, said he, we will depart."
Thus Moses cutting harden'd Pharaoh's heart,

With this last message, from Jehovah sent,
He, warm'd with zeal, from Pharaoh's presence went:
The fourteenth day, of first month, we perceive,
That Moses of the monarch took his leave;
The Lord determined, in his love benign,
To bring out Israel, by his pow'r divine.
Some days before the day they were releas'd,
He instituted the passover feast,*
They were to keep, with a devoted mind.
Each household of the Israelites, we find,
On the tenth instant, with attention great,
A lamb or kid were told to separate,
To shut it up, and feed it from the rest,
Until the fourteenth, when it must be dress'd.
This lamb or kid, (as says the ancient page)
Must be a male, and not a year of age:
Without a blemish, (outward or within)
A type of Christ, completely free from sin.
The lamb prepar'd, and all in order good,
A bunch of hyssop they must dip in blood;
They at each house, the blood must sprinkle o'er
The two side posts, and lintel of the door.
This was directed—this was the intent,
That when the angel of the Lord was sent,
To pass through' Egypt, the first-born to slay,
He might to this a strict attention pay,
And viewing of the painting at the door,
He then might shun, or pass the houses o'er,
And do no hurt to any Israelite,
When they were eating of the lamb that night.
And from the angel's passing o'er, 'tis said,
The Hebrews' houses, painted thus with red,
That awful night of Egypt's dire dismay,
'Tis the Passover call'd unto this day.
And furthermore it was to them the law,
The lamb must not be eaten boil'd nor raw,
But to be roasted, by a gentle fire;
And in the dressing to be kept entire,

* Exodus xii.

All undivided, just as it had grown,
They were commanded not to break a bone ;
A type of the Redeemer from the fall,
Of whom they must not break a bone at all.
The lamb or kid thus roasted (it is said)
Was to be eaten with unleaven'd bread,
And bitter herbs, to clearly represent
The bitter bondage Israel underwent ;
And what was more than they to eat inclin'd,
Was in the morning, to be burnt, we find :
They at this time were hastily to eat,
Their loins all girded—shoes upon their feet ;
Each one to have his walking staff in hand,
All ready for departure from the land.
These ceremonies were to show indeed,
Their strong desire from Egypt to be freed ;
To paint in symbols, and in emblems true,
Their eagerness the journey to pursue.

All things were thus, this day prepar'd complete ;
For their departure from their bitter seat :
At midnight, lo ! the angel at command,
Smote all the first-born in the tyrant's land ;
From the first-born of him who was enthron'd,
Down to the slave, that in the dungeon groan'd ;
And all the first-born of the beasts were slain ;
A midnight scene of horror and of pain !
This brought on Pharaoh a most awful fright,
And the Egyptians, in the dead of night ;
They then arose, and lo ! the cry was sore,
Such as the land had never known before ;
The mourning here outstript the direful tale,
Of lamentation in Megiddo's vale.
A general, great, and grievous cry began,
That through the land of ruin'd Egypt ran ;
A scene of anguish, and of awful dread,
For in each house there was at least one dead.
Both Pharaoh now, and all his courtiers round,
Were in despair, and deep affliction found ;
To Moses and to Aaron they proceed,
Commanding them to quit the land with speed ;

“ Rise up, said Pharaoh, and without delay,
Get you forth from my kingdom quite away ;
Both you and Israel (for your God I dread)
And go and serve Jehovah, as ye said ;
And also take your flocks and herds with you,
According to your own demand and view,
On terms I will no longer with you stand ;
Bless me, I say, and get you from the land.”
Th’ Egyptians also urg’d them not to stay,
They wish’d to send them speedily away ;
In their alarm, to one another said,
If they remain, lo ! we shall all be dead.

The Israelites, were by the Lord’s command,
Directed, ere they quit the painful stand,
To borrow goodly raiment, we are told,
And jewels made of silver and of gold.
The Lord had greatly open’d and inclin’d
Their hard Egyptian neighbours to be kind ;
To lend them all that they might useful deem,
And thus they lost their things in most esteem.

Though Israel may be pardon’d in this thing,
Because the Lord, who is the Sov’reign King
Of all mankind, and of all property,
Did this himself, by his own power decree,
That it might be a retribution view’d,
To the Egyptians, for their conduct rude,
For injuries that were intensely great,
Done to poor Israel, in their wretched state,
Yet there’s no law, nor moral, nor divine,
To grant us leave to act in such a line.

Thus, after Israel long had been annoy’d,
And Egypt almost, by ten plagues, destroy’d,
The people too, from Pharaoh on the throne,
To every rank that was in Egypt known,
Had suffer’d deep in property and heart,
Ere they would let the Israelites depart ;
They on a sudden for their absence pray,
And urge them, in the greatest haste away.

But yet did not this sudden movement make
Moses forget good Joseph’s bones to take,

Which he in faith they would deliv'rance find,
Had, at his death explicitly enjoin'd
Upon his friends, the Israelites, that they
Should take, and to the promis'd land convey;
Which lay embalm'd, through Israel's bondage sore,
Entomb'd one hundred forty years, or more.

Upon the first month, and the fifteenth day,
With us the fifth of the fifth month, or May,
They set out from their servitude, with cheer,
Of men six hundred thousand very near,
With all their women, and their children too,
The road to Canaan freely to pursue,
With their great prophet Moses to command,
They march'd to Succouth, made a little stand;
From Succouth they upon their journey press,
Encamp in Etham, near the wilderness.

The Lord before his people went by day
In a thick cloud, to lead them on the way;
And in a pillar of bright fire by night,
He led the way to give the people light.
An emblem of the light that shines within,
In gospel days, to lead away from sin.
From Etham they concluded to proceed,
Towards the sea the army march'd with speed;
Between the mountains to encamp were led,
And right before them was the sea call'd Red.
They to this place were guided with a view,
Of drawing Pharaoh, blindly to pursue;
That he might be allur'd to give them chase,
On seeing the advantage of the place;
That he might there his last defeat sustain,
And Israel's king in perfect triumph reign.

When the Egyptians had perform'd, with pain,
The fun'erals of the first-born who were slain,
Some in the hearing of the monarch said,
With seeming grief, "the Israelites are fled!"
At once, we find, the old vexatious theme
Rais'd his displeasure to a great extreme;
His heart long hard, became congeal'd that so
He now repented that he'd let them go;

The loss of them so pierc'd his heart with pain;
That he resolv'd to bring them back again.
Six hundred chosen chariots rais'd his pride,
And all that were in Egypt found beside,
With mighty captains, and his horsemen, all
That could be rais'd on an emergent call;
With these pursuing, with a furious mind,
He overtook them, the sixth day, we find,
From their departure out of Egypt's land,
Hard by the Red Sea, where they made a stand.
This army, with the tyrant at its head,
Struck the defenceless Israelites with dread:
Surrounded where they could not flee or hide,
In their alarm upon the Lord they cry'd:
But soon they lost all confidence, and went
Into a state of murmuring discontent.
Good Moses was courageous and serene,
Encourag'd them to bear the trying scene;
"Fear not, be still (was his consoling word)
And see the great salvation of the Lord,
Which he will show you, he will wonders do;
The Lord of Hosts, indeed, will fight for you.
Th' Egyptians you have often seen before,
Shall after this, be seen by you no more."
Not only he encourag'd them, when try'd,
But earnestly unto the Lord he cry'd:
Who said to him (perhaps when on his knee),
"Wherefore dost thou for them petition me?
Speak to the Israelites, and let them know,
It is my will that they should forward go."
He furthermore to Moses gave command,
"Lift up thy rod, stretch o'er the sea thy hand,
The sea shall part, a path shall then be free,
For Israel's host, to travel through the sea:
I'll harden the Egyptians hearts anew,
That they shall after Israel pursue;
In spite of all Egyptian pride or boast,
I'll honour get on Pharaoh and his host."
The angel who, as the protector kind,
Had gone before, remov'd and went behind;

He in the pillar of the gloomy cloud,
Clos'd in before the camp of Pharaoh proud ;
All night between the two encampments lay,
Kept them apart, till the ensuing day ;
The cloudy side, next to the Egyptians black,
It cast a darkness, and it kept them back :
The fiery side was next to Israel bright,
It gave them, in this gloomy season, light.
When Moses had, by the command of God,
Stretch'd out his hand, and o'er the sea his rod,
The Lord then made a mighty east wind blow,
Which caus'd the sea all night to backward flow.
Thus by his power, who set the people free,
A wondrous path was open'd through the sea ;
The Israelites went forward, then and found,
Amidst the sea, a path of solid ground.

Ere long the tyrant, and his men survey'd
All Israel marching, with a great parade :
That they might follow, seem'd to reason clear,
With chariots and with horsemen, void of fear,
Where men and women, with their children too,
On foot had gone, as they could plainly view ;
Now fixt to bring them back to servitude,
Right after them into the sea pursu'd.
At morning watch, on the Egyptians proud,
The Lord look'd fiercely, through the fiery cloud :
The tyrant's host his great displeasure feels—
Behold ! he throws off all their chariot wheels !
Whereby they slowly drag upon the way,
In great confusion the Egyptians say ;
“ Let us now turn and flee from Israel's face,
Escape with speed from this most dreary place,
For lo ! Jehovah fights for them 'tis plain,
Against Egyptians, who are rash and vain.”
But now to flee, it was, indeed, too late,
The scene was awful—terrible their fate !
For Moses, at the high command of God,
Stretch'd o'er the sea the consecrated rod ;
When morn appear'd the sea return'd again,
With mighty force—to flee it was in vain :

Just as they had concluded to retreat,
 The Lord o'erthrew all Pharaoh's host complete—
 The captains, horsemen, he for war had train'd,
 And all his warriors—none alive remain'd.

But through the sea went Israel's numerous band,
 The waters were a wall on either hand,
 Until they reach'd with joy, the other shore,
 Where they did their deliverer adore !
 The Lord thus sav'd the Israelites that day,
 Kept them from being an Egyptian prey ;
 Those they had seen, with dread, the day before,
 They saw now lying dead upon the shore !
 All Israel viewing what the Lord had wrought,
 How he his people through the sea had brought ;
 And that the tyrant who had made them groan,
 Was, with his army, sunk and overthrown,
 They fear'd the Lord, him as their God receiv'd,
 And in his servant Moses, they believ'd.
 Now being safely on the shore again,
 Moses and Israel, in a grateful strain,
 For their deliv'rance, sung in tuneful lays,
 To God, a sweet triumphant song of praise,
 That which we in the * revelation find,
 Is with the Lamb's most glorious anthem join'd.



MOSES' SONG.

Then Moses sung—all Israel accord,
 They sung this song of triumph to the Lord :
 I'll sing unto the glorious Lord, for he
 Hath thrown the horse and rider in the sea.
 The Lord of hosts, he is my strength and song,
 And my salvation—he is great and strong ;
 He is my God, and I will for him care,
 A habitation I'll for him prepare.
 He is the Lord, and to him I will cry,
 My father's God—I will exalt him high :

* Rem. xv. 8.

The Lord, he is a man of war and fame,
The Lord of Hosts is his most glorious name.

He hath the chariots, Pharaoh's pride and boast,
Cast in the sea, with all his mighty host ;
His chosen captains can no more be found,
They are, with Pharaoh, in the Red Sea drown'd ;
The depths have cover'd and have heard their groan,
They sunk unto the bottom as a stone.

Lo ! thy right hand hath in a trying hour,
O Lord, become most glorious in pow'r ;
Yes, thy right hand, with a most awful stroke,
The enemy in many pieces broke.

By thy own pow'r and majesty, that's great,
Eternal excellency shown of late,
Thou hast o'erthrown and swept away thy foes,
The people who against thee vainly rose ;
Thy wrath went forth on those who thus presum'd,
And as the stubble they were all consum'd.

The waters gather'd at thy nostrils blight,
And lo ! the floods stood as a heap upright ;
The fearful depths were then congeal'd by thee,
At thy command, obedient was the sea.

I will pursue, says Pharaoh, I will foil,
I'll overtake them and divide the spoil ;
My lust upon them I will surely cloy,
I'll draw my sword, my hand shall them destroy.

With thy strong wind thou didst upon them blow,
The Red Sea then o'erwhelm'd the mighty foe ;
The rushing waters made the warriors leap,
They sank as led into the awful deep.

Among the gods, O Lord, there's none like thee ;
Who can be like the sov'reign Deity ?
Thy glory and thy holiness resound ;
For doing wonders thou art much renown'd.

Thou stretchest out thy overruling hand,
The sea then swallow'd them, at thy command ;
Thou in thy mercy forth the people led,
Redeem'd and brought them thro' the sea that's Red ;
Hast guided them—thy strength hath wonders wrought,
Them to thy holy habitation brought.

The foes shall hear—the people be afraid,
 And sorrow o'er the distant lands pervade ;
 And there shall great solicitude take hold
 Of those, who dwell in Palestina bold :
 The dukes of Edom then amaz'd shall shake,
 And all the mighty men of Moab quake.

Then shall, in a most desolating day,
 Th' inhabitants of Canaan melt away ;
 Great fear and dread upon the people all,
 By thy great pow'r, thy potent arm shall fall.

Still as a stone shall they be, at thy word,
 Until thy chosen people pass, O Lord !
 Till they all pass the river Jordan o'er,
 Those thou hast purchas'd, and who thee adore.

Thou thy belov'd inheritance shalt bring,
 And plant them in the mountain of our king ;
 The seat where thou thy dwelling-place hast made,
 The temple where thy glory shall pervade :
 The Lord, whom Zion's children shall adore,
 In majesty, shall reign for evermore.

Grand Pharaoh's chariots, and bold horsemen too,
 Went in the sea, thy people to pursue ;
 What wonders thou hast for thy people wrought ;
 The Lord again the waters on them brought ;
 But lo ! thy children, safely kept by thee,
 Found sure protection thro' the mighty sea.



THE LIFE OF JOB.

I sing the life of ancient faithful Job,
 Renown'd for patience on the spacious globe ;
 He who most firmly his probation stood,
 Whose name's enroll'd with worthies great and good,
 With Noah and with Daniel in esteem ;
 O youth and elders, listen to the theme,
 All who in patience to improve incline,
 Who in afflictions hope for aid divine.

Of patience, here a great example view,
Behold him in the scenes he waded through;
Sometimes desponding at the painful length,
But as the day was, so he found his strength.
A secret strength—the most renown'd of old,
Rely'd thereon, and sought it more than gold;
In persecution found their minds serene,
Were sav'd from harm in ev'ry trying scene.
This pow'r the world from the rude chaos brought,
And keeps it now from vanishing to nought;
This cogent pow'r whose right it is to sway,
Translated Enoch in an ancient day.
In this bless'd Noah sure protection found,
When all the vain and wicked world was drown'd:
'Twas this supported Joseph, in an hour,
When he was in his wicked brethren's pow'r:
This was his joy when he was basely sold,
A slave to strangers for Egyptian gold.
Protected him from ev'ry wicked band,
And made him ruler over all the land.
This rais'd up Moses pow'rful to diffuse,
True, saving knowledge to the ancient Jews.
This pow'r brought Israel, with a mighty hand,
From Pharaoh's bondage and from Egypt's land:
Was their protector, their unerring guide,
Into the deep, that was before them dry'd.
This made them sing with a triumphant voice,
And on the shore of the Red Sea rejoice.
This aided them in scenes of deep distress,
And gave them manna in the wilderness.
'This was the pow'r the youthful David crown'd,
The shield in which he all protection found;
His preservation in affliction's days,
In times of joy, the subject of his praise.
'Much might be said of many ancient men,
Including Dabiel in the lion's den.
This gave clear sight to those who long were blind,
Brought lunaticks to rectitude of mind.
This heal'd the sick, and rais'd to life the dead,
To sing in flames the patient martyrs led!

The Great First Cause, which man can never trace,
Thro' endless ages rules the boundless space!

Among the men renown'd of ancient date,
There liv'd in Us, an oriental state,
A man nam'd Job, who was, we apprehend,
Of Abraham's race, call'd the Creator's friend.

The greatest man in all the Eastern clime
For patience, wealth, and piety sublime.
He evil shunn'd, and with a heart upright,
Rever'd the Lord—was perfect in his sight.
Seven thousand sheep were number'd for his flock;
Three thousand camels part of his great stock;
His ploughs were by a thousand oxen drawn,
Five hundred asses pastur'd on the lawn.
This was his wealth, in sacred writ we read,
His household too was very great indeed.

His sons were seven, and his daughters three,
Unlike himself in true humility :
His sons too much to festive scenes inclin'd,
Which griev'd his pious and paternal mind.
To age arriv'd, they wander'd from his ways,
They often met and kept their banquet days;
From house to house they took their turns around,
In feasting and diversion they abound.
Their sisters likewise, fondly they invite,
To join their banquets, and their mirth unite.
When they had gone in feasting round, and spent
Their precious moments in such merriment,
Good Job to sorrow and to fear was brought,
Lest they had sinn'd, in action, word, or thought.
And rising early, he unto them sent,
To sanctify them was his good intent ;
To make atonement for their jolly feasts,
Prepar'd burnt offerings of clean birds or beasts.

The pious care of this good man, we see,
Was well accepted by the Deity,
Who more than common value on him set ;
That when the sons of God together met,
To worship Him undoubtedly their aim,
That fallen angel call'd old Satan came,

To see what harm could be by him devis'd,
 Against the men who true religion priz'd.
 When they'd assembled, with a true intent,
 The Lord was pleas'd good Job to represent
 As a fair pattern, whose delight he knew,
 Was in his Maker, and religion true.

'Twas Satan's office up and down to go,
 He said, the earth he'd travel'd to and fro.
 "Hast thou," says God, "beheld my servant Job,
 That there's none like him on the spacious globe,
 A man upright and perfect—truly one,
 Who feareth God and who doth evil shun."

The adversary, with malignant view,
 Would not acknowledge Job sincerely true;
 But that he to this sanctity was led,
 By views unsound, and very selfish, said,
 "Doth Job serve God for nought?" let me allege,
 "Thou hast completely round him made a hedge,
 About his house," around him far and wide,
 "Securing all he hath on ev'ry side:

Lo! thou hast bless'd the labour of his hand,
 His wealth has widely overspread the land."

Riches immense are given him by thee,
 Thou dost protect him from all danger free.

"But put forth now thy hand, and him annoy,
 Touch all he hath," his property destroy,

"His reputation he will then disgrace,
 And boldly curse thee to thy very face."

The Lord, Job's great integrity well knew,
 That he'd no equal on the earth was true,
 And that it might to honour great redound,
 Was he on trial true and faithful found;

That the example might to others be
 A useful lesson of integrity,

Permitted what the vile Apollyon plann'd,

"All he possesses is at thy command,
 But on his person put not forth thy hand."

"That Satan hath no pow'r, it hence appears
 O'er him who truly and sincerely fears

The King Omnipotent, who rules and reigns,
 O'er all his works his providence maintains :
 But Satan having this permission, goes
 To stir his agents, to bring on the woes ;
 The great old tyrant all his forces calls,
 And on poor Job, he, void of mercy, falls.

The children of this worthy man, we find,
 Still deviated from his godly mind ;
 For they all met, as they had often done,
 To have a banquet with his eldest son.
 This time took Satan to begin his job,
 He stirr'd the Sabeans at that time to rob.
 When these free-booters had their mischief done,
 A messenger to Job with tidings run :
 "The oxen were," says he, "to plowing gone,
 The asses feeding on the verdant lawn,
 The Sabeans roving plunderers to-day,
 Upon them fell and took them all away ;
 And what adds greatly to the loss and pain,
 Thy servants also with the sword are slain ;
 I only am escap'd alone," says he,
 "To tell the news of this distress to thee."

Though this must be to this great man a cross,
 A thousand oxen gone; a heavy loss,
 Five hundred asses, and the servants kill'd,
 Which him with sorrow, and deep mourning fill'd ;
 But this might then, to common sense appear,
 The lot of any, who abode so near
 The place where roving plunderers reside,
 They robbing all around them far and wide ;
 And so might not, by patient Job, be thought
 A judgment that an angry God had brought :
 Which Satan knew, would be the very thing
 That would most keenly reach his heart, and sting.
 Then he, (who'd power in distant, after days)*
 By his own beastly instrument to raise,
 With great delusion, flaming fire, that then
 Fell down from heaven in the sight of men;

* Rev. xiii. 13.

Made coruscations in the air, on high,
Or fire that flash'd with terror in the sky,
Which on Job's flock, like awful light'ning flew,
And all the sheep of his wide pastures slew.

While they in fear, and sorrow, wond'ring stand,
At the first message of the Sabeau band,
Another enter'd with surprise, to tell,
"The fire of God," says he, "from heaven fell,
The streaming flames have just consum'd the sheep,
And all the servants who the flocks did keep,
I only am escap'd alone," says he,
"To tell the news of this distress to thee."

While he was speaking, in there rush'd a third,
And in addition brings the good man word,
"The plund'ring Chaldeans, in the east that dwell,
Made three strong bands, and on us rudely fell,
They took the camels from the verdant plain,
The servants also with the sword are slain,
I only am escap'd alone," says he,
"To tell the news of this distress to thee."

Thus Job was stript of all his substance great,
He who that morn, was like a prince in state,
The richest man in all the eastern clime,
Ere night, perhaps, the poorest in his time;
Yet he through all in patience firm remain'd,
Without a murmur every loss sustain'd.

These doleful strokes could not o'erthrow the strong,
Unshaken hero of my humble song;
Apollyon fixt to give a shock more dire
Than Sabeau plunder or the flashing fire.
This Prince of War, and of the air then rais'd
A wild tornado, that all hearts amaz'd,
It smote the house of mirth and feasting then,
And slew Job's children, sons and daughters ten.

That Job might have no respite or relief,
One moment to digest his present grief,
Another Messenger, with great surprise,
Came rushing in, to mourning Job and cries,
"Thy sons and daughters all were drinking wine,
And eating with the eldest son of thine;

A whirlwind from the wilderness remote,
 The strong four corners of the dwelling smote—
 The house then fell, where all thy children fed,
 And lo! the young men, and the maids are dead :
 I only am escap'd alone," says he,
 " To tell the news of this distress to thee !"
 This reach'd, indeed, this keenly wounding stroke,
 Almost his nature and his judgment broke :
 Afflicted man ! at once great grief abounds,
 His children's death his nature sorely wounds ;
 At circumstances of this awful stroke,
 His judgment's lost—his heart is almost broke :
 He view'd his children unprepar'd to meet
 The awful Judge, at his dread judgment seat.*
 Yet did not Job (as they were now no more)
 Burnt-offerings offer as he'd done before ;
 Was not for them to make atonements led,
 Nor explanations, seeing they were dead.
 His wisdom taught, where falleth once the tree,*
 In that same place it shall for ever be.
 Job's grief, although intensely great, we find
 No deviation from an humble mind :
 In his distress and misery, 'tis said,
 " He rose, and rent his mantle, shav'd his head,
 Fell on the ground," his direful state to moan,
 " And worshipp'd," him who sits upon the throne.
 To rend the mantle and to shave the hair,
 Were outward tokens of great sorrow there ;
 By falling down, and worshipping, we find,
 That he receiv'd affliction with a mind
 Of deep submission, but did not repine ;
 Still bow'd obedient to the King Divine,
 Without whose notice, and permission, he
 Most surely knew these things could never be.
 Now Satan watch'd with anxious eagerness,
 To hear Job curse the Lord, in deep distress ;
 His disappointment sure was great that day,
 On hearing Job with deepest reverence say,

* Eccles. xi. 3.

"I naked came into this world of pain,
And naked shall my exit make again :
The Lord bestow'd, and taken hath away,
And blessed be his sacred name" this day.

Thus Job sinn'd not, (though robb'd of joys terrene)
Nor charg'd his God with folly through the scene.
In substance, he submissively confess'd
That all the blessings he had long possess'd,
His riches vast, most firmly he believ'd,
Was wholly what he from the Lord receiv'd ;
And had it not been stript from him away,
He must have left it all behind some day ;
That he came naked to this region low,
And from the world again must naked go ;
That it was justice, in his humble sight,
For him who gave to have the perfect right
To take away, if he should so incline,
Submitting all to providence divine.
Instead of cursing the Almighty One,
As Satan had attested would be done,
He bless'd the Lord for all his former care,
And all the losses he had now to bear.
Thus he that was a liar long before,
Was prov'd a liar to his face, once more.

The restless Satan not at all content,
Yet wanting work, new mischief to invent,
Himself did with the sons of God present ;
When they assembled as they'd often done,
They found the old intruding wicked one :
"Hast thou, says God, seen Job my servant true,
On earth there's not his equal, in my view ;
A man, upright and perfect, truly one,
That fears his Maker, and doth evil shun :
His patience try'd, and prov'd, and still, said he,
He holdeth fast his great integrity,
Though thou afflicts him with a great delight,
And fain would move me to destroy him quite."

"O skin for skin," said he who values strife,
"All that a man hath, he will pay for life :

Put forth thy hand and touch his flesh and bone,
Then will be deep dissimulation shown ;
He will his zeal and sanctity disgrace,
And surely curse thee to thy open face."

The Lord well knew these trials great and sore,
To his own glory would redound yet more ;
And yield to Job great profit in the end,
Therefore resolving him to yet defend,
(That Satan, tho' he sorely might assail,
He should not o'er the patient man prevail.)
To recompense his suff'rings great and sore,
With a reward of an abounding store,
Another link he let out satan's chain,
And old Apollyon gratify'd again :
Go try him more, "behold he's in thy hand,
But let him live," is the divine command.
The devil glad of this increase of pow'r,
Fell on poor Job with cruelty that hour !
The scholar's learning and the poet's pen,
Cannot describe his dire condition then ;
His doleful case—behold him cover'd o'er,
With blotches, boils, and blains, one filthy sore,
Rais'd by Apollyon to a height extreme,
If possible to drive Job to blaspheme.
His pow'r was great, and while he had the reins,
Job underwent the most exquisite pains,
A state of sore and deep unrival'd grief,
One lingering scene—one pang without relief.
His horrid foulness, and the nauseous scent,
Did much his case of misery augment ;
Was loath'd and shunn'd by ev'ry person round,
No relative or friend with him was found ;
His menial servants all from him depart,
And leave him void of human help, to smart.
Of this he in his mourning sore complains,
In bitter accents, and in moving strains :
"My old acquaintance are from me estrang'd,
My kinsfolk have their countenances chang'd,
Familiar friends away from me are gone,
And those who long liv'd in my house withdrawn ;

I'm like a stranger by my maids esteem'd,
And as an alien in their sight am deem'd :
I call'd my servant, in distress, for aid,
Tho I entreated, he no answer made ;
I crave the hour when time to me shall cease,
From my afflictions then I'll get release."

The greatest man in all the eastern world,
Behold him sitting, weeping, mourning, hurl'd
From honour, pow'r, and from great opulence,
To greater want, affliction more intense !
Before whom once, young men their faces hide,
His look majestic, they could not abide :
The elders rose and stood upon their feet,
Him with respect and reverence to treat :
Great princes would from conversation cease,
And nobles in his presence hold their peace :
Behold him now with ulcers cover'd o'er,
And grievous boils, united in one sore ;
In ashes sitting, making there his moan ;
The foulest human object ever known.
Thus he thro' scenes unparallel'd was led,
"A dunghill on a dunghill," one has said.
Then he who lied to Eve in days of yore,
Allur'd Job's wife yet to afflict him more.
"Dost thou still thine integrity retain,
Curse God and die ;" to serve the Lord is vain.
Cast off thy rev'rence and thy love of God,
Curse him who lays on thee his iron rod ;
The austere master who has dealt so hard,
Although for it thou be of life debarr'd.
He could not be by her vile counsel mov'd,
To her reply'd, in patience try'd and prov'd,
Thou speakest like a woman quite unwise ;
'A foolish woman,' evil to devise :
Shall we receive the good that's granted us,
When evil comes, the great Jehovah curse ?"
Here he his firm integrity retain'd,
His patience quite invincible remain'd,
So that the loss of all his vast estate,
His children's death, and his affliction great,

Occasion'd by extremity of pains,
 And deep distress, while Satan had the reins;
 His friend's unkindness and ingratitude—
 His servants all irreverent and rude;
 Nor provocation of his bosom friend,
 Could draw from him one sentence to offend.

In that vast country did three friends reside,
 From Job a distance, from each other wide:
 These men and he had been, in times of state,
 In habits of an intimacy great.

Eliphaz one, the Temanite we trace,
 From *Teman, who we find of Esau's race.
 Bildad the Shuhite, sprung from ancient Shuah,†
 The youngest son of Abraham by Keturah.
 The third call'd Zophar, the Naamathite,
 To tell his race is not so easy quite;
 Some men of learning, it is said, incline
 To think he also was of Esau's line.

When they had heard of Job's afflictions sore,
 Such as the world had never known before,
 They in deep feeling sympathy were led,
 To visit, mourn, and comfort him, 'tis said.
 These three were men of consequence of old,
 The Septuagint calls them kings, we're told;
 A length of time it doubtless then must take,
 After their knowledge of his state, to make
 Th' appointment, fix the time and place to meet,
 And then to travel to his mourning seat.

That many a day poor Job his sores had borne,
 And grievous pains, left all alone to mourn,
 And many a night, remote from joy or cheer,
 Before these three condoling friends appear.
 When they arriv'd, where they could see his face,
 And found him seated in his mourning place,
 Awhile attention to the scene they lend,
 Before they know their lov'd and valu'd friend.
 But on advancing, with a solemn pace,
 They were astonish'd at his doleful case;

* Gen. xxxvi. 10, 11. † Gen. xxv. 2.

They wept aloud—they mourn'd with joint consent,
And each in twain his costly mantle rent.
They then were in their depth of sorrow led,
Each one to sprinkle dust upon his head ;
Him in a state of grief intense they found,
And lo ! they sat down by him on the ground,
His woful case in silence to condole ;
None spake a word, for pain and grief of soul.
Seven days and nights they thus in silence wait,
Because his grief was so intensely great.
At length, poor Job, this long sad silence broke,
With grief of heart in mournful accents spoke :
“ Let the day perish wherein I was born,
That darksome night or inauspicious morn,
When they with joy and cheerfulness proclaim'd,
A child is born, a son is to be nam'd.
Lo ! let that day by darkness long be known,
And let not God regard it from his throne ;
Let gloom be there, and death's most awful shade,
And over it a heavy cloud be laid !
Why's light bestow'd upon a man whose way
Is hedg'd around, and hid from day to day ?
Before I eat my morsel comes my sighs ;
Pour'd out in torrents are my doleful cries ! ”

These friends of Job, who much for him were pain'd,
An ill opinion of him entertain'd ;
They had concluded from his woful state,
Which human powers can languidly relate,
That he was guilty of some heinous sin,
Or deep hypocrisy must reign within ;
That he for it endur'd the iron rod,
And heavy judgments of the angry God.
Their vain opinion they presum'd to tell,
And on poor Job in heavy accents fell :
Declar'd indeed, that such distress must be
The consequence of God's supreme decree ;
The perfect justice of Omnipotence,
Can never punish where there's no offence ;
To punish or chastise without a cause,
Is inconsistent with impartial laws.

Such premises apparently were true,
Yet an erroneous consequence they drew,
That Job must be at enmity with God,
A grievous sinner thus to feel the rod ;
Or in him deep hypocrisy must dwell,
To cause his suff'rings to this height to swell.
They in their turns, and in a style sublime,
Long labour'd to convince him of his crime.
So men may err, who tell of reason's guide,
Pretend to reason, yet they wander wide
From rectitude, and wisdom from above,
The system of pure universal love.
To you I call ! O young and old attend,
Nor eye nor ear to lying systems lend !

Job stood with firmness in his own defence,
Assur'd, indeed, of his own innocence,
His hands were clean, his faithful heart upright,
Before the Lord who sees with perfect sight.
To their false charges he would never yield,
Nor in this contest give them up the field ;
Would not acknowledge he had guilt or sin,
Full well assur'd that he had none within.
With manly firmness and great eloquence,
He stood his ground, maintain'd his innocence,
Did them refute and his own cause defend,
And their great want of kindness reprehend.
As they would not, in their long speeches spare,
But sharp reflections added here and there ;
Their ironies and censures were severe,
And bitter taunts were rigid and austere ;
Unlike true comforters poor Job abus'd ;
Freedom of speech to them he likewise us'd,
And gave them pinching repartees indeed,
Reprov'd them sharply, when they stood in need ;
Yet he observ'd an humble reverence,
When he spoke of or to Omnipotence.
But knowing not the secret aim and end,
Nor what his Maker could to him intend,
In suff'ring trials so intensely great,
To fall like mountains, with their crushing weight.

He often begg'd from life to have release,
 That so his pain and misery might cease;
 Lest he might thro' afflictions, sore and great,
 From patience and from meekness deviate.

* * * * *

Some of Job's lofty sentiments, sublime
 And mournful language, in this painful time,
 Are here selected; and are turn'd to rhyme.

* * * * *

* O that I now, as in months past, could be,
 As in the days when God protected me;
 When his bright candle shone upon my head,
 And by his light thro' darkness I was led:
 As I was joyful in my youthful days
 Feeling the secret of his inward rays;
 When the Almighty was with me in truth,
 My children I could see in blooming youth,
 When I had butter, corn, and wine in store,
 When oil in rivers from the rock would pour:
 When I went thro' the city, in the street,
 Hard by the portal I prepared my seat;
 The young men would, when I appear'd, withdraw;
 The aged rose and stood, when me they saw:
 The princes then from their discourse refrain'd,
 And nobles paus'd, and silently remain'd:
 The ear that heard, for me would blessings crave,
 The eye that saw me, a true witness gave,
 Because I had the fatherless reliev'd,
 The poor that cry'd for succour, I receiv'd;
 The indigent to me would blessings bring,
 I caus'd for joy the widow's heart to sing:
 I aided those who cry'd in deep distress,
 I then was cloth'd with peace and righteousness.
 My judgment, as a diadem, was deem'd
 Eyes to the blind, feet to the lame esteem'd;
 Unto the poor I was a father sure,
 I search'd out causes hidden and obscure.

* Job xxix.

I broke the jaws, and plucked away the spoil,
From him who liv'd in wickedness to toil.

I thought my days as sand would multiply,
In my pavilion I shall surely die.

My root was widely by the waters spread,
My branch all night with dew was richly fed;
My glory was with vigour fresh sustain'd,
My bow renew'd, safe in my hand remain'd :

To me men listen'd with attention deep,
And at my counsel they would silence keep;
After my words they would not speak, is true,
My speech fell on them like the morning dew;

They waited for me, which was not in vain,
With open mouth, as for the latter rain :

I chose their way and sat with them as chief,
As one that comforts mourners, gave relief;
Their way by me was pointed out to them—
I sat as one that wore a diadem.

*But now, those who are younger much than I,
Deride me vainly, and against me cry;
Whose fathers I would not permit to keep,
With dogs that watch'd my fleecy flocks of sheep :
For want and famine, they in their distress,
Were solitary in the wilderness.

They fled into the lonely wild in haste,
In former time all desolate and waste ;

They mallows cut in their distress to eat,
And also roots of juniper for meat.

Lo ! they were driven far from men aside,
As after thieves, at them the people cry'd.

And now behold, I am their song they choose,
Yea, I'm the by-word they in scorning use :

They spare not now to spit upon my face,
They me abhor, and flee away apace ;

Because my cord is loos'd, I'm sorely try'd,
They loose the bridle, and they me deride.

Upon my right hand rise the indiscreet,
The graceless youth, and push away my feet ;

Means of destruction they against me raise,
 They mar my path, they much impede my ways;
 They have no helper, or propitious guide,
 They came upon me as a breaking wide,
 Of waters in a desolating hour,
 They roll'd on me with overflowing pow'r :
 Great errors on me turn'd without controul,
 Fierce as the whirlwind they pursue my soul;
 My welfare passeth as a cloud away,
Or as the dew at Sol's bright morning ray.

And now my soul is poured out to thee,
 Afflictions sore have taken hold on me;
 My bones are pierc'd within me, in the night
 My painful sinews can no rest invite :
 By the disease, this putrid body o'er,
 My garments chang'd, and now it binds me sore.
 Into the mire, behold he hath me cast,
 Like dust and ashes I'm become at last;
 To thee I cry, and oh, thou dost not hear,
 To thee I look, and thou dost not appear,
 Become now distant—with thy pow'rful hand,
 Thou dost oppose me and against me stand.
 I look'd for good, but evil came with might,
 Thick darkness spread when I was seeking light;
 My bowels boil'd, and I could get no rest,
 Affliction's days do me of joys divest.
 I mourning went when clouds the sunshine veil'd,
 In the assembly my sad state bewail'd.
 As a companion to the owls, I'm fil'd,
 And brother to the dragons of the wild;
 Behold my skin is black from crown to feet,
 My bones are burnt with an incessant heat;
 My tuneful harp is turn'd to weeping sore,
 My organ to the mourner's doleful roar.

*Behold, I call from misery's gloomy shade,
 I cry aloud, but oh, there's none to aid;
 I cannot pass, for he hath fenc'd my way,
 The gloom of darkness set instead of day ;

Of glory stript me, and hath brought me down,
 And from my head he took away the crown ;
 My inward friends abhorrence have commenc'd,
 They whom I lov'd, against me are incens'd ;
 My flesh and skin now cleave unto my bone,
 In my distress but few do me bemoan.
 O that my words were written now by men,
 That they were graven with an iron pen,
 That they were printed in some sacred page,
 Or cut in rock, to last an endless age.

I surely know that my Redeemer dear,
 Now lives, and shall some future day appear ;
 And tho' the worms upon this body feed,
 Yet I shall see the Deity indeed ;
 Shall see the King of whom the ancients told,
 For my own self, mine eyes shall him behold.

* Mark me astonish'd, and with wonder stand,
 And lay upon your silent mouth your hand ;
 When I remember I am sore afraid,
 My flesh oft trembles when my fears pervade.
 Why live the wicked to an age that's great ?
 They're high in pow'r and wealthy in estate ;
 Their children are establish'd in their sight,
 They aggrandize their offspring with delight.
 Their houses safe from danger or alarm,
 The rod of God is not on them, nor harm ;
 Their little ones, like flocks of sheep, advance,
 Abroad they send them, and their children dance ;
 They take the timbrel, and in mirth abound,
 Rejoicing in the harp and organ's sound.
 Their days in wealth and jollity they spend,
 And in a moment to the grave descend :
 Therefore, to God, depart from us, they say,
 For we desire no knowledge of thy way ;
 What's the Almighty, should we him revere ?
 What profit have we, if we pray or fear ?

The counsel of the wicked's far from me,
 Their good is often insecure, we see ;

* Job xxi. 5.

Sometimes indeed they rise to wealth and might,
 But often is their candle put out quite.
 Destruction swiftly comes, without relief
 Upon the wicked, liar, cheat and thief.
 Destruction and deep sorrows them await—
 In anger God diffuses judgments great—
 As stubble is before the wind are they,
 And as the chaff the whirlwind drives away.
Shall mortal man presume beyond his reach,
 And God in wisdom and in knowledge teach :
 Seeing he judgeth those aloft who rise
 In his full strength, at ease a person dies.
 Another falls in heart-felt bitterness,
 Who never ate with pleasure, but distress :
 They both lie down alike in dust, at last,
 On them the worms shall make a rich repast.

*Hell's bare to Him, who boundless space surveys;
The depths to Him who form'd all nature's ways :
 An empty place the north he stretcheth o'er,
 And hangs the earth where nothing was before.
 He holds his Throne, its face he covers o'er,
 There spreads his cloud, *where man cannot explore*;
 Waters with bounds he hath secur'd with might,
 Until an end come to the day and night :
 Makes pillars of the high expanse to shake,
 And the foundations of the earth to quake,
 Astonish'd at his wonderful decrees !
 He with his power divides the mighty seas.
 The proud will he by understanding smite,
 The heavens garnish with his glorious light.
 Lo ! these are parts of his superior ways,
 Let this small portion our great wonder raise,
 But his most awful, thundering power amaze.
 †There is a vein where silver's found, most sure,
 A place for gold, to make it still more pure :
 There is a path wherein no fowl can fly,
 'Tis not discern'd by the keen vulture's eye.
 The Lion's whelps this way have never found,
 Nor the fierce lion ever trod the ground.

* Job xxvi. 6.

† Job xxviii. 1.

Upon the rock he putteth forth his hand,
The mountains overturn at his command;
He binds the floods, or man is overflown;
The thing that's hid, he letteth it be known.
But where shall Wisdom infinite be found?
And understanding, tell me where abound?
The price thereof no earthly man can know,
Nor is it found upon this region low.
The depth declares, it is not found in me,
Nor in my bounds proclaims the rolling sea.
It can't be gotten for high valu'd gold,
Neither shall it for silver bright be sold.
The gold of Ophir don't with it compare,
Nor precious onyx, nor blue sapphire, rare;
It is not equal'd by the crystal bright,
No, nor exchang'd for jewels that delight.
Speak not of coral, costly pearls, or spice,
Above fair rubies is true wisdom's price.
For valu'd topaz, it shall not be sold,
Nor yet exchang'd for Ophir's purest gold:
Whence then comes wisdom, whence shall it proceed?
And understanding, where's the place indeed?
Since it is hid from ev'ry human eye,
And clos'd from all the airy fowls that fly.
Death and destruction in their turns proclaim,
With our own ears, lo! we have heard its fame;
God understands the way, and where it flows,
The place thereof, and its deep source he knows;
For he beholds with penetrating eyes,
The earth, the heavens, and etherial skies;
Can wonders do—can weigh the flowing breeze,
The waters measure, and the mighty seas.
Lo! He decreed (let men and angels wonder)
A way for rain, for lightning and for thunder.
He search'd it out, yea, wisdom He prepar'd,
Behold he saw it, and to man declar'd
True wisdom is the fear of God within,
And understanding's to depart from sin.
What is the portion from the Lord, I cry?
Or what inher'tance from the King on high?

Is not destruction to the wicked sure ?
And must not they a punishment endure ?
Doth not my Maker clearly see my ways,
Count steps, view words and actions all my days.
If I have in vain idols e'er believ'd,
Of if I have the credulous deceiv'd,
(Let me be in an even balance weigh'd
My heart be known, for I am not afraid.)
If I refus'd my servants' cause to hear,
From his petition turn'd away mine ear—
If I have holden from the poor that cries,
Or caus'd to fail the widow's mournful eyes—
If I have eat my morsel when alone,
And have not listen'd to the orphan's moan.
Lo ! he was brought up with me from my youth,
The widow have I guided of a truth)—
If I in blindness after wealth have grop'd,
Or in the shining, golden wedge have hop'd—
If I have been so void of wisdom quite,
To say to gold, thou art my chief delight—
If I rejoic'd because of wealth immense,
Or if elated by great opulence :
Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade,
Be broke to pieces, and all verdure fade.
When I beheld the sun with sparkling light,
Or saw the moon, like silver, shining bright—
If that in secret, e'er my heart hath won,
To pay devotion to the moon or sun ;
I then should sure have lost my glowing love,
Should have deny'd the God that is above—
If I rejoic'd, or e'er was glad to see
The ruin of the man who hated me ;
Or lifted up myself when evil found,
Him in his mischief and did him surround.
Neither have I, sin suffer'd to control
My mouth, by wishing mis'ry to his soul.
The stranger took not lodging in the street,
The trav'ler in my dwelling found a seat.
If I like Adam, cover'd o'er my sin,
By hiding mine iniquity within—

If I've departed from the golden way,
Mine eyes and heart, if they have gone astray—
If any blot hath cleav'd to me, I say,
Then may I sow and let another eat,
Let my offspring be rooted from my seat.
Instead of wheat that overspread the ground,
Let there be nought but thorns and thistles found—
For barley fine the plains so richly yield,
Let cockle grow, and choke the fertile field.

Here Job's expressive lamentations end,
To his narration we will now attend.

When Job had silenc'd these three reas'ning men,
Up rose Elihu who was present then,
Who their discourses on both sides had heard,
With zealous warmth against them all appear'd.
'Gainst Job because (as he his words apply'd)
Rather than God, himself had justifi'd :
Against his friends, since they had labour'd long,
Yet Job was not convicted once of wrong :
That after they could rudely him impeach,
Give him the honour of the closing speech.
This youth, well of the risk he run appriz'd,
For breaking silence he apologiz'd,
And his attempt grave ancient men to teach,
And also for the plainness of his speech,
Desiring they would not expect that he,
Men's persons would accept, or partial be ;
If flatt'ring titles he to men should give,
His Maker would refuse to let him live.

“ Since you are old, and I am yet so young,
Thro' modest fear, I held my silent tongue :
I said that years, and multitude of days,
Should speak the truth, and utter wisdom's ways ;
Yet there's a spirit in man's heart that lives,
God's inspiration there true wisdom gives.
Great men are not in wisdom always found,
Nor have the elders always judgment sound :

God speaks to man once, twice, 'tis soon forgot,
 Or inattentive, he perceives it not.
 In dreams, in visions of the night he's led,
 In deepest sleep and slumb'ring on the bed:
 Lo! then he opens the deaf ears of men,
 And sealeth to them their instruction then,
 That he who can the earth and heavens span,
 May draw from sin, and pride remove from man."

The youth proceeds; all listen to the theme,
 By arguments, well drawn from pow'r supreme,
 God's sov'reignty, without a line to bound,
 And wisdom we can never search or sound,
 Which may produce some deep mysterious end,
 Man's feeble pow'rs can never comprehend;
 May yet unfold some hidden consequence,
 Above the reach of man's intelligence.
 That with God's justice, it may well agree,
 And is consistent with the Deity,
 To lay his-trying and afflicting hand,
 Upon the men most righteous in the land.

Therefore it is the duty then of all,
 To bear such exercises when they fall,
 Without complaining, or a murm'ring sin,
 And to acknowledge, God is just therein.
 Job sat attentive, with both ear and eye,
 To this bright youth, and made him no reply:
 He probably before would less have said,
 When he to answer his three friends was led,
 And that less subject to exception then,
 Had he not been so treated by the men;
 By their reflections, quite unjust, unkind,
 Whereby instead of comforters, we find,
 They prov'd tormentors, in his deep distress;
 Unguardedly this caus'd him to express
 Some sentiments that were not duly weigh'd,
 And which against him in the contest made.

After this long, sublime debate was done,
 All hush'd to silence, then the Lord begun:
 Jehovah comes—the dread of human pride,
 Not to debate, but the dispute decide.

The whirlwinds roar, and awful light'nings blaze
Announce his coming, and all hearts amaze ;
All creatures quake, as he approaches nigh.
At the bright blaze of his all-seeing eye,
The stateliness of human pride, and all
Disguises and delusive colourings fall :
And vanity, by human knowledge taught,
All sink to their original, to nought.
The man of knowledge, understanding bright,
Who view'd his station in superior light,
Who fain above his humble sphere would reach,
The glorious and the great Jehovah teach,
Is now struck insignificant and mean,
And quite confounded at the awful scene.

This crisis could no human eye foresee ;
The Lord appears in awful majesty ;
With pow'r supreme, to speak, instruct, and teach,
And from the whirlwind he directs his speech ;
Wherein forth setting his own consequence,
Infinite wisdom and omnipotence,
In forming and disposing all he made,
When the foundations of the world he laid.

He form'd the earth, the seas, and fishes then,
Inferior creatures and superior men ;
Suns, moons, and worlds, in boundless space that roll,
A glorious, wondrous workmanship the whole.

Job was convinc'd, and fully made to see,
His weakness, blindness, inability.
Of his own self, to understand the ways,
Of the All-Awing Judge of ancient days :
That he in awful, deep submission broke
Forth, in a sense of human vileness spoke.
" Behold ! I'm vile, what shall I answer thee ?
My hand upon my silent mouth shall be—
I once have spoken, but I'll speak no more,
Nor yet proceed," as I have done before.
When afterwards the High and Holy One,
His most sublime and awful speech had done,
Job fully granted the supremacy,
And boundless wisdom of the Deity.

With a bow'd down, and deeply humbled mind,
 To this effect, he answer'd him, we find :
 "I know that thou canst ev'ry purpose do,
 And that all things are open to thy view,
 Well might'st thou ask, who counsel could obscure,
 By words without the knowledge that is pure ;
 To thee for counsel I an ear will lend,
 I've utter'd more than I could comprehend.
 Some things too deep and wonderful for me,
 Which I knew not—henceforth I'll learn of thee.
 Of thee I've heard with my external ear,
 But now I have obtain'd a sight more clear,
 More cogent than the sound of words, that fail'd,
 For now mine eye thy glory views unveil'd.
 Lo ! I repent, abhor myself, for all
 I've said amiss, in dust and ashes fall."

This humble, meek, and free acknowledgment,
 Well pleas'd the King who is omnipotent :
 He thereupon, like a just judge defends,
 Poor Job against his three censorious friends.
 Then to Eliphaz, Temanite, said he,
 "My wrath is kindled 'gainst thy friends and thee,
 The thing that's right hath not been spoke by you,
 As it hath been by Job my servant true.
 Take seven bullocks, seven rams—arise,
 And go to Job, and offer sacrifice,
 That an atonement you may make this day,
 And Job, my servant, then for you shall pray ;
 For I will hear when he shall intercede,
 Lest I treat you according to your deed.
 You have not spoke of me the thing that's right,
 Like Job, my servant," worthy in my sight.

Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, soon obey'd,
 And Job an humble intercession made.
 'Twas wonderful ! for them he pray'd with pow'r,
 The Lord turn'd his captivity that hour !
 His suff'rings then, as in an instant ceas'd,
 From his afflictions, lo ! he was releas'd !

Shout morning stars, and all the earth for joy,
 The adversary can no more annoy,

Nor hurt one hair, so much as touch the robe
 Of him, the meek, and truly patient Job.
 With health and honour, and with riches bless'd,
 God gave him double what he ere possess'd,
 So that his flock was fourteen thousand sheep,
 Six thousand camels—marvellous to keep;
 His ploughs were by two thousand oxen drawn,
 One thousand asses pastur'd on the lawn!

Job's brethren and his sisters to him came,
 When they of his deliv'rance heard the same,
 His kindred and acquaintance, as before,
 Renew'd their friendship now with him once more;
 They came to him, rejoic'd without alloy,
 And in his house partook the bread of joy:
 Esteem'd him truly, and his favour sought,
 And much enrich'd him by the presents brought.
 And more than this, to comfort him we see,
 He'd seven sons, and also daughters three;
 And none were found among the eastern fair,
 Who for their beauty would with them compare.

And after this, it by the text appears,
 He liv'd one hundred and full forty years,
 And saw (ere he on earth was known no more)
 His sons and grandsons, generations four.
 Then found from all the toils of time release;
 Slept with his fathers, full of days and peace.

And now my muse would almost take a flight,
 This Epitaph upon his tomb to write.

EPITAPH.

Here lies the great and celebrated Job,
 For patience firm, unrivall'd on the globe:
 Who trod affliction's dreary path alone,
 Whom Satan prov'd with cruelties unknown;
 Stript him of children, and of wealth immense,
 Left him to mourn in poverty intense;
 O'erspread with boils, and grievous blains, in pain,
 Too much for human nature to sustain.

It was the wicked adversary's aim,
 To make Job curse the great Creator's name ;
 But lo ! his schemes and ev'ry effort fail'd,
 O'er all his pow'r the patient man prevail'd :
 Altho' he drank the dregs of Satan's cup,
 A hand divine, and gracious held him up.

He was at length from Satan's chain releas'd,
 The hour was joyful, his afflictions ceas'd :
 Behold him now with wealth and honour crown'd,
 With all the worthies of the earth renown'd.
 At last his soul from time's revolving's free,
 Prepar'd for peace and immortality ;
 Pass'd to the long sought city of the blest,
 In triumph there eternally to rest.



THE LIFE OF BALAAM.



WHEN Israel sought the promis'd land to gain,
 They pitch'd awhile on Moab's verdant plain ;
 They had some signal victories obtain'd,
 And now to rest near Jordan's stream remain'd.
 The people round beheld the army great,
 Knew how they'd slain the Amorites of late,
 The sight of such a potent army near,
 Put Balak, who was Moab's king, in fear ;
 And knowing he could not of numbers boast,
 Was sore afraid of Israel's mighty host.
 Thus Balak straiten'd, on this method falls,
 He Midian's elders into council calls,
 And notice of the common danger gave—
 Consulted how they might the country save.
 When they awhile had close attention paid,
 The king and council this conclusion made,
 That he should faithful messengers depute,
 And send to Balaam, then in high repute,

Him by persuasion, and by hire obtain,
To come and curse the people on the plain;
In hopes thereby, in some propitious hour,
To conquer them he might obtain the power.

This Balaam with such dignity was view'd,
For powers with which they thought he was endu'd,
That they suppos'd, and unto him confess'd,
That every one whom he should bless, was bless'd;
And which was yet of their delusions worse,
That every one was cursed, he should curse.

The council then selected out a few
Of Moab's princes, and of Midian's too;
'Together on an embassy they join,
To go to their great favourite divine.

So on they went to Balaam's distant land,
With pay for divination in their hand,
Believing this would likely him obtain,
They knew he was extremely fond of gain.

'Twas this indeed, that made him forward press,
He lov'd the wages of unrighteousness.

Yet when they had arriv'd to him and told
The message from their troubl'd king, behold!
He could not with the monarch's views accord,
Till he had first consulted with the Lord.

To try how he the theme would represent,
On which king Balak had the princes sent,
God queried of him ere the morning light,

"What men are those who lodge with thee this night?"

"Some," he repli'd, "whom Balak, Moab's king,
Hath sent to me, a message here to bring;

'That there's from Egypt come a numerous race,
That covers all the earth's extended face;

'That his distress and fear is great, indeed,
He wishes me to come to him with speed,

And curse that people—though a mighty host,
He hopes he then can drive them from his coast."

The Lord in answer fully let him know

The will divine—"Thou shalt not with them go;

That people there must unmolested rest,

Thou shalt not curse them, for behold they're blest!"

Balaam well knowing how unsafe, absurd,
 'Twould be to go against the master's word,
 Rose in the morn of the succeeding day,
 And sent king Balak's messengers away :
 "Depart again to your own land, for true,
 The Lord refus'd to let me go with you."

The princes then return unto their king,
 And to him they misrepresent the thing :
 Instead of telling plainly as they ought,
 What Balaam had in his plain answer taught,
 That God refus'd to let him come, behold !
 That Balaam would not come with them, they told.
 From such an answer Balak might suppose
 The number, or the quality of those
 He sent, might not ambitious Balaam please,
 Or else, too small the value of the fees :
 For he forthwith sent on, to please his pride,
 A greater number, and more dignifi'd,
 Than were the first, and with proposals higher,
 To gratify his ravenous desire.

The message was, "let nothing hinder thee,
 By any means from coming now to me ;
 I'll thee promote to honour very great,
 I'll do for thee just what thou shalt dictate :
 Be pleas'd, therefore, to come without delay,
 And this great people curse for me I pray."

By Balaam's answer, we at once may find
 What was the ruling temper of his mind ;
 He did not say, I hate the work in view,
 And therefore have no mind to go with you :
 "Would Balak give me (were the words he told)
 His house all full of silver and of gold,
 I cannot go at all beyond the word,
 Of Him who is the overruling Lord."
 The high command was absolutely thus,
 "Thou shalt not go—shalt not the people curse :"
 The Lord upon him a restraint had laid,
 He fain would go—to go he was afraid.
 So anxiously he crav'd the great reward,
 He thought, perhaps, he could persuade the Lord,

To break his word, to alter his decree ;
 To curse the people, grant him liberty.
 Therefore he mildly on the princes sawns,
 Prays them to wait until the morning dawns,
 To be inform'd yet, what the Lord would say,
 Who'd given him command the other day.
 This nought was else but boldly tempting God,
 And those who do it may expect the rod ;
 Displeas'd, therefore, he left him to fulfil,
 And follow his own blind and greedy will.

So he once dealt in aftertime with Jews,
 When they did his own government refuse ;
 When they to be like nations round, aspir'd,
 Would have a king—he gave what they desir'd ;
 When he could not them to obedience bring,
 He in *displeasure gave the Jews a king.
 At times, when men refus'd to hear his voice,
 He †gave them up to follow their own choice.
 As they by vain and carnal lusts were led,
 And in their own delusive paths to tread.
 Just so it doth by sacred writ appear,
 He dealt with this great money-lover here :
 He'd given Balaam the command divine—
 The greedy man would not his will resign,
 But try'd to get the sacred word revok'd,
 The Lord by his gross impudence provok'd,
 "If Balak's men—his princes call for thee
 Arise forthwith and go with them," says he.
 These words (with reason) wise men understand,
 To be permission, not a fair command.
 As if he'd said to Balaam, since I find,
 To go thou art so eagerly inclin'd,
 Go if thou wilt against my plain decree,
 Which was distinctly understood by thee ;
 But yet will all thy labour be in vain,
 For thou shalt not thy grand design obtain :
 The word that I shall in thy mouth instil,
 That shalt thou speak, though much against thy will.

* Hosea, xiii. 11.

† Psalm, lxxxi. 11. 12.

On this permission he with pleasure rose,
With Moab's princes went the way he chose.
He took two servants on him there to wait,
For grandeur and to bring his treasure great.

The suff'ring him to go with them, we find,
Was in displeasure, and was not his mind ;
For he was wroth because the prophet went,
And to oppose him he an angel sent.

The angel stood in Balaam's way, 'tis said,
With a drawn sword that shone with glitt'ring dread.
Yet Balaam's eyes were blinded so complete,
He could not see him in the open street :

Though to the ass he plainly was in view,
She could discern him and avoid him too.

Quite terrifi'd, she in distress and fear,
Rush'd in a field that to the road was near ;
For which he smote her in an angry strain,
To turn her back into the road again.

The angel moving to a place not wide,
A path that had a wall on either side,
The creature then the angel's sword to shun,
So near the wall in her great terror run,
She crush'd his foot ; he in his wrath and pain,
Smote her to turn her in the way again.

But when the angel, going on apace,
Stood in the path, in so confin'd a place,
There was no passage to the left or right ;
At this most awful and alarming sight,
For fear the sword might either kill or wound,
She fell down under him upon the ground.

Extremely angry, Balaam as before,
Smote the poor creature with his staff once more.

The Lord then to rebuke the man beguil'd,
And check the madness of the prophet wild,

The asses mouth, in that alarming hour,
Behold ! he open'd with the speaking pow'r !
She spoke and said, " what have I done to thee,
That thou three times hast sorely smitten me ? "

At this great wonder, Balaam no ways shock'd,
To her reply'd, " because thou hast me mock'd,

Had I a sword I now would surely slay,
Would take thy life for stubbornness to-day."

"Am I not thine," the willing ass reply'd,

"Didst thou not safely long upon me ride?

Have I transgress'd until this very day?"

He answer'd his long faithful servant, "Nay."

This strange indeed, and most unnatural thing,

Enough itself astonishment to bring

On ev'ry heart, to human flesh ally'd,

On ev'ry man that was not petrify'd.

But his dark mind was on the way so bent,

His heart on making money so intent,

E'en this could not the blinded prophet move,

He held the dialogue, as said above,

Until the Lord concluded to surprise,

And him arouse by opening his eyes.

He then beheld the mighty angel stand

Right in the way, with his drawn sword in hand!

At sight of whom, in that most awful place,

He bow'd himself—fell flat upon his face:

For instant danger will most surely make

The most obdurate, bow their heads and quake.

The angel did with him expostulate,

And let him know his sin was very great;

His undertaking, business, and reward,

Were all indeed perverse before the Lord.

That he was come, his purpose to withstand,

And there had slain him with his sword in hand,

But for his ass, which turn'd another way,

Which he had beat ungratefully that day.

Then wicked Balaam, sorely stung within,

Confess'd that he was guilty of a sin;

That he'd return, he to him faintly said,

If going on displeas'd the sov'reign dread.

But this confession little credit gain'd,

Since it appears but little more than feign'd,

He need not doubt, put in his if, for true,

From the beginning well enough he knew,

That it was wrong, displeasing to the Lord,

"Thou shalt not go," was the Almighty's word.

But now since he so strongly was inclin'd,
The Lord would not command him back we find ;
But he resolv'd to turn the base design
To a good end—a purpose more benign,
By making him defeat the project thus,
Pour blessings on the people he would curse.
Then suffer'd him his journey to pursue,
With one strict charge that he must keep in view,
"The only word I speak to thee when there,
That shalt thou speak, and only that declare."

With Balak's princes he the way pursu'd,
His hope of gain a little more renew'd.
When Balak heard of Balaam on the way,
That he in person great respects might pay ;
Went out to meet him in a pompous state,
That he might nobly him congratulate.
When they had met and greeted with delight,
King Balak blam'd him in a manner slight,
For his not coming when at first he sent,
Who was so able, and was so intent,
As sure as he then wore a royal crown,
To raise him up to honour and renown.
Then Balaam told him, in the plea he made,
What a restraint the Lord upon him laid.

Thus they arriv'd, in state, to Balak's seat,
And there elate, he made a splendid treat ;
To Balaam he so great attention paid,
A solemn feast for him and princes made.
The next day, fully on their scheme intent,
They up to Baal's lofty places went,
That he from thence the people might survey,
And grievous curses on them pour that day.
Thus Balaam got to Baal's places high,
Where he remotely could extend his eye,
Tells them to build seven altars for him there,
And seven oxen, seven rams prepare.
Balak perform'd what Balaam then advis'd ;
An ox and ram on each they sacrific'd ;
Then leaving Balak in that place to stay,
Balaam retir'd alone a little way,

To see if he then with the Lord could meet,
Who came to him his purpose to defeat ;
Put in his mouth a word to utter there,
With a strict charge he should the same declare.
Returning back, most probable with sighs,
Found Balak standing by his sacrifice,
With Moab's princes, who with hopes were fed ;
Balaam took up his parable and said,
" Balak, the king of Moab, far hath sought,
And me from Aram, or from Syria brought,
Out of the mountains of the east—they cry,
Come curse me Jacob—Israel defy :
But how shall I regard the evil call,
To curse, whom God hath never curst at all ?
Or how shall ever I defy (he cry'd)
Those whom the Lord hath never yet defy'd ?
For from the rocks I see him in his fold,
And from the mountains I can him behold !
A people great, lo ! they shall dwell alone,
Shall not be numbered with the nations known."
(To God must be a people separate,
In peace and love, in true religious weight ;
In course of life they quite alone shall dwell,
True figure of the spiritual Israel.)

And then instead of uttering a curse,
He broke forth into admiration thus :
" Who can the dust of Jacob count or tell,
Or number the fourth part of Israel ?
Let me the death of him that's righteous die,
And let my last end be like his"—I cry.

How great a disappointment this must be
To Balak, we can from his answer see :
" What hast thou done—why hast thou us'd me thus ?
I took thee here mine enemies to curse,
To curse the people who have broke my rest,
And lo ! thou hast them altogether blest !"

Balaam himself was willing to excuse,
Alledg'd that he could not the subject choose,
That he must speak and only speak the word,
Put in his mouth as order'd by the Lord.

As much as if he had to Balak said,
I counter was to my fond wishes led.
Indeed I could not help it if I would;
I would, in fact, have curst them if I could:
I had no power myself to speak a word,
My mouth was fill'd and govern'd by the Lord.

View now what Moses once to Israel told,
Of this dark business for the love of gold.
"The Lord would not attend to Balaam's mind,
But turn'd his curses into blessings kind."
By this we may undoubtedly conceive,
That Balaam labour'd with the Lord for leave
To curse the people—Balak to delight,
That he might him with great rewards requite.

Balak in hopes, what he had lost, with pain,
In one sad place, he elsewhere might obtain:
And not dispos'd so great a cause to yield,
Brought Balaam further into Zophim's field,
Ascended up on Pisgah's eminence,
To see if he could Israel curse from thence.
Balaam to please him fill'd with anxious care,
Had seven altars soon erected there.
Consistent with what Balaam then advis'd,
Oxen and sheep on each they sacrific'd.
Then as before he went to meet the Lord,
Who there again put in his mouth a word,
With orders what he must to Balak say,
To which he could not but attention pay.
King Balak now began to understand,
What must be said, the Lord must give command.
When Balaam had return'd to him once more,
Found king and princes standing as before,
Awaiting for him by the sacrifice,
With hearts all anxious and with hopeful eyes—
What hath the Lord now spoken Balak cried;
With great importance, Balaam then repli'd,
"Rise up, O king, and thy attention lend,
To me, thou who art Zippor's son attend.
God is not man, that he should tell a lie,
Nor son of man who from his word can fly.

Hath he once said, and to his word not stood,
 Or hath he spoken, and not made it good?
 Behold! I have receiv'd command to bless,
 Which I cannot reverse, I must confess.
 He hath not seen in Jacob sin, to wound,
 Nor yet perverseness, in his people found:
 The Lord is with him, of a truth, I sing,
 In him is heard the shouting of a king.
 God brought them forth from Egypt's gloomy land,
 The unicorn cannot before him stand,
 Against him no enchantment can prevail,
 Like fleeting shades must divinations fail:
 That it shall be, of those the Lord hath led,
 Of Jacob and of Israel long be said,
 (Who was from Egypt through the Red Sea brought)
What hath the Lord their great protector wrought!
 Nor fraud nor curse against them can prevail,
 And all the power that can be rais'd must fail."

Foretelling Israel's strength in future days,
 Their victories and great success, he says,
 "Lo! they shall rise up as a lion great,
 As a young lion for his spoil shall wait;
 Shall eat their prey—from drinking not refrain,
 The blood of those who in the field are slain."

When Balak heard the prophet Balaam pour
 His blessings out, it cut him deep and sore:
 Like one confus'd and deeply mortifi'd,
 "Don't curse at all, nor bless at all," he cried.
 But long he held not in that state of mind,
 For tho' he rather Israel should (we find)
 Escape a cursing, than a blessing gain,
 Yet soon we see him in his eager strain,
 To have them curs'd—he would not quit before
 He try'd the greedy prophet's pow'rs once more.
 To Balaam "come, I pray thee," says the king,
 "To one more place, behold, I will thee bring;
 Perhaps it may not give the Lord offence,
 For thee to change, and curse me them from thence."
 Their course they then to Peor's top pursu'd,
 A hill from which the distant wild they view'd.

Though Balaam had but just before this told,
That God could not repent, or lie, behold!
He was so anxious for the great reward,
He join'd with Balak yet to tempt the Lord.
They rear'd seven altars, as before devis'd,
And on them sheep and oxen sacrific'd.
The Lord, who is long-suffering and kind,
And brings forth good, when evil is design'd,
Thus suffer'd Balaam all his powers to try,
That blessings might on Israel multiply.
But Balaam having try'd his artful train,
His magic tricks, and found them all in vain;
And finding still, the Lord was pleas'd to pour
On Israel blessings, went not as before,
Under pretence that he with God would speak,
That he enchantments when alone might seek:
But set his face directly on the way,
Where Israel safe in their encampments lay,
Spread o'er the country to a great extent,
Arrang'd in order that was excellent;
According to their several tribes, by name,
The holy spirit then upon him came.
While he before, had by enchantments sought
To do his work, he then was only taught,
By words put in his mouth, to be apply'd;
But now he his enchantments laid aside,
Behold! he felt the pow'r of ancient fame,
The spirit of the Lord upon him came:
His eyes, obscur'd by avarice and pride,
Were somewhat open'd, he distinctly cried,
"Thy tents, O Jacob! goodly are indeed!
Thy tabernacles, Israel, exceed!"
Then he set forth in metaphors of praise,
Their strength and beauty in some after days:
"Lo! as the valleys are they spreading wide,
As fertile gardens by the river side,
As aloes, planted by the Lord's own hand,
And cedar trees that by the waters stand.
The water from his buckets shall abound,
His seed shall be in many places found.

His king shall higher than great Agag stand,
 His kingdom be exalted in the land.
 God brought him forth—from Egypt Israel led,
 He brought them safely through the sea that's Red;
 His glory shall the region round adorn,
 He hath the vigour of an unicorn.
 He shall eat up the nations strong and fierce,
 Shall break their bones and them with arrows pierce;
 He couch'd, and down as a great lion laid,
 And none shall stir him or make him afraid.
 Who blesses thee on blessings may rely,
 And curst is he that curseth thee, I cry."

These words from Balaam with such accents came,
 Rais'd Balak's anger to a burning flame;
 Like one prepar'd a duel wild to wage,
 He smote his hands together in his rage:
 They might have been into a duel hurl'd,
 But for this reason—fashion guides the world,
 And this most likely happen'd in an age,
 Ere fools brought duels on the fashion's stage.
 Balak upbraided Balaam then, we find,
 Of having been most foolishly unkind,
 Deceiving him in rudely speaking thus;
 In blessing those, he sent for him to curse.
 "Depart from me, says he, without delay,
 I thought to have promoted thee this day,
 Of pay and honour would have been no lack,
 But God hath kept thee from great honour back."

Balaam had recourse here again, we find,
 To his old plea—that he was quite confin'd;
 That he could not, tho' for a great reward,
 Go counter to the orders of the Lord.

Still Balaam linger'd—loath to go away,
 Without some sweet pecuniary pay:
 Ere parting, he propos'd to advertise
 The king of Moab, and his lords apprise,
 Of things that would be done by Israelites,
 Some future day unto the Moabites.

Then he took up his parable, and said,
 "Balaam, who in a silent trance was led,

Who in a vision listen'd to the word,
 And knew the secret knowledge of the Lord.
 A star shall come from Jacob (with surprise)
 A sceptre out of Israel shall rise,
 That Moab's corners shall most surely smite,
 Put Sheth's descendants to destruction quite,
 And Edom shall be by his foes possess'd,
 And Seir shall be by enemies distress'd.
 And Israel shall be valiant (and be wise)
 And out of Jacob shall a prince arise :
 Lo ! he shall have dominion in that day,
 Shall those he finds within the city slay."
 On Amalek then the prophet's eye was led,
 And he took up his parable and said :
 "See Amalek long exalted o'er his foes,
 Among the nations he to grandeur rose ;
 Yet much shall be his latter end annoy'd,
 He shall at length be utterly destroy'd."
 Then he toward the Kenites turn'd his face,
 And said of them, "strong is thy dwelling-place,
 Thy habitation is in peace possess'd,
 And lo ! thou puttest in the rock thy nest :
 And yet shall the strong Kenite waste away,
 Till Ashur thee to foreign climes convey.
 Where then shall be the nation's safe retreat ?
 And who shall live when God shall this complete ?"

Balaam then doubtless ere he went away,
 Instructed Balak Israel to betray ;
 How to allure them into wickedness,
 Which follow'd soon, with consequent distress.
 This we may safely for the truth receive,
 If we will what meek * Moses said, believe.

Thus ends the work, remote from what was plann'd,
 And forthwith Balaam went to his own land.
 Awhile from this, we hear from him again,
 That he was by the sword of Israel † slain.
 He was a seer once, favour'd of the Lord,
 He knew his voice—could speak the sacred word :

* Numb. xxi. 16.

† Numb. xxi. 8.

The love of wealth and honour found a place—
And he like Judas, fell from truth and grace.
Thus died the man, in horror and distress,
*“ Who lov'd the wages of unrighteousness.”



THE HISTORY OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.



THE Israelites distress'd with wars and woes,
Had been deliver'd from their cruel foes,
They were again with peace and plenty blest,
And had no less than fourscore years of rest.
They, while enjoying an abounding store,
Forgot their bondage and affliction sore,
Committed evil in the Lord's pure sight—
Forsook the fountain of celestial light.
The Lord Almighty, their protector great,
View'd with displeasure their revolted state,
Sold them to Jabin, who in Hazor reign'd,
He title of the king of Canaan feign'd.
We have enough recorded to convince
That Jabin was a very potent prince,
For he could bring (to make the nations yield)
Nine hundred iron chariots, in the field;
A cruel scourge—poor Israel was distress'd,
For twenty years they were by him oppress'd.
No peace had they, in their once calm abodes,
Nor durst they travel in the common roads,
But in by-ways, they lonely had to go,
To shun the fury of the cruel foe.
They could not in their villages abide;
Grim death and famine reign'd on every side.
If they athirst went down to water draw,
They were subjected to the archer's law.

With comfort they could neither eat nor sleep—
 Their foes would not allow them arms to keep ;
 What arms they had, they were oblig'd to hide ;
 So lost was all their glory, strength and pride,
 There was not found a sword, or spear, or shield,
 With forty thousand who could weapons wield.
 But still the Lord, amidst his judgments great
 Remember'd mercy in their burden'd state ;
 When they were by affliction's purging fire,
 Brought to a sense of their transgressions dire,
 And in prostration humbly cry'd to God,
 He heard their moan, and laid aside the rod.

There dwelt in Israel, while in their distress,
 A Deborah, a well-known prophetess,
 Who rose to honour and extensive fame,
 She had a husband, Lapidoth by name.
 Though she belonged unto the sex that's fair,
 She wisdom had, to judge the people there.
 Such was her name and reputation round,
 The people came to her for judgment sound.
 To Deborah, who her Creator fear'd,
 The Lord in Israel's deep distress appear'd,
 And by his spirit her direction gave,
 To send for Barak, who was young and brave ;
 A prince who was to reputation grown,
 One of the tribe of Naphtali, well known.
 Upon her call he freely to her came,
 And she inform'd him, in the Lord's great name,
 "That he must go, and draw together then,
 From two near tribes, ten thousand fighting men,
 From Naphtali and Zebulon, and lead
 Them to Mount Tabor, with the greatest speed."
 This was indeed, an enterprise of dread,
 Therefore she to encourage Barak said,
 "The Lord will cause the gen'ral of the host
 Of Jabin's army, his great pride and boast,
 To come against thee, hard by Kishon's stream,
 With chariots that invincible may seem,
 And num'rous host that has so mighty grown,
 And by thy hand shall they be overthrown."

Young Barak view'd, as with a sage's eyes;
The greatness of this martial enterprise,
He thought it best to have the matron near,
Both for his counsel, and his men to cheer ;
"I will obey, if thou wilt go with me,
If thou wilt not, I can't consent," said he.
She then repli'd, " I'll surely with thee go :
But pleasantly she let him frankly know
The expedition might, perhaps, be found
Not much for his own honour to redound.
The Lord, who rules the kingdoms of the land,
Would Sis'ra sell into a woman's hand.
Departing then, they both pursu'd the road
To Kadesh, call'd the place of his abode.
From Naphtali, and Zeb'lun, it appears,
He rais'd with speed, ten thousand volunteers :
This army Barak to Mount Tabor led,
The prophetess attended him 'tis said.

This insurrection was, without delay,
Told to king Jabin's gen'ral Sisera.
Alarm was sounded, and the host array'd—
His chariots clatter'd with a great parade ;
The mighty army, soon was brought to view,
And forthwith to the river Kishon drew.
This soon by the brave prophetess was view'd,
Her mind divinely guided and endu'd,
The signal then she for the battle gave,
To Barak said, " rise with thy army brave :
The Lord of Hosts, before whom none can stand,
Hath Sisera deliver'd to thy hand ;
This is the day, and is not, (added she)
'The Lord gone forth to conquer them for thee ?"
Then Barak form'd his army in array,
And from Mount Tabor march'd without delay ;
He with an humble, and courageous mind,
The battle with the great oppressor join'd :
And lo ! the Lord, with his Almighty hand,
Defeated Sis'ra, and his powerful band.
The elements were stirr'd, with great dismay,
Against the host of Canaanites that day.

Nine hundred well-mann'd chariots were as nought,
The stars against them with great vigour fought;
The hearts of heroes soon began to fail—
There pour'd upon them storms of rain and hail.
The furious winds, with their tremendous roar,
Were such as they had never known before.
It was a scent of deep and dire dismay—
The river flow'd, and swept the men away!

Nor did the sword that valiant Barak drew,
Spare small or great, for he among them flew
Like lightning (as his name imports, 'tis said)
He routed them, and follow'd those that fled:
He and his men so fleetly on them ran,
Of that great army there escap'd no man.
But Sisera, the general of the host,
Beheld his army and his glory lost;
Not now relying on his chariot wheels,
In dire dismay leapt down to try his heels;
He nimbly from the field of battle fled,
To die a death a Washington would dread.
When he with running, and with fear was spent,
He sought a shelter in a Kenite's tent,
Call'd Heber, who to Jabin was allied.
When Heber's wife the flying gen'ral spy'd,
She went to meet him, with a heart all free,
"Turn in my lord, turn in the tent," said she,
"Be not afraid"—he all forlorn and sad,
Was of the woman's invitation glad.
He not suspecting this was all pretence,
Went in the tent with greatest confidence;
And being by the day's sore toil and heat
Extremely thirsty, he did her intreat,
That she would in her kindness to him, first
Give him some water to allay his thirst.
Instead of which, she with a ready will,
A bottle brought, and gave him milk his fill.
When he therewith had his sore thirst allay'd,
One more request he of the woman made,
That she would aid him in his direful strait,
By her tent-door he crav'd of her to wait:

If any person ask'd if he was there,
That he was not, she plainly should declare.
Thus taught her how she others might beguile,
But she by far out-generall'd him in wile.

He now suppos'd the danger all was o'er,
To rest himself lay down upon the floor.
Still by a semblance of great kindness led,
A mantle gently over him she spread.
Long he had not in that position lain,
Ere he forgot his weariness and pain :
While all was still, and silence reign'd around,
He sunk to rest—into a sleep profound ;
Perceiving this, and resolutely bent,
With a long nail she softly to him went,
With it upon his temple made a stand,
Then with a heavy hammer in her hand,
With such great force she smote upon the nail,
That she could not to gain her purpose fail.
So far was this from a secure retreat,
By guile and strength she finish'd him complete.

When this was done, the war-like female went,
And look'd out from the entrance of the tent ;
With this intention, by the door to wait,
Till she the tidings might communicate.
She soon perceiv'd brave Barak, on the way,
Pursuing him, who in her mansion lay.
The woman then advanc'd with joy to meet,
That she the youthful conquerer might greet ;
She ask'd him in, and not indeed for nought,
Said she would lead him to the man he sought :
He in the tent was with great pleasure led,
For there he found his foe was lying dead.

Thus Jabin's great and potent army fell,
Before ten thousand men of Israel ;
Who thenceforth their oppressive foes annoy'd,
Went on prevailing, till they were destroy'd.

When this most wondrous victory was gain'd,
The Israelites deliverance obtain'd ;
The noble Deborah, at a time they set,
And valiant Barak soon together met ;

Sang, in exulting and heroic lays,
 This song of joyful and triumphant praise.
 * * * * *

Praise ye the Lord, the Mighty One, on high,
 For his relief to Israel, in their cry ;
 'Twas when the people freely offer'd all
 Their hearts to him, he listen'd to their call.

Hear O ye kings, give ear with one accord
 O princes great, I'll sing unto the Lord ;
 I'll sing his praise, and marvellous things will tell,
 Of him, the Lord, the God of Israel.

Lord, when thy pow'r was out of Seir reveal'd,
 And glorious march was forth from Edom's field,
 The earth and heavens trembled and ador'd,
 The clouds dropt water, and the thunder roar'd.

The mountains melted in that awful hour,
 Before the Lord, and his eternal pow'r ;
 E'en Sinai's mountain could no longer stand,
 Before the Lord, who made the sea and land.

In Shamgar's time, and mournful latter days,
 Unoccupi'd were Israel's highways !
 The passenger, then with a bitter moan,
 Walk'd thro' by-ways, that were but little known.

The Israelites most wondrously decreas'd,
 In villages, behold ! the people ceas'd ;
 When I appear'd, we vanquish'd all our foes,
 When I a mother in our Israel rose.

They chose vain idols, gods of distant states,
 The painful scourge then rag'd within their gates ;
 There was not seen a war-like spear or shield,
 With forty thousand, who could weapons wield.

My heart in depth of inmost feeling glows,
 Toward the rulers of our land, and those
 Who willingly afforded all their aid ;
 Bless ye the Lord, and let his fear pervade.

Lo ! let the people satiate in joys,
 That are deliver'd from the archer's noise,
 Down in the places where they water drew,
 Where arrows from the cruel bowmen flew.

They shall rehearse, with one unfeign'd accord,
The righteous acts of the Almighty Lord ;
Vouchsaf'd to those inhabitants who dwell,
In villages that are in Israel.

Then shall the people to the gates go down,
The people of the king of great renown ;
Then Israel's children thro' the gates shall go,
All unmolested by the cruel foe.

Awake, awake ! O Deborah, awake ;
Rejoice indeed ! a song of triumph make :
Arise, O Barak, thou triumphant one,
And lead thy captives, O Abinoam's son.

To him who stood firm thro' the trying hour,
He gave o'er nobles of the people pow'r ;
To me the Lord (when humbled in his sight)
Gave the dominion o'er the men of might.

The kings came forth and fought us in array,
The kings of Canaan thought to spread dismay ;
The pow'r above against bold Sis'ra wrought,
The stars against him in their courses fought.

The river Kishon rose that awful day,
And lo ! it swept their fighting bands away ;
That ancient river Kishon of renown,
My soul ! O thou their strength hast trodden down.

The horse hoofs then to pieces broken were,
By means of the most dreadful prancing there ;
The furious prancings of the mighty ones,
When mounted by the Canaanitish sons.

Curse Meroz, said the angel of the Lord,
Curse bitterly the people, was the word ;
Because they came not (sure to them is wo,)
To help the Lord against the mighty foe.

But blest o'er many who exist in life,
Shall Jael be, the Kenite Heber's wife ;
Behold her aid most heartily she lent,
Blest shall she be o'er women in the tent.

Our foe was thirsty, he did water crave,
And lo ! to him, his fill of milk she gave ;
Attended him according to his wish,
She brought forth butter in a lordly dish.

The man who fled for life from the defeat,
 He bow'd, he fell down at a woman's feet ;
 His race was run on this terrestrial shore,
 He bow'd, he fell, to rise at all no more.

So let thy foes extinguish'd be, O Lord,
 As with the breath of thy eternal word ;
 Let those who love thee with supreme delight,
 Shine as the sun with everlasting light.



OF GIDEON AND HIS SONS.



WE find by scripture, in an ancient day,
 When wise and pious judges bore the sway ;
 'Twas frequent when one ruling sage was dead,
 The Israelites were in transgression led ;
 They worshipp'd Baal, and the gods renown'd,
 Among the impious heathen nations round ;
 From serving of the great Jehovah fled,
 To idols that were deaf, and dumb, and dead.
 Since they the gods that were forbidden chose,
 The Lord sold them to Midianitish foes,
 To be chastis'd by them for seven years—
 Unfeeling masters, it indeed appears.

Tho' this was shorter than some terms before,
 It was a scene extremely sharp and sore,
 By which the poor afflicted Israelites,
 Enjoy'd no more the promis'd land's delights.
 They, whose renown extended far and wide,
 Must now in dens and craggy mountains hide.

Thus they were driven by proud Midian's band,
 Into strong holds and caverns of the land.
 Tho' they had these afflictions to endure,
 Yet after all they could not be secure,
 To venture out to sow the land were fain,
 That they might their imbitter'd lives sustain.

When they had through afflictive struggles sown,
And when the grain upon the land was grown,
The Midianites, to have a copious feast,
Amalakites, and people of the east,
Came rushing on with such a multitude,
They like grasshoppers numberless were view'd;
Completely stript the Israelites of peace,
Of liberty, and all the earth's increase.
And thus did they from year to year proceed,
Till Israel was impoverish'd indeed,
And of their mis'ry in an humbling sense,
They cry'd for help unto Omnipotence.

Before the Lord would give them ease, he sent
A prophet who with this plain message went,
"Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel,
I brought you up from Egypt here to dwell—
Deliver'd you from Pharaoh's hand entire,
And from all your oppressors who were dire—
Drove them before you in a former age,
And gave their land to you an heritage.
Thus I upon the nations laid my rod,
And said to you I am the Lord your God,
Fear not the gods (was my supreme command)
Of Amorites who once possess'd the land;
But to your sorrow your blind wills have sway'd,
And ye have not my gracious voice obey'd."
By this expostulation on their state,
Brought to a sense of their transgression great,
And of the justness of their punishment,
They for their gross transgressions underwent,
That they might be more deeply bow'd before,
And that strong hand that is divine adore;
And thus the fitter for deliv'rance be,
Which was intended by the Deity,
In gracious goodness to be wrought by one,
Whose name was Gideon, who was Joash's son.

This Gideon was engag'd in threshing wheat,
To save a little, in hard times to eat,
To hide it from the Midianitish band,
That had o'errun delightful Canaan's land.

He little thinking what would be the word,
To quit the flail and take the conqu'ring sword.
The angel of the majesty he fear'd,
To Gideon in a human form appear'd,
And said to him, in his deep humbled state,
"The Lord is with thee ! man of valour great."

This salutation was in Gideon's view,
As unexpected as both strange and new :
"Alas, my lord, if God with Israel be,
Why has all this befallen us, said he ?
And where are all his miracles so great,
And wonders that our predecessors state,
That he did with a pow'r almighty, bring
Us from the bondage of the Egyptian king.
We now are cast from his protecting sight,
Behold ! by him we are forsaken quite,
His heritage is granted for a feast,
To Midianites and people of the east ;"
And canst thou with propriety this day,
Salute me thus, the Lord is with me, say ?

The Lord look'd on him with a strength'ning eye,
And let him know that sov'reign help was nigh :
"Go in thy might, said he, 'tis my command,
And Israel save from their oppressors hand,
And bear in mind that thou art surely sent,
By him who rules in pow'r omnipotent."

Poor Gideon could not in himself confide,
Not knowing who convers'd with him, reply'd :
"Alas, my lord, say how could I succeed ?
My family's poor in Israel indeed,
And I the least in all the family,
What could I do the Israelites to free ?"
The Lord then to encourage Gideon, said,
"I'll be with thee with mighty pow'r and dread,
And thou shalt smite the Midianitish host,
Altho' they of a multitude can boast ;
With as much ease shalt smite them rear and van,
As though they were an individual man."

Here Gideon's mind was rais'd to higher views,
And who it was that talk'd with him to muse ;

To him who saw the sore afflictions round,
 Said, "if I favour in thy sight have found,
 Vouchsafe a sign that's visible to show,
 Whereby I may without deception know,
 That 'tis the Lord indeed that talks with me;
 Depart not hence, therefore, I pray to thee,
 While I am gone in haste upon the thing,
 My humble present unto thee to bring."

The angel promis'd he would there remain,
 Most certainly, till he return'd again.
 Then he went in and ready made that hour,
 A kid, and some unleaven'd cakes of flour;
 He brought them out, presented them in love,
 Before the holy angel from above.
 For he still sat, where he first to him spoke,
 Beneath the shadow of a verdant oak.
 Then Gideon did just as the angel bade,
 The flesh and cakes upon a rock he laid.
 The heav'nly angel, with a movement grand,
 Put forth the staff that he had in his hand,
 And with its end he touch'd the sacrifice:
 A fire arose, to Gideon's great surprise,
 Consum'd the whole! a wonder great and new,
 And then the angel vanish'd from his view!

By this was Gideon, with a witness shown,
 That 'twas an angel from the highest throne:
 "Alas, O Lord! the God of sov'reign grace,
 I've seen (said he) an angel face to face:"
 Which in those days was held a fatal thing,
 And which fresh trouble did upon him bring.
 The Lord was gracious, to console him near,
 Said "peace to thee, there is no cause of fear:"
 Then Gideon, in a reverential view
 Of his great mercy, who is just and true,
 To build an altar to the Lord was led,
 Which he Jehovah-Shalom call'd, 'tis said;
 "The Lord of peace, or let the Lord send peace,"
 'Tis thus defin'd—O may it never cease.

The King, who is for ever to be fear'd,
 To Gideon had in such a way appear'd,

As was perceptive by the outward sense ;
This mode was taken by Omnipotence,
His servant to confirm and animate,
In his employ, the business that was great,
Which he began, in his own time and way,
To call him to, which was without delay.
That night the Lord commanded him to go,
"The idol Baal's altar overthrow ;
The grove cut down, that by the same was near,
An altar to the Lord his God to rear.
This he upon the solid rock must make,
His ancient father's second bullock take,
Of seven years old, and of a well grown size,
And offer it for a burnt sacrifice :
And for the fire thereof to take the wood,
Of Baal's grove—all which he understood.

Resolv'd to yield to the divine mandate,
His mind began to freely contemplate,
Which way he could accomplish it complete.
Suspecting he might opposition meet,
Should he attempt it in the open light,
Concluded to perform it in the night.
Accordingly, he taking with him ten
Of his own servants, who were active men,
He quick perform'd it with this little band,
Just as the Lord had given him command.

But what a bustle in the morn was there,
Among the citizens, at this affair !
When they arose, to their surprise, they found,
Their idol's altar scatter'd on the ground ;
The grove cut down, long pleasant in their view,
An altar built, that was entirely new,
Thereon a bullock offer'd that was choice !
This they beheld, and rais'd their angry voice ;
In deep displeasure made enquiry round,
To see if the bold author could be found.
At length, on Gideon fix it, and require
The goodly Joash, who was Gideon's sire,
Then to surrender his mischievous son,
That he might die for the vile deed he'd done.

Joash had pow'r sufficient to preside,
With the performance he was satisfi'd ;
And in defence he spoke with boldness great,
Did with the citizens expostulate ;
Those idol bigots who would take the lead ;
" Will ye, alas, said he for Baal plead ?
Will ye serve him, and let him be your god ?
Then you indeed are worthy of the rod ?
You say my son must feel the fatal wound,
For throwing Baal's altar to the ground :
But he that will for Baal plead, I say,
Let him be put to death without delay.
If your lov'd Baal be a god indeed,
Let him arise, and for his honour plead—
Against the man, speak for his own renown,
Who has so boldly thrown his altar down."
When this dispute was with his neighbours done,
He Jerub-baal call'd his goodly son,
Which is defin'd, as it appears, by some,
" Let Baal avenge, the idol overcome."

Though Joash, with undaunted courage then,
Thus stopp'd the mouths of these deluded men,
Whereby his son was from their rage releas'd,
The Midianites and armies from the east,
Came on with force that made all hearts to wail,
And made their pitch in Jezreel's verdant vale,
Not only as at other times before,
To ravage all that fertile country o'er,
But to avenge, perhaps, the inj'ry great,
To Baal done (the heathen god) of late.

Now, animation from Omnipotence,
Enliven'd Gideon to great eminence ;
The spirit of the Lord upon him came,
That he was cloth'd, or cover'd with the same.
In strength thereof, lo ! he a trumpet blew,
The sound of which all those adjacent drew.
Then he sent post-haste through Manasseh's bound,
To Asher, Zebulon, and the tribes around,
That be soon had (they flock'd so boldly then)
A host of two and thirty thousand men.

But this was but a handful to the host,
Of which the mighty enemy could boast ;
These were indeed a terrifying throng,
One hundred thirty, and five thousand strong.
When Gideon view'd this potent army o'er,
(He who had, likely, us'd no sword before)
He sought the Lord that he, by pow'r divine,
Would grant a token, an unerring sign,
That this attempt was by the high command—
That he would bring deliv'rance by his hand.

The sign that Gideon's humble view embrac'd,
Was, that a fleece should on the floor be plac'd,
The dew should be upon the fleece, and nigh,
At the same time should all the ground be dry.
To condescend, the Lord beheld it right ;
And Gideon plac'd the fleece of wool at night.
When morning came, he by inspection found,
Completely dry was the adjacent ground ;
The fleece was so with water fill'd, ('tis true)
He wrung therefrom a bowl full of the dew.

That Gideon might well animate the band
Of which he then as gen'ral, had command ;
And that he might remove from ev'ry heart,
Suspicion of contrivance, or of art,
He ask'd the Lord, whose mercies never cease,
To grant another trial with the fleece ;
Inverting now the order, in address,
So that the token of the good success,
Was that the fleece should be completely dry,
And all the ground be dewy that was nigh.
The Lord was pleas'd to condescend once more,
The fleece was laid as it had been before,
Which in the morn entirely dry was found,
While there was dew on the adjacent ground.

Thus by a two-fold miracle made strong,
He was resolv'd to battle give, ere long,
To this great host, so dire to human view,
And for that purpose forth his army drew
Toward the foe ; in order good they fell,
And then encamp'd beside the Harod well.

The foe upon the northern side did fill
Th' extensive valley near to Moreh's hill.

Though Gideon's army, in his humble sight,
For the great combat was too feeble quite ;
The Lord view'd them too many for their foe—
For when they should the Midianites o'erthrow,
The Israelites might of the vict'ry boast,
Say, "by our strength we beat a mighty host."
He order'd proclamation to be made,
Throughout the camp, that all who were afraid,
Should be discharg'd, and might forthwith retire
To their abodes, if that was their desire.

This was proclaim'd ; then did each fearful heart,
Full two and twenty thousand men depart.

These left the field ; there were with Gideon then,
A little army of ten thousand men :

And yet the Lord held these too many still ;

For now, indeed, it was the sov'reign will,

That Israel should be made completely free,

Not by man's pow'r, but by the Deity.

He then was order'd by the heavenly King,

His soldiers to the wat'ring place to bring.

As Gideon pray'd for sign on sign before,

The Lord directed one sure token more.

A sign whereby he might distinctly know,

Which of his soldiers should to battle go.

Those who took up the water in their hand,

And lapp'd it like a dog, should be his band ;

But ev'ry man who kneel'd to drink that day,

Should be disbanded, and be sent away.

Now when they to the trial thus were led,
Nine thousand and sev'n hundred men, 'tis said,

Of the ten thousand, he had under care,

Kneel'd on the ground to drink the water there :

Then Gideon had three hundred left to go,

And fight with Israel's great and potent foe.

And yet by these three hundred men, the Lord,

Gave humble Gideon his unfailing word,

He would save Israel from that army grand,

The Midianites deliver to his hand.

Then Gideon, as was the supreme behest,
Dismiss'd and sent to their abodes the rest ;
To keep so many trumpets was his plan,
That he with one might furnish every man.

Now Gideon had of cogent faith much need,
His little band was impotent indeed :
Yet on that night the Lord gave him command,
To go and fall upon the army grand,
He had deliver'd them into his hand.

"But if" said he, "to go thou art in fear,
With Phurah first (thy servant) go with cheer ;
That thou by hearing what they then may say,
Among themselves, thou may'st without delay,
With strengthen'd hands, thy men together call,
And be encourag'd on the host to fall.

So Gideon took his servant, ere the fight,
Went softly down, in covert of the night,
And walk'd with perfect safety where he chose,
Into the ranks of his invading foes ;
Who now to Gideon, no attention pay,
They in the wide extensive valley lay,
Much like grasshoppers for great multitude,
Their camels were beyond all numbers view'd.
While he stood there, with an attentive ear,
Where he could well their conversation hear,
He heard a soldier of this army great,
Who had been sleeping, his strange dream relate.

"I dream'd a dream," he to his fellow said,
"And lo ! I saw a cake of barley-bread,
Which forthwith into Midian's army went,
And rolling on it smote against a tent ;
I was amaz'd, for with a force unknown,
The tent was thus completely overthrown."
At this his comrade, in no puzzle seem'd,
He soon expounded what his mate had dream'd.

"This barley-cake is nothing else," said he,
But Gideon's sword—'tis the divine decree,
To give him strength, amidst our pride and boast ;
To overthrow all Midian's mighty host."

When Gideon heard the soldier's wondrous dream,
With the interpretation of the theme,
He had enough ; his heart he bow'd before
The King of Kings, who reigns for evermore.
He undiscover'd softly made his way
Back to his little band without delay,
And said to them, " arise with courage true,
The Lord hath given Midian's host to you."

To three small bands undaunted Gideon then
Divided his three hundred fighting men :
Consistent with the policy he plann'd,
He put a trumpet in each warrior's hand,
A pitcher that contain'd a burning lamp,
To terrify the Midianitish camp :
Then charg'd his men to follow him—be true,
And each one act as they should see him do.

All things were now dispos'd in order good,
All to observe his motion understood ;
He forward set with just one hundred men,
His other two bold bands advancing then,
They took a circuit from each other wide,
And plac'd themselves on Midian's host each side.
When Gideon with the hundred men he chose,
Came near the camp of their invading foes,
With terror that must every heart confound,
They blew their trumpets with a piercing sound :
As Gideon did, and as he gave command,
They dash'd the pitchers in each warrior's hand.
The trumpets sounded from his other bands,
They broke the pitchers that were in their hands.
With shouting then, that greatly terrifi'd,
" The sword of God, and sword of Gideon," cried.

'Tis thought to be about eleven at night,
When Midian's host receiv'd this doleful fright :
In tents retir'd, secure, they thought, from harm,
When they were waken'd with this dire alarm,
Must sure not only quite surprising be,
But terrifying to extremity.

The noise of many warlike trumpets sound,
So suddenly from sev'ral quarters round—

And that produc'd by many pitcher's dash,
To pieces broke, with a tremendous crash ;
The sudden flashing, and the dazzling sight,
Of many flaming tapers in the night ;
The warlike shouts that on a sudden came,
In quick succession to the sound and flame,
Must be indeed most wonderful to view,
With terror-strike, and great amazement too.
'Twas not a slight or common policy,
But prudence to a very great degree,
In this commander, who the business plann'd,
To put a trumpet in each person's hand ;
By which the foe might justly calculate,
The Israelitish army very great.
That when they heard so many trumpets sound,
And these dispos'd in diff'rent places round,
They might suppose themselves enclos'd complete,
So that no man could from the scene retreat.

But over all, the Lord of Hosts was head,
And struck the army with a doleful dread :
The shock was direful, and amidst their fears,
He set them altogether by the ears ;
They were more feeble than a flock of sheep,
It was a scene of consternation deep !
That rising up, they, in the night of gloom,
Ran in distraction to escape their doom ;
They made an outcry wonderful to view,
And with their swords they thrust each other through.

With swiftest speed was this disorder spread,
The Israelites were soon together led,
From Asher's tribe, and Naphtali's strong race,
And all Manasseh, join'd the joyful chase ;
For those who were before afraid to fight,
Pursu'd the flying army with delight.

Then to Mount Ephraim Gideon sent, invites
Them to come down against the Midianites ;
To Jordan's fords without delay to go,
And at the river take the routed foe.
The Ephraimites with pleasure lent their aid,
And the retreating, frightened host, way-laid.

Oreb and Zeeb they captur'd with delight,
Two Midianitish princes, in their flight;
Forthwith these by the Ephraimites were slain,
And then they follow'd the pursuit again.

Now Gideon, with three hundred men of fame,
Was following hard upon the chase, and came
To Succouth, faint and weary with their toil,
And halted there to rest a little while.
The general to the men of Succouth said,
"Bestow, I pray you, now some loaves of bread,
Upon the men, commanded here by me,
For they are faint and weary, as you see.
A small supply will those with me recruit,
We now are on a very close pursuit,
That Zalmunna and Zebah we may gain,
Who o'er the Midianitish people reign:
They now of fifteen thousand men are head,
And with this army have to Karkor fled."
The princes took a most erroneous view,
Thought these kings strong compar'd with Gideon's few,
Their army being fifteen thousand then,
To Gideon's weak three hundred tired men;
Refus'd not only to refresh with bread,
But in derision they to Gideon said:
"Are Zebah's hands, and those of Zalmunna,
Securely in thy potent hands we pray,
That we should thus implicitly be led,
To heed thy call, and give thy army bread."
This insult most contemptuous and bold,
He much resented, and the princes told,
"Lo! when the Lord delivers to my hand,
The kings of Midian, tho' you're proud and grand,
I then will tear your flesh to great distress,
With thorns and briars of the wilderness."

Then marching on, with hunger much distress'd,
To Penuel came, and made the like request.
Here likewise to their disappointment sore,
The answer was precisely as before.
Whereon he told the men of Penuel vain,
"When I return this way in peace again,

Regardless of your arrogance and pow'r,
I'll overthrow your lofty city tow'r."

Quite hopeless now to find relief in need,
He was obliged forthwith his men to lead,
Just as they were, all weary, faint and sore,
Toward the place, the name of Karkor bore ;
Where the two kings, o'er Midian bearing sway,
With ralli'd hosts, they thought securely lay.
He suddenly and bravely on them fell,
And tho' a wonder very strange to tell,
He smote the host, and gave them a defeat,
Gain'd victory decisive and complete.
The kings of Midian, overwhelm'd with dread,
Had swiftly from the scene of carnage fled.
Our hero almost with the speed of wings,
Pursu'd the flying Midianitish kings,
And took alive the very men he sought,
And soon returning, them to Succoth brought.
As he was drawing near the town apace,
He saw and took a young man of the place,
Made him describe the Succoth princes then,
Who were threescore and seventeen grand men.
Then he triumphant in the city went,
And for the princes in displeasure sent.
His summons forthwith was by them obey'd,
And they his royal prisoners survey'd,
Of whom he told them they were not afraid,
But lately him to daringly upbraid.
Then Gideon took (as he had said before,)
And gave the elders a chastisement sore ;
The thorns and briers to their backs apply'd,
Thus he took down the haughty ruler's pride,
And taught the men, who seem'd so bold and brave,
How they in future should themselves behave.
Nor did his mind unfeeling Penuel spare,
He in his triumph made a visit there :
As he foretold, the tow'r he overthrew,
And the vain rulers of the city slew.

To Zalmunna and Zebah turning then,
He ask'd them the appearance of the men,

When in their tow'ring, and their merciless strain,
Some time before they had at Tabor slain?
The kings reply'd, "as thou art, so were they,
Resembling sons of one who bore the sway."
"They were my brethren, each my mother's son,
Regret, said he, the evil you have done.
If you had sav'd them, I to you declare,
I would reward you, your sweet lives would spare."
So ended these two Midian monarch's reign,
Forthwith they were by Gideon's weapon slain.
Thus Midian lost their pow'r and great renown,
Their pride was sunk, their strength was broken down.
The Israelites then found a blest release,
For forty years enjoy'd the sweets of peace.

The men of Israel now were full of sense
Of Gideon's merit; view'd it so immense,
They offer'd him the government; to be
Hereditary to his family.

Which great temptation, with an humble mind,
He candidly, and generously declin'd.

"I'll not myself rule over you, said he,
Nor shall my son, o'er you the ruler be;
But which will be for your long-lasting gain,
The Lord, for ever, over you shall reign.

But yet to let you all distinctly see,
I do not slight the honour offer'd me,
I will request one thing of you this day,
Let each give me the ear-rings of his prey."

To this request they readily agreed,
Said, "we will give them willingly indeed."

They spread a garment, and without delay,
Each one cast in the ear-rings of his prey;
Amounting by just weight (as we are told)
To seventeen hundred shekels of fine gold.

In silver dollars, as the learned fix,
Five thousand and six hundred sixty-six.

Then of this gold an ephod Gideon made,
With which his city Ophrah he array'd.
And nothing else, 'tis thought was his intent,
But that it might remain a monument

Of the triumphant victory they gain'd,
And the defeat the Midianites sustain'd.
But sorrowful ! it prov'd while standing there,
To Gideon's house, and Israelites a snare.
For after this great patriarch was dead,
(Who liv'd unto a good old age, 'tis said)
And buried by his father Joash sam'd,
In his own city, that was Ophrah nam'd,
The Israelites this ephod idoliz'd,
And their Creator slighted or despis'd ;
Made Baal-berith foolishly their god,
And in the paths that were forbidden trod.

The Israelites unstable thus, and vain,
Turn'd from the Lord, their gracious God again ;
Who them for his peculiar people chose,
And wrought deliv'rance from their cruel foes :
No favour they to Gideon's fam'ly show'd,
For all his love that had to Israel glow'd.

They prov'd their great ingratitude to God,
Who laid upon their enemies the rod,
In turning from his gracious law, or call,
And serving gods that could not save at all.
To Gideon their ingratitude was shown,
The instrument of their deliverance known :
For lo ! his sons, who sought no honour vain,
By them, in depth of cruelty were slain !

Here let me halt, some ideas to express,
Whereby I from the narrative digress.
Some things, we find, the worthy ancients did,
That are in purer gospel days forbid.
Amongst the warlike tribes of ancient days,
When clouds obscur'd the sun's meridian rays,
In man's deprav'd, degenerated state,
The King who is omnipotent and great,
Who strove with man by all-sufficient grace,
Allow'd some wars among the human race :
Permitted men, in their mix'd gloomy state,
Those who were their dire enemies to hate.
But now that rule is abrogated quite,
By the refulgence of superior light.

"*Ye heard of the command of old," said he,
"To love thy neighbour, hate thy enemy;
But I, indeed, have a commandment new,
Love, love your enemies, I say to you;
Bless those who rudely curses on you pour,
Let those who hate, be aided from your store;
And pray for those who imitate the brute,
Use you despitefully, and persecute :
Under my peaceful government, that ye
May children of your Heavenly Father be.
He makes the sun (who gracious is and wise)
Upon the evil, and the good to rise:
And lo! He sends refreshing show'rs of rain,
Upon the just, the unjust and the vain.
If you love those who only love you free,
What sweet reward, that is divine, have ye?
Say, do not e'en the publicans the same,"
And sinners, who have neither truth nor fame?

Let all the people on the earth attend
To this pure doctrine from their head and friend,
Which is indeed, conclusive, and so plain,
To contradict it, is for ever vain.
Bold Antichrist, in the bright gospel day,
This peaceful doctrine would explain away :
As vainly he, "there is no sun," may cry—
The being of a Deity deny.

And so we find, beneath the antique cloud,
There were plurality of wives allow'd,
And concubines were in existence too,
With some who had pure righteousness in view.
These things, and more, must all be swept away,
Now in the shining of a brighter day—
A day of plenteous pouring out of grace,
When wars must cease among the human race,
And all our thoughts, in each pursuit of life,
Run the reverse from worldly lust and strife;
Sweet peace pervade, pure love for ever sway,
That banishes impurity away.

* Mat. v. 43 to 46.

To gospel precepts let the world attend,
From their great Prince, and everlasting Friend:

Our hero was to many wives inclin'd,
By whom he had just seventy sons, we find;
A concubine, who was but little fam'd,
Brought him a son, whom he Abimelech nam'd.
Though Gideon had (as has been said before)
Refus'd to reign the land of Israel o'er;
Both for himself and sons was most content,
To shun the honour of the government:
When he was dead, this vile aspiring son,
To Shechem, to his mother's kindred run,
And cunningly suggested, that the men,
His father's sons, who were threescore and ten,
Would all usurp the government o'er them;
A scheme which they would certainly condemn.
He wish'd them then to let it well be view'd,
Which plan would be the best to be pursu'd,
That seventy men should o'er the kingdom reign,
Or only one should Israel's crown obtain.
He told them too, it was by them well known,
That he indeed was of their flesh and bone.

His mother's kindred, when they view'd the thing,
Suppos'd, to them it would preferment bring,
Suggested it, a secret quite profound,
To all their friends, the men of Shec^hem round;
They listen'd as with one ambitious mind,
For the same reason with the project join'd:
For aggrandizement this they thought a chance,
And studied how Abimelech to advance.
And since of gold, as it has long been said,
'Twill answer all things, they with speed were led,
To furnish him with sacred treasure, stor'd
Within the house of their vain god ador'd.
With this he hir'd to follow him, a train
Of wretches, who were dissolute and vain.
He of this band of ruffians was the head,
And to his father's house at Ophrah sped:
There he committed a transgression dire,
He seiz'd his brethren, sons of his kind sire,

Threescore and ten, though bone of his own bone,
He slew them all upon one dismal stone ;
Except the youngest, Jotham, slipt away,
And shunn'd the scene of human blood that day.

The Shechemites now seem'd to be in cheer,
From Gideon's house they little had to fear,
And bolder in their direful mischief grew,
Themselves together in a body drew,
Their forces from the fortress Millo bring,
And then proclaim Abimelech for king.

This Jotham heard, and when 'twas known by him,
He went and stood upon Mount Gerizim,
Where he might both be seen and heard to teach,
And yet be most completely from their reach :
From this high station, as he then was led,
He call'd out to the Shechemites and said,
" Hear, men of Shechem, take my speech in view,
That so the Lord may hearken unto you."

He then deliver'd to them thus his mind,
Sarcastic and significant, we find.

" The trees went forth to make a king, said he,
The choice they made was the sweet olive tree,
To which they offer'd the imperial crown,
Said, reign o'er us, and get thyself renown.
The olive tree refus'd the sweets of pow'r,
Suspecting it might make him vain or sour ;
Reply'd to them, shall I my fatness leave,
A post of fame or honour to receive ?

My richness, which both God and man can please,
And be promoted o'er the lofty trees ?

Rejected thus, they let the fig-tree know,
They would thereon the government bestow.
No mind to lose its sweetness and good fruit,
The fig-tree also quite declin'd the suit.

On this the crown they offer to the vine ;
But that preferring its delicious wine,
To pompous trouble of the government,
Chose in its private quietude content.

Thus far the trees, with one united voice,
Had made the richest and the best their choice ;
But now, since they were thrice repuls'd with pain,
Resolv'd at last to court a tree to reign,
Where they were sure they would not be deny'd ;
Determin'd thus, with one consent they cry'd,
To the low bramble, in their anxious strain,
"Come thou, said they, and o'er the forest reign."

The bramble made no compliment at all,
Accepted with facility their call ;
But wish'd that they might in good earnest be,
Or otherwise they might disturbance see.
"If I, said he, o'er you be monarch made,
Then put your trust in my delightful shade ;
If not let from the bramble issue fire,
And Lebanon's tall cedars burn entire."

By this apt parable, the witty youth,
Describ'd to the vile Shechemites the truth,
How his kind father, in a former day,
Refus'd the luring offer of the sway,
When they, with all the Israelites were fair,
That he and sons should in succession reign ;
Behold, he like the olive, fig, and vine,
Bravely declin'd—would not to pow'r incline ;
But now see what they foolishly had done,
They'd plac'd the crown and government on one,
As much below the noble Gideon view'd,
And lawful sons, in perfect rectitude,
As is the bramble, (neither good nor fine)
Below the fig-tree, olive, or the vine.
He thus describ'd their conduct grossly lewd,
And laid before them their ingratitude.

"If ye have done sincerely in this thing,
In making vile Abimelech your king—
And if you have (I call on you to tell)
Now done with Gideon, and his household well,
As he deserv'd, and gratitude has taught ;
For lo ! my father bravely for you fought ;
His life adventur'd in a trying hour,
And you deliver'd out of Midian's pow'r

His kindness great, with evil ye repay,
 You risen are against his house this day,
 And seventy persons, his lov'd sons have slain,
 Save only I, by providence remain;
 Ye now have made, and with no small parade,
 Abimelech king, the son of his hand-maid,
 Not sure because he's virtuous, or sincere,
 But as he is to you related near.
 If ye have dealt sincere and true, I say,
 With Gideon and his family this day;
 Exult then in Abimelech, your choice,
 And in return, let him in you rejoice.
 If you have not, let direful judgments sting,
 Let fire come from Abimelech-your king,
 And his great friends, the Shechemites devour,
 And house of Millo, in a trying hour:
 From Shechem's men, and Millo, let a fire,
 Rise and devour Abimelech entire."

When Jotham thus had spoke his mind sincere,
 He fled for safety to a place call'd Beer.
 It was not long before the curse and sting,
 That he denounc'd upon this wicked king,
 And Shechemites (aspiring after same)
 Broke forth indeed as a devouring flame.
 Three fleeting years Abimelech had reign'd,
 And then he was with sore afflictions pain'd;
 An evil spirit from the Lord was sent,
 That rais'd with king and people discontent.
 They dealt with him most treacherously, 'tis said,
 He was to rough retaliation led;
 And thus there fell upon them deep distress,
 Because of their enormous wickedness,
 In bringing to a most untimely fate,
 The sons of Gideon, their deliv'rer great.
 Their blood must now be laid on him who drew,
 The slaughtering sword—his harmless brethren slew;
 And on the men of Shechem, by whose aid,
 He kill'd his brethren, and was monarch made,
 Which shows that Jotham, deeply feeling youth,
 Spoke not at random, but the words of truth.

The Shechemites amongst the mischief sought,
They secretly against Abimelech wrought ;
Appointing some, in their malignance great,
Who were vain men, for him to lie in wait,
Upon the mountains, where he sometimes went,
To seize upon, or kill him their intent.
Some one perhaps, inform'd him of this band,
And their design ; so he escap'd their hand.
These turn'd highwaymen—on the mountains lay,
And robb'd all passengers that went that way.

The Shechemites thus fail'd in what they sought,
They then one Gaal in their service brought,
He came to Shechem with a warlike band,
Who were his kindred—there they made a stand.
The men of Shechem, now appear'd more bold,
They put in him much confidence, we're told,
And thinking they had nothing now to dread,
While they had Gaal, Ebed's son, for head ;
Into the fields they went, with this design,
To gather and to press their grapes for wine ;
And making songs of joy in Gaal's praise,
They seem'd elated sev'ral fleeting days.
When they awhile the luscious grapes had trod,
They went into the temple of their god ;
They bolder grew, while in their idol's care,
They ate and drank, and curs'd Abimelech there.

Now Gaal view'd the grandeur of his state,
Puff'd with this breath—began to feel elate ;
He talk'd as big as if he wore a crown,
In ostentation ran Abimelech down,
And wish'd indeed he had imperial sway,
Then he'd remove Abimelech away.
Then to the monarch Gaal turn'd his speech,
As if within his hearing or his reach,
In depth of folly and exulting pride,
“ Increase thy army and come forth,” he cry'd.

Under Abimelech, Zebul bore the sway,
Was governor of Shechem at that day ;
When he heard Gaal's speeches insolent,
In high displeasure to Abimelech sent,

Whose royal seat was at Arumah made,
This insurrection he before him laid,
That Gaal and his men had him defy'd,
The city they against him fortify'd.
Wherefore he gave him this advice, as right,
To come on with his forces in the night,
And lie in wait, in the adjacent field,
Where they might most completely be conceal'd;
And in the morn when Gaal and his band,
Should go out of the city bold and grand,
That they should then from their concealment rise,
And take the men and city by surprise.

Abimelech thought that Zebul's plan was right,
Came forward with his forces in the night,
Dispos'd them in four companies, and lay
Conceal'd adjacent, till the light of day.
When Gaal went out to the city gate,
Abimelech rose from where he lay in wait;
He with his army then appear'd in view,
And rapidly toward the city drew.
This soon attracted Gaal's roving eye,
Alarm'd to see an army drawing nigh,
He told the gov'nor (Zebul was his name)
That from the mountains many people came.
To Zebul this was doubtless tidings good,
And well enough was by him understood;
Yet partly Gaal to amuse, was led,
And partly to deride his folly, said,
Thou seest the shadow of the mountains high,
As if there was an army drawing nigh.
This Gaal would not then regard as true,
But looking with a more attentive view,
Show'd Zebul that he might distinguish clear,
That sev'ral bands of men were drawing near.
Then Zebul thought (who Gaal did despise)
From owning it, no danger could arise,
He apprehending Gaal's state forlorn,
Broke out on him, and laughing him to scorn,
"Where's now thy mouth, that said with pompous cheer,
Who is Abimelech, that we him should fear?"

Are not these ~~they~~ thou treated with despise?
Go out I pray and boldly with them fight."
Forthwith poor Gaal, just as Zebul taught,
Led out his men, and with Abimelech fought.
To be defeated soon was Gaal's fate,
And chas'd with fury to the city gate.
Many were wounded of his fighting band,
How many slain, we do not understand.

Upon the morrow, from the city, more
Who seem'd undaunted, ventur'd as before :
Abimelech then was lying there in wait,
He and his men arose with fury great,
They ran upon them with extreme disdain,
And all of these adventurers were slain.
Toward the gate he then his forces brought,
And all that day against the city fought :
At length he took it with a warlike din,
And slew the people that he found therein.
Then in his fury, rais'd without a bound,
Behold ! he beat the city to the ground—
Thus punish'd those who durst from him revolt,
And in abhorrence, sow'd the place with salt.

Some fled into the tow'r, on this defeat,
And saw the city thus destroy'd complete,
Thought they could not be well protected there,
To find a refuge was their anxious care.
In this distress, they with a joint consent,
Forthwith to an adjacent fortress went,
Belonging to the temple of their god,
Call'd Baal-berith. In this new abode
They hop'd to find protection by his care—
The sequel tells us what befell them there.
The monarch took a woodman's ax in hand,
And told the people under his command,
To follow him, with an attentive view,
And act precisely as they saw him do.
He went forthwith—they follow'd him with ease,
To Zalmon's mount, where grew a grove of trees :
He cut a bough, and on his shoulder laid,
The people all, attention to him paid.

Each cut a bough, as they by him were taught,
Which they with speed, down to the fortress brought.
They laid them round, and then with fury dire,
Made thorough work, he set the hold on fire :
All those who thus upon their god presum'd,
A thousand men and women were consum'd.

Abimelech thus, elated with success,
Went on, the city Thebez to distress ;
His valiant forces round the city brought,
And took it after he awhile had fought.
There was within a tower strong, tis said,
To this the people, men and women fled ;
Made fast the door, in this alarming hour,
And got upon the summit of the tow'r.
This by Abimelech's wild ambition view'd,
His own destruction he with speed pursu'd :
It was to him an inauspicious hour,
He came forthwith and fought against the tow'r.
Hard by the door, he in his fury came,
To set the tow'r all on a fiery flame.
A certain woman, from above, 'tis said,
Cast down a piece of mill-stone on his head ;
This quite unlook'd for, prov'd a fatal stroke,
Abimelech's skull was by the woman broke.
He felt the wound was mortal, and in pride,
Forthwith unto his armour-bearer cried,
" Pray draw thy sword, give me the fatal sting,
That men say not, a woman slew the king."
On this, in haste his armour-bearer drew
His poignant sword, and thrust the monarch through
So ended this accurs'd usurper's reign—
He fell amidst his wild ambitious strain ;
And when he ceas'd to bear the royal sway,
The army was dispers'd without delay.
The Lord Almighty, who controls with dread,
His wickedness thus render'd on his head :
Aveng'd their blood, who in his project vain,
To wear the crown he had so vilely slain.
And all the sin of Shechem's cruel band,
God punish'd too, with his controlling hand.
Thus fell completely on each wicked one,
The curse of Jotham, Gideon's youngest son.

JEPHTHAH AND HIS DAUGHTER.

FROM Gideon's death, as ancient records say,
Near half a fleeting century pass'd away ;
The Israelites were in a wretched state,
Of deep transgression, and corruption great :
For they wrought evil in the Lord's pure sight,
They worshipp'd idols with a great delight ;
Their great protector they refus'd to hear,
The God of Israel they would not revere.

The Lord provok'd at their corrupted state,
Behold, his hand upon them fell with weight ;
He sold them into the Philistines' hands,
And to the roving Ammonitish bands

While thus afflicted, they were humbly led,
To cry to heaven ; unto the Lord they said,
"Lo ! we have sinn'd, forsaken thee our God,
To Baalim turn'd," and well deserve the rod.

The Lord then took, in their afflicted state,
Occasion with them to expostulate,
Recounting to them, who in vice had grown,
The great deliv'rance they had often known ;
Regardless of my mercies great, said he,
Behold, how oft ye have forsaken me,
And other gods ye serve and bow before,
You sure deserve deliverance no more.
That they might view in this their deep distress,
Their wretched folly, with their wickedness.
On thus forsaking of Almighty pow'r,
That oft sustain'd them in the trying hour,
And down before such senseless stocks to fall,
That could not grant them any aid at all,
"Go cry, said he, unto the gods ye chose,
Let them relieve you from your potent foes."

This sharp reproof was like a piercing dart,
The Israelites were wounded to the heart ;

They bow'd themselves his Majesty before,
"Lo, we have sinn'd," they cry'd to him once more,
"Do thou to us what seemeth good, we pray,
That thou would but deliver us, this day."
Thus they confess'd, and were indeed so wise,
That in their practice they reform'd likewise,
And in that deep humiliating day,
They put their strange and lifeless gods away ;
Thus they repented, and with one accord,
Turn'd to their Great Deliverer, the Lord.
He heard their cry, and in compassion great,
Commisserated his poor people's state :
And in this scene of deep distress and grief,
Appointed means that should produce relief.

We find the restless cruel Ammonites,
Made war on the afflicted Israelites :
The elders of the Gileaditish land,
Wanting a general then to take command—
And Jephthah was, as very well they knew,
A man of valour that was great and true :
They went to Tob, where he had made a stand,
And of their army offer'd him command.
That they on having him head gen'ral might
With their invading, cruel neighbours fight.
When on him they had plac'd the government,
He forthwith to the king of Ammon sent,
By messengers made of him this demand
Why he came thus to war upon his land ?
Not govern'd by reality's pure laws,
The land was his, he told them was the cause.
That Israel's host when they from Egypt came,
Had taken from the Ammonites the same ;
That he was come but to demand his right,
And for it he assuredly should fight,
And take it from them with the slaught'ring sword,
Unless it then was peaceably restor'd."

Jephthah, hereon, by messengers again,
To open the whole theme to him was fain,
From the beginning, that he clearly might,
Discern that he was in an error quite ;

Show'd him the land was not by Israelites,
 Taken from him, nor from the Ammonites,
 Concluded thus, "I have not sinn'd, said he,
 Nor injur'd once, the Ammonites nor thee,
 But thou dost wrong in coming with thy host,
 And making war on Israel's peaceful coast ;
 The Lord be judge between the Israelites,
 And their great foes, invading Ammonites."

The haughty Ammonitish king, we find,
 Was avaricious, consequently blind ;
 He would not hear—persisted in his claim,
 Determin'd Jephthah's confidence to tame.
 The Spirit of the Lord on Jephthah came,
 He greatly animated by the same,
 March'd out in arms against the mighty foe,
 Who ready stood to give the fatal blow.

But he before the battle join'd, was led,
 To make a vow unto the Lord, he said,
 "If thou wilt grant me aid that cannot fail,
 That I may over Ammon's host prevail,
 Then it shall be, whatever comes to meet
 Me from thy house, when I am in the street,
 When Ammon's pow'r shall over Israel cease,
 And from the battle I return in peace,
 Shall be the Lord's, who gracious is and wise,
 Or I will offer it a sacrifice."

This vow thus humbly made for good success,
 By Jephthah, in a season of distress ;
 The battle he with haughty Ammon join'd,
 And lo ! the Lord for Israel fought, we find :
 Proud Ammon's strength and valour prov'd in vain,
 Lo ! they were with a dreadful carnage slain.
 And Israel took from Ammon, vile and rude,
 Full twenty cities, and they were subdu'd.

When this was done, and none to him annoy,
 He was returning to his house with joy,
 Who should come forth (pleas'd at a scene so rare)
 But her who was his only daughter fair,
 Who his great victory ~~to~~ congratulate,
 When she beheld him thus return in state,

Was there with music and with dancing led;
She was indeed his only child, 'tis said.

But when he saw her, he to mourning went,
To show his sorrow, he his garment rent :
"Said oh, my daughter ! I must let thee know,
That thou this day hast brought me very low ;
Thy coming at this juncture forth to me,
Is cause of trouble both to me and thee ;
For lo ! my mouth I've open'd to the Lord,
And can't go back from my devoted word.
"Well then, my father, since the Lord, said she,
Hath taken vengeance on thy foes for thee ;
If thou thy mouth hast open'd to the Lord,
Perform on me according to thy word ;
But this one favour on me now bestow,
Be pleas'd two months to grant me leave to go
With my companions, to bewail more free,
Upon the mountains, my virginity."
The parent granted what the maid desir'd,
So she upon the mountains then retir'd ;
And as agreed, did at the two months end,
With cheer upon her troubled sire attend ;
He then perform'd with her what he had vow'd,
"She knew no man," that is, he ne'er allow'd
His daughter leave to marriage consummate,
But did her then a virgin consecrate.
Thenceforth a standing custom it became,
That Israel's daughters who were maids of fame,
Went yearly, just four days in ev'ry year,
To talk with, and this lonely maiden cheer.

Jephthah has been much sulli'd in his fame,
And censur'd by some persons of great name,
For making this, which they will not allow,
To be less than a quite unlawful vow ;
And censur'd more for being so beguil'd,
As to perform the same upon his child ;
On an opinion he was so unwise,
He offer'd her as a burnt sacrifice.
Had he indeed, thus to the dame have done,
He must have ~~into~~ direful evil run,

And have for it deserv'd the utmost blame,
 And sentence just of everlasting shame :
 But hard it is (to blot the thought 'tis time)
 That he was guilty of the heinous crime ;
 Or if he was, unpunish'd go for it,
 And unrepov'd in ancient holy writ.
 Nor can it with sound reason coincide,
 That Jephthah would have been so magnify'd,
 In after days with such peculiar stress,
 For his great faith and working righteousness,
 With * Gideon rank'd and Barak on the score,
 With Samuel, David, and with many more.

Let those to whom the vow may wrong appear,
 Take some plain things in contemplation here :
 'Tis said the Spirit of the Lord was laid
 On Jephthah, ere the vow by him was made.
 The vow was made conditional, we see,
 As means that might engage the Deity,
 To be with him and so with him remain,
 That o'er his foes he might a conquest gain ;
 On this the Lord reliev'd him from his woes,
 He answer'd him and overthrew his foes.
 This sure implies—seems almost to allow,
 That Jephthah's God accepted of the vow ;
 We can't suppose that He who dwells in light,
 Would heed a vow unlawful in his sight.

Some passages, as learned authors tell,
 Translators have not understood full well ;
 They would the meaning of the mysteries guess,
 And were sometimes erroneous, all confess.
 If here was one small alteration made,
 'Twould on the subject throw a diff'rent shade.
 This change some good translators make and view,
 That it is far the most correct and true ;
 Instead of "and† I'll offer it," to read,
 As in the margin, much more fit indeed,
 "Or I will offer."—It is here suppos'd,
 That Jephthah when he first the vow propos'd,

* Heb. xi.

† Judges xi. 31.

A due regard unto the subject paid :
 If fit or not for a burnt-offering weigh'd.
 That if what from his house to meet him came,
 Unlawful were to sacrifice, the same
 Should then be dedicated, was his word,
 Or consecrated to the gracious Lord ;
 But if the thing for sacrifice were fit,
 For a burnt-offering he would offer it.

According to the ancient law, we find,
 None were allow'd to sacrifice mankind ;
 And beasts and birds unclean were not allow'd,
 For sacrifices, yet they might be vow'd,
 And afterwards redeem'd, if they would pay,
 The valuation that the priest should say ;
 If it was not the vower's choice (we're told)
 To pay the ransom, then they might be sold.*

Whatever was the vow that Jephthah made,
 Or obligation on himself he laid,
 That he did not thereon incur the stain,
 Of having his beloved daughter slain ;
 But only her, unto the Lord who's great,
 Did in a special manner consecrate,
 By a continual single life, that she,
 Might serve no other but the Deity,
 Has been avow'd as the opinion clear,
 Of very many learned and sincere,
 On whose sound judgment, let us now confide,
 Since fairly by the sacred text imply'd.
 Besides the crime unnatural, all despise,
 Of making her a bloody sacrifice,
 Contrary to the † law, well understood,
 And to the minds of all the wise and good ;
 Which was not made against the sin most dire,
 Of sacrificing children in the fire,
 To Moloch only, (in man's doleful fall)
 But letting them pass thro' the fire at all ;
 A heathen practice in their blindness great,
 Which Israel was forbid to imitate.

* Levit. xxvii.

† Levit. xxviii. 21.

We here behold the humble, youthful fair,
 On hearing what was laid on her to bear,
 When she the theme so readily allow'd,
 And approbated what her father vow'd,
 She ask'd not her fond parent to consent,
 That she might her untimely death lament,
 Which would have been, most probably, if she
 Had been to die by the severe decree ;
 But ask'd to mourn o'er her virginity,
 That she must live, and must a virgin die :
 Which was, among the Israelitish fair,
 View'd as reproachful, and as hard to bear.
 We note, that after she two months had spent,
 That she might her virginity lament,
 And to her father she return'd again,
 And he had done as he had vow'd with pain.
 It follows clearly what had taken place,
 "She knew no man" of all the human race ;
 This shows that he, when he his vow obey'd,
 A prohibition on his daughter laid,
 Throughout the course of her devoted life,
 From the sweet solace known to man and wife.
 Besides, we read, that Israel's daughters went,
 That they might yearly, this fair one lament.
 Hence, some, without necessity, are led,
 To apprehend that she indeed was dead.
 They might as well her virgin life lament,
 As she herself once to bemoan it went.
 "*To talk with her,*" we in the margin find—
 To read it so the learned are inclin'd.
 'Tis render'd (said the learned Ellwood) thus,
 By Pagnine, and by Arias Montanus ;
 So Junius, and Tremellius, both translate :
 By which it may be view'd with reason great,
 She was alive long after (as allow'd)
 Her father had accomplish'd what he vow'd.
 "*To speak to her, discourse with her,*" indeed,
 As most consistent with the text, they read :
 And positive is Broughton, learn'd and wise.
 That he did not his daughter sacrifice.

From matrimony an injunction laid—
 His daughter a perpetual virgin made.
 Tremellius—Junius, learned men and great,
 Why this was done, a candid reason state :
 The married life he would not her allow,
 Lest she whom he devoted by his vow,
 And consecrated by a covenant strong,
 Should e'er to any but the Lord belong.

And Dr. Brown, the learned and sincere,
 That Jephthah sacrific'd his daughter dear,
 Has as a quite erroneous notion hurl'd
 Among the vulgar errors of the world.
 Which he refutes, as an opinion vain,
 By scripture clear, and reason sound and plain.

A learned author, in past days, call'd Ness,
 Has also written on the theme with stress ;
 'Twas his belief, with many in his day,
 That Jephthah did not take her life away—
 Devoted her (according to his word)
 A consecrated virgin to the Lord.



SAMPSON.



ABOUT the time of Jephthah's vict'ry great,
 Was Sampson born, as men of judgment state ;
 Who for his strength, that frequently was shown,
 Exceeded all the world has ever known.
 We find that Sampson was the last of those
 Who to renown for mighty deeds arose,
 As judges or defenders of the state,
 Rais'd up in Israel for the purpose great.
 The rest were rais'd against their foes to stand
 When they were greatly wanted in the land :
 But this was promis'd, ere the child was born
 To bring deliv'rance to the land forlorn.

This Sampson was Manoah's son, we trace,
Of Zorah's town, and of the Danites race.
Long barren was the wife Manoah cheer'd,
The angel of the Lord to her appear'd.
Of things unlook'd for, he inform'd her one
Of consequence—that she should bear a son ;
Who should be, from the time he saw the light,
E'en from his birth, to God, a Nazarite ;
He would begin to make a potent stand,
Deliver Israel from Philistines' hand :
Into whose pow'r, the Lord some time before,
Deliver'd them, for their transgressions sore.
The angel further to the woman spake,
That she indeed, especial care should take,
To drink no wine, from all strong drink abstain,
From eating any thing unclean refrain.

At this the woman was surpris'd indeed,
She sought her husband with the greatest speed.
"There came," she said, "a man of God to me,
(For so she took the angel then to be)
His countenance was terrible, and glow'd,
Much like an angel from the high abode :
I took not leave to ask him whence he came,
And he gave me no knowledge of his name."
When she had thus her husband's mind prepar'd,
The angel's message she to him declar'd.

Manoah glad at what was to be done,
That he should have, beyond his hope, a son ;
And he rejoic'd to hear the sacred word,
The son should be devoted to the Lord ;
And that he should as a deliv'rer stand,
And Israel aid from the oppressor's hand.
The message in unshaken faith receiv'd,
That it would surely come to pass believ'd.
Yet apprehending they might be beguil'd,
Or some way err, in bringing up the child,
For counsel fresh, he piously appli'd,
And to the King omniscient he cried,
"O Lord, be pleas'd to favour us once more,
And send the man of God, thou sent before,

To teach us what shall for the child be done,
That we may not in any error run."

The Lord an ear to this petition lent,
Most graciously the holy angel sent,
Who in a field came to the worthy fair;
Without her husband, she was sitting there.
As soon as she did him again behold,
She ran with speed and her companion told
Then with his wife, advanc'd the pious Jew,
To have forthwith, the wish'd for interview.
When he came there, he ask'd, and understood
From the man's mouth (who was an angel good)
That he himself was certainly the same,
Who to his wife with a kind message came.
"Now let thy word," Manoah said, "prove true;
Inform us only clearly what to do;
How we shall order this devoted child,"
That we may not (as Eve was) be beguil'd.
Thy wife, said he, must well observe her fare—
Of all that I first to her said, beware;
She must not eat what cometh of the vine,
Let her observe to quite abstain from wine—
From all strong drink, and things unclean in kind,
All I commanded, let her strictly mind.

Manoah had not entertain'd a thought,
That they were by a holy angel taught;
Upon him press'd awhile with them to stay,
Till they some food could get without delay.
The angel then in language that was plain,
Repli'd to him, "though thou should me detain,
Yet I will not upon thy meat be fed,
Nor yet partake of any of thy bread:
If thou wilt offer (hoping a reward)
A sacrifice, it must be to the Lord."
Still thinking this a man that to him came,
Manoah ask'd him then to tell his name;
"That when thy words are verifi'd said he,
We may with joy, an honour do to thee."
The angel would not grant him his desire,
Said, "'tis a secret—why dost thou inquire?"

Manoah, therefore, this no further press'd,
He took a kid, and a meat-off'ring dress'd :
Upon a rock he offer'd it (with cries)
Unto the Lord an humble sacrifice.

The angel then intending to proceed,
Himself discover'd, wonderful indeed !
For when the flame from off the altar went,
Toward the heav'ns, he made a quick ascent !
He who from heaven in great kindness came,
Then took his leave, ascended in the flame
Unto the lucid and the blissful shore !
And he appear'd to them again no more.

That he was from the high abode they found,
And fell upon their faces to the ground.
The sight, indeed, was marv'lous in their eyes,
It gave them both a wonderful surprise.
Manoah then made to his wife this cry,
" We have seen God, and we shall surely die."
(For in those days, 'twas thought a fatal thing,
For human eyes to see the heavenly King.)
But he was wisely answer'd by his wife,
" If God were pleas'd to take away our life,
He would not thus have heard our humble cries,
Nor from our hands receiv'd a sacrifice :
Nor would he have such gracious favours shown,
Things that are great and marvellous made known."

In times of the Mosaic, outward law,
When people with external vision saw,
Wisdom divine, in condescension great,
To man's ideas, in his exterior state,
Sometimes sent angels in a human shape,
To teach men what to do—what to escape.
But now that law, adapted to their view,
Is superseded by a covenant new,
Which is a law that we distinctly find,
Engraven deeply on the human mind,
Or heart of man—an intellectual light,
That's risen to dispel the gloom of night.
Messiah came on earth, and pass'd away,
And sent his spirit for the gospel-day :

It shines within, and leads to life and love
The mansions of felicity above.
The outward cov'nant is therefore withdrawn,
And angels from the human view are gone :
Though Christ appear'd on this terrestrial shore,
Henceforth we know him in the flesh no more.

Awhile from this arriv'd the joyful morn,
When in the world the promis'd son was born ;
He who exceeded all mankind in fame
For his great strength—they Sampson call'd his name.
And heavenly favour did upon him rest—
In early life he wond'rously was blest.
The Spirit of the Lord began to move
On him at times, his marv'lous strength to prove.
While but a youth, he in the camp of Dan,
Show'd his great pow'r, stupendous in a man.

When Sampson grew to man's estate, 'tis said,
Forth to the city Timnath he was led :
We understand this was a pop'lous place,
That then belong'd to the Philistine race.
He saw, and greatly was enamour'd there,
With a young virgin, who was very fair.
When he came home, his heart toward her roll'd,
His father and his mother of her told,
And as he wanted happiness in life,
He wish'd they would obtain her for his wife ;
For tho' abroad he let a wand'ring eye,
He would not yet so far from order fly,
As till he could his parents leave obtain,
To bind himself with hymen's lasting chain.

Not understanding that the Deity,
Had in his wisdom suffer'd this to be,
That he occasion might, some future hour,
Take on their foes, who over them had pow'r,
His parents ask'd him, if he could not place
His heart on one that was of Israel's race ;
That he must fall into an error grand,
And take a wife from the Philistines land.
But Sampson seem'd her very much to prize,
Because she was so pleasant in his eyes,

"Get her," said he, "for I may frankly tell,
I like the youthful pleasing damsel well."

Ere long, young Sampson his kind parents drew
To Timnath, this Philistine maid to view;
And with her parents to negotiate,
That Sampson might enjoy her for a mate.
As he went on, with an enamour'd mind,
(His parents either forward, or behind,)
From Timnath's vineyards, lo! there roar'd at him
A lion, that was resolute and grim.

When Sampson this most furious creature saw,
That oft gives man, and all the beasts his law,
The Spirit of the Lord upon him came,
He then engag'd the animal of fame,
With courage fac'd the hungry lion's paws,
Regardless of the terror of his jaws;
Altho' he had no weapon for the fight,
The combat was indeed unequal quite:
Our hero who was young, and strong, and bold,
Took, of this terror of the forest, hold;
The lion soon upon the ground was dead,
He rent him like the parting of a thread;
So ended this quite unexpected fray,
And then he join'd his parents on the way.
But tho' he had this signal battle won,
He did not tell his parents what he'd done.

Forthwith they to the city Timnath came,
And he was still so taken with the dame,
No one but her was pleasing in his eyes,
She must indeed be his connubial prize;
The match was then concluded on, and they
To their abode return'd without delay.

Ere long again, he and his parents went,
To solemnize the marriage, their intent;
Right on the passage Timnath's vineyards lay,
Where he and the bold lion had the fray;
He turn'd aside, his lifeless foe to view,
And tho' it may be somewhat strange, 'tis true,
When he arriv'd upon the battle ground,
He in the carcass bees and honey found:

Of which he took some in his hands, for food,
And went on eating honey sweet and good.
When he o'ertook his parents on the road,
Some of the honey he on them bestow'd;
But still he did not to his parents name,
That in a carcass he procur'd the same.

When come to Timnath, Sampson and his fair,
United hands, to make a happy pair :
'Twas consummated with no small parade,
A marriage feast for seven days he made ;
This was, 'tis said, on such occasions then,
A custom with young oriental men.
The maid's relations, on the other hand,
Brought thirty men, for his companions grand ;
All sprightly youths of the Philistine race,
That they the joyful marriage feast might grace :
To these the bridegroom offer'd to propound
A riddle, which if they the meaning found,
And would indeed the same to him declare,
Within the seven days of feasting there,
Then he on them would thirty sheets bestow,
And of apparel thirty suits also ;
But if the riddle was beyond their reach,
They should to him as many give of each.
This was a sort of entertainment then,
Said not unusual with the youthful men,
On such occasions, pleasant in their eyes,
To pass the time—their talents exercise.
To Sampson's terms the men agreed with cheer,
Let us, said they, forthwith thy riddle hear.
When they had thus to him declar'd their mind,
He told his riddle, which was this, we find,
“ Out of the eater came forth meat for food,
And from the strong came sweetness”—rich and good.
This greatly puzzled each Philistine head,
And soon they to anxiety were led.
The first three days they on the subject wrought,
And found that all they made of it was nought ;
And greatly fearing they should lose the bet,
With shameful meanness they the bride beset,

And did her most illib'rally upbraid,
 That she and friends a trap for them had laid ;
 Invited them to their grand wedding, sure,
 That they might from them their estates allure.
 Entice thy spouse (said they to her) that he
 May tell the meaning of the thing to thee,
 That thou forthwith may tell the same to us ;
 If thou dost not, we now pronounce a curse ;
 The consequence of failure will be dire,
 We'll burn thee and thy father's house with fire."

On this the bride to weeping fell before
 Her husband, with a lamentation sore ;
 That he most surely hated her, complain'd,
 And lov'd her not, as he had often feign'd ;
 He had put forth a riddle, and behold !
 Had not to her the explanation told.
 "I have not told my parents this, said he,
 Must I, alas ! disclose it now to thee ?"
 This mode of reas'ning would not ease the bride,
 For she continued weeping by his side,
 Each day, until the seventh of the feast—
 He could not be from telling her releas'd ;
 She lay so sore on him, he told her then,
 And she forthwith explain'd it to the men.
 They thereupon, in time to win the bet,
 Came to him just before the sun was set,
 "What is more sweet than honey ?" to him said,
 "What's stronger than a lion that we dread ?"
 By this he knew, as sure as he had life,
 They'd been inform'd by his Philistine wife.
 "Had ye not with my heifer, plow'd, said he,
 Then ye had not found out the mystery."
 He thus by his Philistine wife betray'd,
 And to his guests a debtor wilely made,
 The next thing that occur'd to Sampson's mind,
 Was, where he should the raiment for them find.

And now the spirit of the Lord, on high
 Upon him came, and mightily, whereby
 His strength and courage equall'd was by none,
 He went down to the city Ashkelon,

And on them with amazing fury flew,
And thirty men of the Philistines slew;
He took the spoil, the garments that he found,
And gave to those who did the theme expound.
Our hero's anger hot indeed was grown,
At the Philistines, for their rudeness shown,
He Timnath left, forthwith, in discontent,
And to his father's habitation went.

Though Sampson had a just offence conceiv'd
Against the people, who had him aggriev'd;
And notwithstanding the Philistines' strife,
He yet retain'd a kindness for his wife;
And some time after, down to Timnath went,
To visit her was his benign intent:
To show her that he had not her forsook,
A kid with him he for a present took.
When he to her prepar'd to go to bed,
Her father would not suffer him; but said,
"I thought that thou hadst quite forsook thy mate,
Abandon'd her forever to her fate;
I therefore her to thy companion gave,
But let there be no trouble now, I crave;
Her younger sister fairer is than she,
Take her for wife is my advice to thee."

If Sampson's anger was inflam'd before,
This was not likely coolness to restore.
He thought (so high the provocation rose)
Should he now injure his Philistine foes,
In his retort, they could not for the same,
In sober reason, lay on him the blame.
He soon away to seek revenge was led,
He caught three hundred foxes, it is said;
To turn the foxes tail to tail, he plann'd,
Between the two to fix a fiery brand:
When this according to his scheme was done,
He let the foxes from him swiftly run
Into the fields of standing crops of wheat,
That the Philistines reckon'd on to eat.
Thus was their grain burnt by the sweeping flame,
Their vineyards and their olives shar'd the same.

When the Philistines saw the dreadful spoil,
Their grievous losses after all their toil,
They made inquiry who the deed had done,
And found the mischief was perform'd by one
Nam'd Sampson, married to a Timnite fair,
Because her father, with a rudeness rare,
Had taken from him his dear wife, of late,
And given her to his associate.
On hearing this, the rude Philistines came,
With anger raging like a burning flame,
They in Philistine fury, that was dire,
Consum'd her and her father's house with fire.
Thus they reveng'd her husband on her sore,
Who to preserve herself and sire before,
From being burnt by them, who rudely sway'd,
Had her own husband unto them betray'd.

However just this might appear to all,
It gave fresh cause for some of them to fall.
For Sampson, who was not to be control'd,
In his displeasure, the Philistines told,
"Though this you've done, my declaration's true,
That I ere long will be aveng'd on you."
Then falling on, he smote them hip and thigh,
With a great slaughter—doleful was the cry.
By "*hip and thigh*," some understand, (we find)
Both horse and foot—some others are inclin'd
To take it for an old proverbial speech,
'That would the greatness of the slaughter teach.

When Sampson thus his potent foes had slain,
He thought he would no longer there remain,
But went and dwelt, where he was less afraid,
On the rock Etam, his abode he made.
Soon the Philistines up to Judah went,
And pitch'd their camp, in highest discontent.
The men of Judah, ask'd them in distress,
Why they were come up there them to oppress?
"To Sampson bind" (they pertly answer'd thus)
"To do to him as he hath done to us."

The men of Judah, when they view'd the thing,
Concluded this would mischief on them bring,

Three thousand men forth from their tribe they sent,
To bind the hero was their full intent,
To give him up to their oppressive foes,
Whom they had not the courage to oppose.

To Sampson these upon Mount Etam came,
And thus address'd the mighty man of fame :

"Dost thou not know this is a trying day,
That the Philistines over us bear sway ?

What then is this that thou hast to us done,
In causing them our country to o'errun ?"

"I have but done to my great foes, said he,
As they have done in their despite to me."

"We now are come to bind thee fast, said they,
To give thee up to those whom we obey."

To use his strength, the hero was not led,
Against his brethren ; he unto them said,

"Swear now to me, that you will not at all,
By your own force attempt on me to fall,

Then to obey you, I will not refuse,

I'll let you bind me firmly, if you choose."

They promis'd him most solemnly that they,

"Would not attempt to him abuse or slay,

But that they were to nothing more inclin'd,

'Than just to take and him securely bind,

And give him up, the anger to allay,

Of their great foes, who over them had sway."

On which he yielding unto them, they bound

Him with two cords, that were both new and sound,

And forthwith brought him from the rock away,

Unto the place where the Philistines lay.

When they beheld him firmly bound and brought,

Within their pow'r, completely as they thought,

Their hearts exulted with Philistine pride,

They their great joy by shouting testifi'd.

This Sampson heard, and soon increas'd his fame,

The spirit of the Lord upon him came

With such great might, to their astonishment,

The cords that were upon his arms he rent

Like burning flax ; and lo ! the well-made bands

Were quickly loosen'd from his nervous hands !

And then he found an ass's new jaw-bone,
A weapon that had been in war unknown,
He caught it up—with vigour on them flew—
A thousand of his enemies he slew.
By this our hero satisf'd his friends,
And freed himself from his, and Israel's fiends.

This was indeed, a most stupendous feat,
But he was by his exercise and heat
O'ercome with thirst, that was extreme indeed,
Where he could find no water in his need ;
Here he unto Almighty pow'r was led,
He cry'd unto the gracious Lord, and said,
"Lo ! thou hast giv'n this deliv'rance great
To me thy servant, in his lonely state,
And shall I die for thirst, or after all
Into the hands of the Philistines fall ?"

The Lord then heard, who potent is to save ;
An hollow place within the jaw he clave ;
There came out water, and forthwith he drank,
And had fresh cause his helper great to thank.
When he had drank of this delicious store,
His spirit came, and he reviv'd once more.

Bold Sampson forthwith went to Gaza down,
A city, or a large Philistine town.
One night he took his lodging with a fair
Who kept a house of entertainment there :
That he was come the Gazites quickly found,
And took that time the hero to surround :
All night for him they quietly laid wait,
With strict attention at the city gate,
In hopes that they (regardless of his might)
Should rise and kill him at the morning light.
He notice had of this, without delay,
Yet in the bed till it was midnight lay ;
Then rising went forth to the city gate,
Pluck'd up the posts, a most prodigious weight.
The guards on hearing of the cracking sound,
Made their escape, with terror from the ground.
Doors, posts, and bars, by which all fast were made,
He took with speed and on his shoulders laid.

This massy burden, he, without delay,
 Took to a hill that toward Hebron lay.
 So he escap'd the mischief they design'd,
 But trouble overtook him soon, we find.
 Awhile from this he went to Sorek's vale,
 And there had cause his errors to bewail.
 For there he with Delilah fell in love,
 Who seem'd more precious than a harmless dove.
 Soon as the lords of the Philistines grand,
 Where Sampson's haunt was came to understand,
 They to Delilah application made,
 And let her know she should be richly paid,
 Could she allure her lover great, to say,
 Wherein his most prodigious vigour lay;
 And by what means, that men could e'er devise,
 He might be bound and captur'd as a prize.
 They each would then, that she at ease might live
 Eleven hundred silver shekels give:
 There being five who fill'd the prince's seat,
 'Twould be five times the mention'd sum complete.
 The total sum would reach in dollars bright
 To fifteen hundred twenty-seven quite.

This bait fail'd not the woman to procure,
 To spread her wiles the champion to allure.
 By the Philistines silver offer led,
 When she had Sampson by herself, she said,
 Tell me, I pray, where lies thy strength renown'd,
 With what thou might'st be, to afflict thee bound.
 He chose to baffle this officious fair,
 And not the ground of his great strength declare:
 "If I, said he, should be securely bound,
 With seven green withs, that are completely sound,
 (To overpower me this must be the plan)
 I should be weak, and as another man."

This she imparted to the noble lords,
 Who brought her seven undried withs, for cords:
 With these Delilah potent Sampson bound,
 To give him up, to have the fatal wound.
 To seize on him in his defenceless state,
 She in the house had men who lay in wait.

She then alarm'd him—call'd in haste his name,
"Thy foes be on thee, Sampson"—said the dame.
At which he, as from a deep sleep awoke,
And starting up, the seven withs he broke ;
The ease with which they parted, was the same,
As threads of tow are sever'd by a flame.
So the Philistines yet were in dismay,
It was not known wherein his vigour lay.

Delilah, disappointed of her prize,
Told him he mock'd her, and had told her lies,
And therefore wish'd him, with a heart more sound,
To tell her truly how he might be bound.
He told her then, (contrary to her view)
If he was bound with ropes entirely new,
Such as had never once been us'd, he then
Should lose his strength, and be as other men.
She try'd what then could be perform'd with ropes,
Bound him therewith—of silver yet in hopes.
He then was wak'd by his enchanting fair,
Who told him the Philistines on him were ;
He snapp'd the ropes (as soon as that was said)
From of his most stupendous arms, like thread.

Delilah then complain'd to him again,
That he had mock'd her, by illusions vain,
She wish'd that he, no more her heart would wound,
But tell her truly how he might be bound.
Unwilling to a woman's pow'r to yield,
And that the secret might not be reveal'd ;
He told her, with a web to weave ('tis said)
The seven locks that were upon his head.
This soon was done, and she secur'd his hair,
So platted with the loom pin, that was there.
(To think it was by this informing word,
A weaver's house, is not at all absurd)
The woman then, his energy to try,
"Thy foes be on thee, Sampson," was her cry.
He thus alarm'd, awaking from his sleep,
From where he had been lolling, took a leap,
And went away, on this unlook'd for shock,
The pin and web were hanging at his lock.

It had, it seems, his practice been to tell,
His dear Delilah, that he lov'd her well ;
With which she did upon him pertly play,
And ask'd him how he possibly could say
He lov'd her well—this was from truth a fall,
Because his heart was not with her at all ;
“ For thou hast thus deluded me, said she,
Three times, and hast not yet describ'd to me,
Wherein consists thy strength that is so great,
Altho' thou told me thou would'st it relate.”

She press'd him daily, with this kind of strife—
Urg'd him till he was weary of his life,
At length she forc'd him to unveil his heart,
He did to her the mystery impart.

Completely conquer'd by the fair, he said,
No razor had yet come upon his head ;
For he had been a Nazarite to God,
From his existence in this low abode :
To shave his hair would be the only plan,
To make him weak, just like another man.

Now knew Delilah she'd her end obtain'd,
That this came from the conquer'd man unfeign'd.
She sent one, who with speed a message bore
Unto the lords, to come to her once more,
That they might doubtless from their foe be freed,
For she the secret had obtain'd indeed.

Then hasten'd to her each Philistine lord,
And brought with them the cash for her reward.
By fair Delilah's fascinations deep,
She lull'd our hero on her lap to sleep,
Then caus'd a man she had provided there,
To shave from him his seven locks of hair.
When this was done, she to afflict him try'd,
“ Thy foes, O Sampson, are upon thee,” cry'd.
He thereupon out of his sleep awoke,
“ I will go forth, (were then the words he spoke)
And shake myself, as I was us'd to do ;”
Not knowing that the Lord from him withdrew,
Until he felt his impotence and need—
He found, alas, his strength was gone indeed.

Thus he who slew a lion bold and wild,
And by his vigour had an army foil'd,
Was now, for want of watchfulness and care,
Beguil'd and ruin'd by a luring fair !

"The women are the strongest," it was said,
Let all the harm of bad companions dread :
May this dire case a warning be to all—
Let those who stand, be guarded, lest they fall.

This was a scene that the Philistines pleas'd,
His strength was gone, and they upon him seiz'd :
First to make sure of their prodigious prize,
They put out the enfeebled Sampson's eyes ;
Then brought him down to Gaza, and alas !
They bound him in strong fetters made of brass,
With great rejoicing then in ev'ry mind,
Put him in prison, where they made him grind.

Awhile from this the rulers of the land,
Who were the lords of the Philistines grand,
Assembled those who liv'd remote and near,
To have a time of rendezvous and cheer ;
To offer, on the taking of their prize,
To their god Dagon a great sacrifice.
This Dagon was their common god, 'tis said,
Had from his navel, upwards to the head,
The form of man, and of a fish below,
An idol that could nothing see or know.
To him the lords of the Philistines' land,
Ascrib'd their foe's delivery to their hand.
The people also to rejoice were led,
They, fill'd with praises of their Dagon, said,
"Our god hath now delivered to our hand,
The great destroyer of our fertile land ;
We now, confin'd with brazen bands can view,
Our potent foe, who very many slew."

When they had thus their feast awhile enjoy'd,
Their hearts were merry, but they were not cloy'd :
It was indeed a great rejoicing day—

"Call Sampson out, to make us sport," said they.
Then he forthwith was from the prison brought,
That they might be with sweet diversion fraught ;

Two massy pillars he was set between,
On which the house stood, where he might be seen ;
The house where they assembled with parade ;
Here they rejoic'd, and great diversion made.

Not only all the lords were present then,
The house was fill'd with women and with men ;
But it would not by any means contain,
The multitude that would admittance gain ;
About three thousand, men and women too,
Had plac'd themselves upon the roof, to view
To more advantage, this delicious flow
Of sport, then made with their imprison'd foe.

Our hero's locks, that he had lost with pain,
Was, by this time, a little grown again :
And as his hair had thus increas'd in length,
He also had augmented in his strength.
And doubtless at their rude insulting cries,
His indignation to a flame would rise.
He ask'd the lad that led him by the hand,
If he would let him by the pillars stand.
He stood not long against the same to rest,
Ere he the Great Creator thus address'd :
" O Lord my God, remember me this day,
Be pleas'd, this once, to strengthen me, I pray,
That I may be aveng'd, (O hear my cries)
On the Philistines, for my precious eyes."

He feeling an increase of strength, grew bold,
And took of the two middle pillars hold,
The main supporters of the house, or frame,
To try his utmost strength upon the same.
When he had got of the said pillars hold,
With his right hand and with his left, we're told,
Prepar'd complete, he then was heard to cry,
" Let me forthwith with the Philistines die."
And with that word, the pillars he remov'd,
And a most doleful, wondrous scene it prov'd :
The house fell down upon the lords, and all
The multitude therein, both great and small.
The number kill'd, at his sad death, were more
Than all he'd slain, in his whole life before.

Thus ended Sampson, who as it appears,
 Had judg'd the Israelites for twenty years,
 He sure began to free his land from those,
 Who long were Israel's potent cruel foes,
 Who over them with rigour great control'd,
 Just as the angel ere his birth foretold.

When Sampson's brethren heard that he was dead,
 They came, with all his father's house, 'tis said,
 And took the corpse, which homeward they convey'd,
 And Sampson in his father's tomb was laid.



RUTH.



WHILE judges over Israel had command,
 There was a grievous famine in the land ;
 This time of want occasion'd one of them,
 Elimelech, who dwelt in Bethlehem ;
 That he in life some better fare might find,
 To take his wife Naomi, true and kind,
 Mahlou and Chilion, sons belov'd indeed,
 With these he did to Moab's land proceed.
 Their good was not by this remove increas'd,
 For in that land Elimelech deceas'd.
 The sons not pleas'd to be alone in life,
 Took in that country each of them a wife ;
 Young Chilion's spouse of Orpah bore the name,
 And Mahlon's, Ruth, who rose in time to fame.
 Ten years revolv'd, when bitter scenes increas'd,
 For in that region both her sons deceas'd.
 Thus poor Naomi in that country strange,
 Met with a sad, and most afflicting change,
 She was of husband and of sons bereft,
 And in a state of deep affliction left ;
 A scene of grief most trying to be borne,
 Three widows in one family to mourn !

She not contented longer there to stay,
Where outward joys had vanish'd quite away,
And understanding that the famine sore,
For which she left her native land, was o'er,
Set forward, from that country to withdraw,
With her two daughters by the marriage law.
While they were thus advancing on the road,
Toward the sad Naomi's old abode,
She calmly thought (which brought her to a stand)
Tho' she was going to her native land,
Her daughters were departing from their own,
Bound to a region quite to them unknown.
She counsell'd them, in love sincere and true,
With her that road no longer to pursue,
But each return where they might better fare,
To their old homes, and to their mother's care.
To show that it was for their sake that she,
Would thus be parted from their company,
In love that to her daughters freely flow'd,
Maternal blessings she on them bestow'd:
"O may the Lord deal graciously with you,
As to your husbands ye were kind and true;
As you have dealt with my dear sons and me,
May your reward and consolation be.
The Lord grant you, that ye sweet rest may find,
Each in the dwelling of her husband kind."
That is, may many to your heart's content
Once more enjoy a happy settlement.
Then kissing them, as taking her adieu,
They could no longer bear the parting view,
But rais'd their voices with a weeping heart,
Assur'd her they could not consent to part—
That they with pleasure, would through ev'ry toil,
Be her companions to her native soil.

Naomi labour'd further to persuade,
That her advice might be by them obey'd:
At length we find, her arguments sincere,
Prevail'd on Orpah her advice to hear,
Who with a flow of briny tears, in pain,
Took leave and turn'd to Moab's land again.

But no persuasion would prevail on Ruth,
 Who lov'd her mother almost as the truth;
 No arguments could this fair damsel draw,
 From cleaving firmly to her mother-in-law!
 And that her mother might no more be led,
 To press the subject, she with firmness said,
 "Entreat me not to separate from thee,
 For where thou goest, I will go most free;
 Where thou dost rest, shall sure be my abode,
 Thy people mine, thy God shall be my God;
 Where thou shalt end, to die shall be my doom,
 And by thy side shall be my silent tomb:
 The Lord forbid that any thing, said she,
 But death, should part my mother dear and me."
 When the sincere Naomi now perceiv'd,
 Her daughter Ruth so firmly to her cleav'd,
 To walk not only in the path she trod,
 But also to adhere to Israel's God;
 The great supporter thro' afflictions sore,
 She press'd the theme of turning back no more.
 The way in union was pursu'd by them,
 To her old home, the long'd-for Bethlehem.

When they came thither, where, as it appears,
 Naomi and her spouse in former years,
 Had liv'd in note and fashion that was good,
 Soon her return was widely understood.
 Her neighbours came in true regard, that glow'd
 To make her welcome to her old abode.
 Naomi heard them call her name, and sigh'd,
 Which beautiful or pleasant signify'd;
 She in the sense of her affliction led,
 "O call me not Naomi now, she said,
 But call me Mara—bitter, said to be,
 The Lord hath dealt most bitterly with me."
 I went out full, with spouse and children too,
 The Lord hath brought me empty home to you,
 In deep affliction, totally undone;
 I now have neither husband, nor a son.

When barley-harvest first began with them,
 The sad Naomi came to Bethlehem;

And Ruth, the humble Moabite's fair,
Tho' poor, when she came with her mother there,
Was yet, indeed, of an industrious mood,
And chose to work to get a livelihood:
She ask'd Naomi, in the trying scene,
To let her go into some field to glean;
To gather ears among the scatter'd grain,
Wherever she the favour might obtain.
To this request Naomi gave consent;
To look a place forthwith the damsel went;
Such was her fortune in the field she came,
Of Boaz kind, a man of wealth and fame,
One who was in true piety sincere,
A-kin to the deceas'd Elimelech near.
There Ruth (who was from worldly grandeur wean'd)
Behind the reapers of rich Boaz glean'd.
Long had not there been this most worthy dame,
Ere Boaz to survey his workmen came;
He seem'd to be most seriously imprest,
Saluted them, not with an airy jest,
But in a pious, solemn manner led,
"The Lord be with you," he unto them said;
"The Lord bless thee," was the reply they made;
May such pure love for evermore pervade.
Ruth who was gleaning in the harvest nigh,
Was the next object that engag'd his eye;
"What damsel's that," he ask'd the overseer,
That is employ'd so nimbly in the rear?
She is, said he, the Moabitish dame,
That from that country with Naomi came;
She said to me, permit me now I pray,
To glean behind the reapers here to-day.
Kind Boaz then address'd to Ruth his speech,
In terms that could not but her feelings reach:
Encourag'd her, as long as it might please
Her, to continue in his fields to lease,
And with his maidens to remain content,
And go with them to ev'ry field they went;
That he a charge had forcibly imprest,
Upon his servants, not to her molest.

Poor Ruth, o'ercome with kindness so profound,
Bow'd down herself before him to the ground,
And could not but most feelingly express,
The thankfulness she had, in her distress,
Of his support, civility and care,
Of her who was a lonely stranger there.

But Boaz told her that he had receiv'd,
A full account, which he indeed believ'd,
Of her great kindness, (which must blessings draw)
And handsome carriage to her mother-in-law ;
How she had with affection deep and great,
Cleav'd to her in her low afflicted state ;
Had left her parents and her native soil,
And come into a stranger's land to toil.
A people she'd no knowledge of before,
And with a view to Israel's God adore ;
He therefore solemnly besought the Lord,
To recompense her with a full reward.

The work went on, and he, when meal-time came,
Kindly invited this industrious dame,
To come and freely with his reapers eat—
It was a plenteous, and a pleasing treat.
And when she forth to leasing went again,
He told his men to let her there remain,
That she might glean without reproof at all,
And now and then to let some handfuls fall,
That in her leasing she might take it free,
That her slow business might the better be.
Thus on her labour she was quite intent,
With good success, until the day was spent ;
And found she had, when she had thresh'd it out,
An ephah of good barley, near about ;
Which is, as learned commentators write,
A half a bushel and a pottle quite.

With this she hasted to her home, 'tis said,
Naomi glad that she so well had sped,
Had for her labour gain'd so plenteous pay,
Enquir'd of her where she had glean'd that day.
When the man's name, Naomi understood,
Was Boaz, who had been so kind and good,

She told her daughter, with a heart of cheer,
That Boaz was to them a kinsman near.
And wish'd the gracious blessing of the Lord,
Might fall on him—a plentiful reward,
He is not from his wonted kindness led,
To those alive, and his relations dead.

With leave of Boaz, lonely Ruth, we find,
Kept near the maidens who were very kind ;
Glean'd in his fields, and added to her store,
Till barley-harvest and of wheat was o'er.
Yet with her wonted and unfeign'd good will,
Abode with her endeared mother still.

The harvest past—this matron in a sense,
And deeply studious how to recompense
The tender kindness of her daughter dear,
Who to her was so faithful and sincere ;
As she herself had been a faithful wife,
She knew the comforts of a married life,
Her mind on that momentous subject ran,
She to project a harmless scheme began,
How to engage the man of wealth and truth,
The noble Boaz, to engage with Ruth.
And now it was become her judgment quite,
That she indeed belong'd to him of right,
By that decree that from true wisdom came,
For raising a deceased brother's name.
She told young Ruth she sought for her repose,
To find for her a resting place from woes,
Told her that Boaz (as before is said)
Was near a-kin to her connexions dead,
And what the law, that came by one inspir'd,
The prophet Moses, in the case requir'd.
Then gave her this advice, without delay,
To wash herself, put on her best array ;
To go to Boaz's threshing floor, she plann'd,
Where at this instant he his barley fann'd ;
To let it truly be a secret deep,
That she was there, till he had gone to sleep.
Obedient Ruth, altho' the case was nice,
Resolv'd to follow her good friend's advice ;

And with a truly innocent intent,
 Forthwith to Boaz's threshing floor she went,
 And plac'd herself where she unseen would be,
 And where around she could distinctly see :
 She saw that when the time of rest drew near,
 He ate and drank ; then with a heart of cheer,
 He went and lay down by a barley heap—
 She waited still, till he was fast asleep ;
 Then undiscover'd, softly to him came,
 And at his feet lay down the humble dame.
 As modestly, did her instructions fit,
 As such a case would possibly admit.
 At midnight waking, Boaz was afraid,
 He found some person at his feet was laid ;
 And was no less alarm'd at the affair,
 When he perceiv'd it was a woman there ;
 Say, " who art thou ? " he in his terror cry'd ;
 The wakeful damsel readily reply'd :
 " I'm Ruth, thy handmaid, spread thy wing with cheer
 O'er me, for lo ! thou art a kinsman near."
 Her answer plainly was to this effect,
 Take me to wife, as Moses' laws direct.

The phrase of spreading of the skirt or wing
 O'er one, imports this plain and simple thing,
 The taking in protection such a one ;
 And since a husband (if his part is done)
 Must find protection for his bosom friend,
 And her thro' life from injuries defend.
 The phrase therefore is nothing more or less,
 Than simple words a marriage to express.

Boaz, from the account of Ruth receiv'd,
 Must needs have known, or fully have believ'd,
 Both that her spouse was to him near a-kin,
 And what the law requir'd of him therein.
 But since himself was pretty far in years,
 And Ruth a fair young damsel, it appears,
 He might perhaps have been somewhat afraid,
 If he to her should have the offer made,
 It might not be approv'd by her—that she,
 An old man's darling might refuse to be.

But now since she had the first motion made;
He great respect to the proposal paid ;
Was far from viewing of her credit less—
Rejecting her at all for forwardness ;
He her commended, with a cheering word,
And wish'd for her the blessing of the Lord.
And to her said, " thou hast more kindness shown,
Than was to me, at the beginning, known ;
Since thou hast not been courted by the vain,
Nor sought the young men's company to gain."
It seems, he took it for a kindness great,
Unto her husband, that she had of late,
As well as of devotion that was true,
To the religion she was turn'd unto,
That she would marry, with a heart of cheer,
One who was of her husband's kindred near,
Thus to keep up her husband's name and line,
Obedient to the law that was divine,
Although that kinsman was advanc'd in life,
Compar'd with her, fit for a young man's wife.
Much rather than to gratify her eye,
With some gay lover that was rated high.
He told her he would do as she desir'd,
His duty also, what the law requir'd,
With greatest cheer, because she bore the name,
And reputation of a virtuous dame.

He told her further, with a heart sincere,
That though in fact he was a kinsman near,
Yet there was one still nearer : and the first,
To have the pref'rence was but right and just.
That he next morning would that kinsman meet,
And with him fairly on the subject treat :
And if that person would accept his right,
His duty do (to marry her) he might :
If not he would himself the same fulfil :
He therefore bid her rest till morning still.

She lay awhile—rose ere the morning dawn,
That undiscover'd she might then be gone.
For he and she had both a great regard,
That their repute might from all blots be barr'd :

The honour also, they had in their view,
Of the religion they profess'd, as true.
He caution'd her to take especial care,
To let none know a woman had been there.
That he might to encourage her not fail,
He bid her come and hold to him her veil ;
He put therein (a present no ways mean)
Six measures full of barley, good and clean.
Thus laden, she back to Naomi went,
Did the whole scene correctly represent.
Naomi listen'd with attention great,
And said, " be still my daughter now, and wait,
Until we find how the affair will fall,
For Boaz will not be at rest at all,
Till he has brought the business to an end,
He will this day unto the theme attend."

And so indeed, as she foretold, it prov'd,
When morning came, he on the subject mov'd—
He went directly to the city gate,
And there he sat down quietly to wait.
Ere long he saw the rival kinsman pass,
Of whom he lately had inform'd the lass ;
He call'd to him, " come sit down here I pray,"
His friend obey'd—sat down without delay.
He call'd to sit down by them other men,
Of the grave elders of the city, ten.
When these were all by Boaz seated near,
Where they the subject could distinctly hear,
He gave his kinsman this to understand,
Their friend Naomi, late from Moab's land,
Possess'd a portion she would wish to sell,
Which fairly to her from her husband fell.
That he gave him this notice of the theme,
That if he chose, he might the land redeem.
The right of the redemption all agreed,
In the first place belong'd to him indeed ;
But since there was no other but they two,
To ransom it, he wish'd to know his view ;
That if his friend would not redeem the land,
He might himself his business understand.

His kinsman seem'd attracted by the theme,
 Exclaim'd forthwith, "I will the land redeem."
 But Boaz said, the business thus was plaun'd,
 "That at the instant he redeem'd the land,
 He must therewith a partner take for life,
 The Moabitess, Ruth, must be his wife,
 To raise the name of the deceas'd, said he,
 On his inher'tance"—this is the decree.
 On hearing this, the kinsman chang'd his note,
 This new proposal seem'd from him remote:
 "I can't redeem it, thus I may annoy,
 In fact my own inheritance destroy—
 Do thou redeem it for thyself, said he,
 For to redeem it I cannot be free."

With pleasure, doubtless, Boaz gain'd consent;
 His mind to gain her was indeed intent.
 The custom was in ancient days, we find,
 When bargains, sales, exchanges they would bind,
 By plucking from the foot in open sight,
 The shoe of him relinquishing his right.
 The kinsman that he publicly that day,
 His right of the redemption pass'd away,
 To his friend Boaz, he put off his shoe,
 (Or *suffer'd Ruth, some think, the thing to do)
 Then faithful Boaz to the elders said,
 And to the people who were present led,
 "I now have purchas'd of Naomi's hand
 Her once dear husband's and her children's land.
 Moreover, Ruth I've purchas'd for my wife,
 My bosom friend through future scenes of life—
 Let one and all to me attention pay,
 Ye are, indeed, my witnesses this day."
 Their voices echo'd then on ev'ry side,
 "We to the theme are witnesses" they cry'd.

They were not only witnesses, we find,
 But were well-wishers, with a hearty mind.
 "The Lord, said they, make this young spouse of thine
 Like Rachel, and like Leah, in their line;

Which two did all the house of Israel build,
Whereby the fertile, promis'd land was fill'd :
Mayst thou be known for worthy deeds around—
In Ephratah, and Bethlehem renown'd."

Thus Boaz, when he was advanc'd in life,
With joy of heart, took Ruth to be his wife ;
Spread over her his kind protecting wing,
Accomplish'd too, without a priest, or ring.
A son nam'd Obed in due time she bare—
Naomi took and nurs'd the child with care.
Father was he of Jesse, long well-known,
Grandsire of David, king on Israel's throne,
Of whom, according to the flesh, there came
Christ Jesus, Lord of everlasting fame ;
Who was appointed, as indeed we find,
To be the Saviour of the human kind.
Whose ransom would effectual be for all,
If they refus'd not to obey his call.
Behold ! he deign'd to come remotely through
Pharez, who sprung from a vile interview ;
Likewise through Ruth, the Moabitess dame,
That to him all—all sorts might lay a claim ;
Who to lost man his glorious light unfurl'd—
The Universal Saviour of the world.



HISTORY OF ELIJAH AND ELISHA.



In ancient days, as very well is known,
A king nam'd Ahab sat on Israel's throne :
'The time he reign'd was two and twenty years,
As by perusing sacred writ appears.
He did great evil in the Lord's pure sight—
He follow'd Baal, with supreme delight—
Provok'd the Lord, the God of Israel, more
'Than all their kings had ever done before.

As if to act was but a little thing,
Like Jeroboam, once in Israel king.
He took, 'tis said, one Jezebel to wife,
A woman of a most ungodly life,
The daughter of Ethba-al, then well known,
Zidonian king, and brought her to the throne.
And then he built (that he might reverence pay)
A house for Baal in Samaria.
An altar he to that dumb idol rear'd,
Poor lifeless Baal, as a god rever'd.
That he might pay devotions with parade,
This wicked prince a grove for idols made.
But these dire evils gave a great offence,
To Him, whose sway is with omnipotence.
The seer Elijah, by the Lord was sent,
(Elias call'd in the New Testament)
A judgment to denounce against the land.
The prophet came unto the monarch grand,
"As lives the God of Israel, he said,
Before whom I now stand with awful dread,
Whom I wait on, and am his servant true,
These years there shall be neither rain nor dew
Upon the land"—that is to say three years,
And six full months, as by the *text appears.

When this great prophet, who was true and bold,
His message to the wicked king had told,
To shun the famine which the drought would bring,
And the displeasure of the angry king,
The word of God came to the seer again,
With certain orders, not to there remain,
But travel eastward, and himself to hide,
By the brook Cherith, there must he abide,
And drink the water that was running good,
The ravens there would furnish him with food.

Elijah turn'd and took the eastern road,
And as directed, by the brook abode,
And lo! he there was by the ravens fed,
Each morn and night they brought him flesh and bread.

* Luke iv 25. James v. 17.

When he was thirsty, of the brook he drank,
And could alone his great supporter thank.

At length the brook that long had him suppli'd,
For want of rain upon the earth, was dried.
The word that can, in deep afflictions cheer,
Came to the humble and dependant seer.
"Go to the town *Zarephath, and remain,
I've told a widow there thee to sustain."
Commanded thus, he travel'd on with cheer,
And when he to the city gate drew near,
Behold, he there the lonely widow found,
Collecting fuel that was scatter'd round.
He call'd to her, "be pleas'd to fetch I pray,
Some water, that I may my thirst allay."
As she was going, he to speak was fain,
He call'd out to the female friend again,
Requesting her to bring a little bread
For him to eat—whereon the woman said,
"As sure as lives the ruling Lord, thy God,
(Who sorely lays upon this land his rod)
I have not now so much as one small cake
That I could for a human being break.
Of meal a handful yet remains for use,
Likewise some oil that's in a little cruse.
I'm gathering sticks, in my distress, said she,
That I may dress it for my son and me :
When we have eaten this our last supply,
My prospect is, for want of food, to die."
To speak again the humble seer was led,
Fear not at all, but do as thou hast said,
But make thereof a little cake for me,
And afterwards, make for thy son and thee.
Thus saith the Lord, they shall not waste by use,
Nor meal, nor oil, that is within the cruse,
Until the Lord shall favour us again,
And bless the earth with fertilizing rain.

The woman, though it seem'd to take her all,
Attended to the holy prophet's call ;

* Called Sarepta, Luke iv. 2.

Her heart was urg'd his wishes to pursue,
Though he was not a person that she knew.
So he consistent with the Lord's command,
Went in and with the widow made a stand.
He and her family, in the famine sore,
Did many days eat of this little store;
The meal held out, a plenty for their use,
Also the oil continu'd in the cruse,
Sustaining them throughout the famine drear,
As was foretold by this angelic seer.

Altho' the widow and her little son,
For deeds she to the man of God had done,
Were sav'd alive, by providential care;
Yet while the prophet had his dwelling there,
Her son fell sick—his illness was so sore,
That there was breath found in the child no more.

The mother when she found her son was dead,
Most deeply mourn'd, and to Elijah said,
"What have I done, O man of God, to thee?
That thou art come a terror here to me?
To call my sin to memory this day,
And my delight—my only son to slay?"

The prophet answer'd, with a serious look,
"Give me thy son"—him from her bosom took,
And went aloft, and laid him on his bed,
With fervour great cry'd to the Lord and said,
"O Lord, hast thou thy hand for evil turn'd
Upon the widow where I have sojourn'd?
And her into this deep affliction run,
By stripping her of her beloved son?"
To stretch himself upon the child was led,
Three times, and crying to the Lord, he said,
"O Lord my God, to thee I humbly pray,
Let this child's soul return to him to-day."
Most graciously the Lord was pleas'd to hear,
His servant's voice, the humble, fervent seer.
Then he who rules and over all must reign,
Caus'd that child's soul to come to him again.

As soon as this great miracle was wrought,
Elijah took the living child, and brought

Him from the chamber, his retir'd abode,
And him upon the mourning fair bestow'd :
"Thy child is living," said the prophet fam'd,
At which the mother joyfully exclaim'd,
"By this I know thou art a man of God,
(Who hast the path of ancient wisdom trod)
And that the word of Him, the sov'reign Lord,
Put in thy mouth, doth with the truth accord."

When the appointed time was near at hand,
The end of this great famine on the land,
The word of Him, by whom the seer was led,
Came to him, in his humble state, and said,
"To Ahab go, and show thyself again,
I'll then supply the thirsty earth with rain."
Elijah with a most obedient mind,
Went on his journey, Israel's king to find.
Appris'd of this, the king, without delay,
Went forth to meet Elijah on the way.
With this rough greeting fell upon the seer,
"Ah! is the man that troubled Israel here?"
The prophet, who had no smooth tales to tell,
Said, "no, I have not troubled Israel,
Thou, and thy fathers have perplex'd the land,
For ye have not regarded God's command,
But Baalim serv'd, (dumb idols made your choice)
Now therefore pay attention to my voice,
That it may be who troubles Israel known,
I, or the king who sits upon the throne.
Send forth to all the people in the land,
To meet me at Mount Carmel, give command.
All Baal's prophets must assemble then,
Which are four hundred and quite fifty men.
Four hundred also, of the groves, who feed
At Jazebel's own table, well agreed."

The king then summon'd Israel, with care,
And all the prophets of the idol there :
A multitude unto Mount Carmel sped,
And when arriv'd, Elijah to them said,
"How long will ye a disposition find,
To halt between two sentiments of mind?"

If, on the trial, it shall plain appear,
The Lord is God, then follow him with fear ;
If Baal be the only god that's true,
Let him be serv'd and reverenc'd by you."
Tho' some might almost think the seer absurd,
The doubting people answer'd not a word.

Then said Elijah, " I, e'en I alone,
Remain a prophet of the Lord, that's known ;
But Baal's prophets in the land abound,
Four hundred and full fifty men are found.
(And prophets of the groves four hundred men,
These might perhaps have not arriv'd there then,)
For the deciding of the long debate,
Let all attend to what I now shall state.
Let there, said he, be two young bullocks found,
Let them choose one, when they are on the ground ;
Which cut to pieces, lay it then on wood,
Put no fire under—this is understood,
And I will then the other one prepare,
Lay it on wood, and let no fire be there.
(To Baal's prophets turning) then, said he,
Upon the name of all your gods call ye ;
And I upon the Lord's great name will call,
In open view, and hearing of you all :
And lo ! the God that answereth by fire,
Let him be God"—and him be serv'd entire.

This proposition was so well apply'd,
" It is well spoken all the people cry'd."
" Come now, to Baal's prophets, said the seer,
Your number's great, commence the work with cheer ;
One of the bullocks for yourselves choose ye,
(The other one will then remain for me)
Let it be dress'd, but use no fire at all,
Then on your gods in supplication call."

The prophets, by this open challenge led,
Then dress'd their bullock, as Elijah said ;
And with great fervour, call'd on Baal's name—
From morn till noon their labour was the same ;
" O Baal, hear us !" eagerly they pray'd—
There was no voice nor any answer made ;

They nimbly then, in a desponding strain,
Leap'd on and round the altar, in their pain.

When Baal's prophets till mid-day had toil'd,
And found themselves, to their confusion, foil'd,
Elijah then, not in a spirit vain,
But with true zeal, and in a holy strain—
Against their wild idolatry sincere,
And their dumb idol openly to jeer,
And to expose these prophets to the crowd,
He mock'd them boldly, bid them "cry aloud,
Baal's a god, this is by all agreed,
He may be talking, therefore cannot heed—
Or on pursuit, an enemy to find—
Or on a journey that he cannot mind :
Or otherwise, he may be fast asleep,
And his repose, since his fatigue so deep,
That he, by calling earnestly indeed,
Must be awaken'd, so that he can heed."

Convinc'd or not that he derision made,
They with unceasing clamour cry'd and pray'd.
And when they found their crying nought avail'd,
That all their ardor and exertion fail'd,
They cut themselves, in their excessive strains,
Until the blood flow'd freely from their veins.
The heathen thus express'd their sorrow great,
Which * God forbade the Jews to imitate.

They thus went on, with grief confus'd, and sad,
And prophesied till they were almost mad ;
Extreme from mid-day was their anxious cries,
Until the time of evening sacrifice :
There was no voice nor answer to their call,
Nor any one that heeded them at all.

The prophet call'd the great assembly near,
They paid attention to his word, with cheer.
Then was, at this most holy prophets' word,
Repair'd the broken altar of the Lord.
He then proceeded, and procur'd twelve stones,
The number of the tribes of Jacob's sons :

* Levit. xix. 28. Deut. xiv. 1.

He, unto whom the word of God once came,
That said, henceforth shall Israel be thy name.
With these twelve stones he there an altar rear'd,
In that great name the holy ancients fear'd;
And round the altar a fair trench he made,
The wood thereon, he in good order laid.
The bullock then was into pieces cut,
And round about upon the wood was put.
He then had water pour'd before their eyes,
Four barrels full upon the sacrifice;
A second time, and third did this repeat,
It ran and wet the altar o'er complete.
Twelve barrels made the water so abound,
It fill'd the trench that they had dug around.
The purpose, doubtless, of the water here,
Was to display the miracle more clear;
From all deception evidently free,
When ev'ry person in the host should see
The fire break forth, and in the water flame,
Contrary to the nature of the same.

All things prepar'd complete before their eyes,
About the time of evening sacrifice,
To draw more near Elijah then was led,
Address'd himself in pray'r to God, and said,
"O Lord, the God (who dost in glory dwell)
Of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel;
Let it this day, by all, be fully known,
That thou art God, who reigns upon the throne—
That I, thy lonely servant, in the land,
Have done these things at thy divine command.
Hear me, O Lord, from thy supreme abode,
And let the people know that thou art God;
And that the heart of ev'ry one may be,
Turn'd from their idols to delight in thee."

No sooner had this man of God above,
In strength of faith, in fervency and love,
His supplication offer'd to the Lord,
But wonderful! at the effecting word,
The fire from heav'n, that caus'd a great surprise,
Fell and consum'd the wood and sacrifice;

Absorb'd the water in the trench around,
 The very stones could not again be found.
 At sight thereof the great assembly near,
 Fell on their faces in most awful fear;
 Ador'd the king, who is Jehovah nam'd,
 And in a true acknowledgement exclaim'd,
 "The Lord is God," (revere him Jacob's seed)
 "The Lord is God of majesty indeed."

Elijah had a watchful eye, we find,
 O'er these false prophets, now to flight inclin'd;
 He thought it best to use the very hour,
 While in his hands he had the royal pow'r,
 The people of the promis'd land to ease
 Of such a band of wicked cheats as these.
 He call'd the people to attention lend,
 And Baal's prophets then to apprehend;
 Let there, said he, escape from you not one.
 This soon was by the ready people done;
 To Kishon's brook he took the wicked train,
 And there Elijah caus'd them to be slain.

This execution, tho' it now may seem,
 An action of severity extreme;
 Was yet pursuant to the *law of God,
 That laid upon idolaters the rod;
 Adapted to that legal dispensation;
 It also had a typical relation,
 In pointing out how all the evil train
 Of the soul's foes should inwardly be slain.

The king was then instructed by the seer,
 "Rise up, said he, and eat and drink with cheer:
 Do not in view of future want abstain,
 For there's a sound of an abundant rain."

While Ahab sought, at his repast, content,
 Elijah to the top of Carmel went;
 Awhile he humbly sat upon the ground,
 Alone in stillness, awful and profound.
 Then bid his servant, who to him was true,
 Toward the sea to take a steady view.

* Deut. chap. xiii.

The servant went, and look'd awhile, with care,
Returning, answer'd, "he saw nothing there."
Seven times the seer to bid him go was led;
He went, and at the seventh time he said,
"Behold, a cloud ariseth from the sea,
Like a man's hand it now appears to be."
The prophet bid him go without delay,
Direct to Ahab—to the monarch say,
"Prepare thy chariot, now the time to gain,
That thou be not prevented by the rain."
The king perceiv'd the sun obscur'd that shone,
The heavens dark, with gloomy clouds were grown.
Rode in his chariot to Jezreel with speed;
And lo! the rain was very great indeed.
The Lord's strong hand, his all-enliv'ning pow'r,
Upon Elijah was so great that hour,
He girded up his garment, thereby freed
Himself from being hinder'd in his speed,
And ran before the chariot on the way,
Unto the entrance of Jezreel that day.

The king related to his wife, the queen,
The wondrous things that he had lately seen,
And that Elijah he could not restrain,
Had all the prophets overpower'd and slain.

The queen's displeasure then was very great,
At the dread news—at Baal's prophets fate.
Her indignation rose against the sage;
She sent to him this message in her rage:
"So let the gods (I honour and adore)
In their resentment do to me, and more,
If I make not thy life for theirs to pay,
Before to-morrow, by this time of day."
Elijah knew, by what he long had seen,
The dire, vindictive nature of the queen;
The great influence she had with the king,
Her projects to reality to bring;
And having done, in his great master's name,
The work for which he to the monarch came—
He thought it best to take a prudent care,
And for the safety of himself prepare.

He took this threat, from one of Zion's foes,
A providential warning, and arose,
Went for his life, and came without delay,
Unto a city, then call'd Beersheba :
A place within the bounds of Judah's land;
And where king Ahab never had command..
There left his servant, and in spirit mild,
Went one day's journey in the lonely wild.
He sat down there, with deep affliction weigh'd ;
A juniper afforded him a shade.
He then to heaven rais'd his fervent cry,
Requested humbly that he there might die.
" It is enough now, O said he, my Lord,
To take my life be pleas'd to give the word,
For I'm not better than my fathers were,"
That I should longer breathe the vital air.
While thus beneath the juniper he lay,
His spirit sunk, almost to deep dismay ;
His mind oppress'd with trials great and deep—
His body wearied, there he fell asleep.
An angel found him in his lone retreat,
Touch'd him and said, Elijah, rise and eat.
He then awoke, had reason to admire,
He saw a cake bak'd on the coals of fire ;
And at his head stood water in a cruse,
In his affliction, all prepar'd for use.
He ate and drank of this mirac'lous store,
And laid him down upon the ground once more.
Ere long the angel did his call repeat,
Touch'd him again, and said, " arise and eat,
Because the journey is so great, therefore,
'Tis needful for thee to partake of more."
So he arose, and ate and drank again—
Did not partake of this supply in vain ;
He in the strength of that repast was led,
Full forty days, and forty nights, 'tis said,
Until he came where Moses meekly trod,
To far-fam'd Horeb, call'd the Mount of God.
At Horeb he, for want of better fare,
Enter'd a cave, and took his lodging there.

And lo ! there came to him the awful word
Of Him who is the over-ruling Lord :
“ What dost thou here Elijah ? ” to him said—
To make this answer he was humbly led.
“ I have imbib’d a very jealous love
To the Lord God of Hosts, who reigns above.
The Israelites have widely gone astray—
Have turn’d from thy sure covenant away—
Thrown down thine altars, and erected new—
Forsook thy worship that is pure and true—
Thy humble prophets with the sword have slain,
And only I, a lonely one, remain—
A prophet who would thy commands obey ;
And lo ! they seek to take my life away.”
The Lord then to Elijah gave command,
“ Go forth, before me on the mountain stand.”
This he obey’d—the Lord pass’d by and sent
A mighty whirlwind that the mountains rent :
The pond’rous rocks, like dust to pieces flew ;
The Lord appear’d not in the wind that blew.
An earthquake follow’d, with its awful sound—
The Lord was not in this great earthquake found.
And after this there was a fiery flame,
But lo ! the Lord appear’d not in the same.
These awful emblems bow’d his heart with fear ;
Serv’d for instruction to the humble seer,
To show that God is able, with his woes,
By his strong pow’r to overturn his foes,
If thus to act had been the sov’reign choice.
After the fire there was a still small voice ;
The seer then rising from his lonely place,
He took his mantle, and enwrapt his face,
And standing at the entrance of the cave,
An awful and a deep attention gave.
He heard a voice distinct, though still and small,
“ What dost thou here Elijah ? ” said the call.
“ Lo ! I have very jealous been, said he,
For the Lord, God of Hosts ; the Deity.
Since Israel will not in the truth abide,
They have thy glorious covenant deni’d ;

Thrown down thine altars, and thy prophets slain ;
I, even, I, a lonely one remain.

They, in their blindness, cruelty and strife,
Are seeking me, to take away my life."

The Lord then gave direction to the seer,
That he his course must for Damascus steer ;
When thou com'st thither, do what I appoint,
Hazeel king o'er Syria anoint.

And Jehu also, to the kingdom bring,
Anoint him over Israel for king.

And young Elisha, who's of Shaphat's race,
Anoint for prophet, to supply thy place.

Though 'tis thy view that thou art quite alone,
Seven thousand are in Israel unknown,
Whose knees have never yet to Baal bow'd ;
Whose mouths have never kiss'd him with the crowd.

Elijah then proceeded, homeward bound,
And on his way the young Elisha found,
Where he to plowing in the field was gone,
His plough was by twelve yoke of oxen drawn :
And as Elijah near Elisha pass'd,
Behold ! his mantle he upon him cast.

Elisha then (to whom was clearly shown
The meaning of the mantle on him thrown)
To quit his work immediately was led ;
He forward ran, and to Elijah said,
Permit me now to kiss my parents dear,
Take leave of my relations who are near.
So he return'd on this short interview ;
A yoke of his own working oxen slew ;
He boil'd their flesh, and then bestow'd the meat
Upon the people of the place to eat ;
Then follow'd and o'ertook the seer of fame,
Elijah's faithful servant he became.

While Ahab over Israel bore the sway,
He saw a vineyard that in Jezreel lay,
Hard by the monarch's royal palace there—
To be the owner was his anxious care.
He spoke to Naboth, a good Jezreelite,
Who held the vineyard as his proper right.

"Thy vineyard for a garden I will buy,
Because it is unto my palace nigh;
I'll give for it a better one this day,
Or, if thy choice, the money I will pay."

This proposition might not seem unfair,
Had it not been for circumstances there.
The law divine had such a sale debarr'd,
Which this vile king would not at all regard.
But Naboth had a conscientious mind;
To break the law of Moses not inclin'd;
That which forbade the Israelites to sell
The lands to them that in rich Canaan fell.
He, after some reflection on the thing,
Return'd this answer to the anxious king:
"The Lord forbid that I should give, said he,
My father's fair inheritance to thee."

The king then to his royal palace went,
Dejected deeply, and in discontent;
Since Naboth's choice was not to sell, when press'd.
The heritage his fathers long possess'd.
He in a stupid, sullen fit was led,
Reclin'd himself upon the royal bed—
From all the princes turn'd his face away—
Would neither eat, nor yet attention pay.
This soon was known by Jezebel, his wife,
The curse and ruin of this monarch's life.
She came and ask'd him, in his sad retreat,
What ail'd him, that he would not move or eat?
He then related to her all that pass'd
With him and Naboth, from the first to last.
The wicked woman, in her boundless pride,
Exclaim'd, "dost thou o'er Israel's realm preside?
To be a monarch is a shameful thing,
Without the sense, and majesty of king.
To take away his gloominess and pain,
And make him cheerful, fit to rule again.
She gave him counsel to arise and eat—
To let his heart be merry, in his seat:
Assuring him, if he would her obey,
That she to him the vineyard would convey.

Then writing letters in the monarch's name,
 She with the royal signet seal'd the same.
 These to the elders and the nobles sent,
 By some who post-haste with the orders went
 Unto the city where good Naboth dwelt :
 For whom, almost, a human heart would melt.
 Her order was, "proclaim a fast, and then
 Set Naboth up, on high, among the men :
 Let two appear, who sons of Belial are,
 Let them against him testimony bear,
 That he was guilty of a wicked thing,
 That he blasphem'd the holy God and king."
 Here we this woman may with wonder view,
 The devil's servant—to her master true :
 An idol server, from a pagan's land,
 Could make the law, the firm divine command,
 That *all blasphemers should be ston'd and die,
 A hypocritical pretence, whereby
 Good Naboth must be to the trial led,
 And have his blood, in innocency shed !
 No wonder men, if after times, could tell,
 Proverbially, of wicked Jezebel.

On the receipt of these directions there,
 It was the elders, and the nobles care,
 Forthwith to act pursuant to the same,
 Which they suppos'd straight from the monarch came.
 So they, as order'd by the woman nam'd,
 A fast among the Jezreelites proclaim'd ;
 Which was, 'tis said, the usual method there,
 For the judicial trials to prepare.
 But this was one for mischief and distress :
 "A †fast to smite with fists of wickedness."
 So they took Naboth, as the woman taught,
 And he, forthwith, was to the trial brought :
 They set him high, as order'd by the queen,
 That he might be by all the people seen.
 Then came two men of Belial's wicked race,
 And brazen, sat where they could view his face :

* Levit. xxiv. 16

† Isaiah lviii. 4.

Accus'd him of a dreadful wicked thing,
"That he blasphem'd the holy God; and king."
Poor Naboth then was from the city led,
In innocence, and ston'd till he was dead.

When Jezebel heard Naboth was no more,
To rouse the king from his affliction sore,
She said, "arise, possess thy great delight,
Old Naboth's vineyard, the vain Jezreelite,
Which he, most vainly has refus'd to sell,
He now is dead, and all is ending well."
King Ahab then, who wore the royal crown,
To Naboth's vineyard went directly down,
To take possession of the same, on sight,
For Naboth's treason now the monarch's right.
While he was there, surveying of the same,
The word divine unto Elijah came,
(Who boldly had return'd from his retreat)
Said, "rise, go forth, the king of Israel meet;
To Naboth's vineyard he is now gone down,
To seize the same, as fallen to the crown:
And thou shalt boldly tell him all my word,
To him, though monarch, say, thus saith the Lord,
Ah! hast thou kill'd and took possession too?
Therefore what God to thee hath spoken view;
Where dogs upon the blood of Naboth fed,
Shall they lick thy blood, even thine, when dead."

When this true prophet, who was plain and bold,
Had thus much of his awful message told,
Ahab began to interrupt him, said,
"Hast thou found me, O enemy" I dread?
He then survey'd the prophet with a sneer;
"Yes, I have found thee," said th' inspired seer,
"For thou hast sold thyself, to take delight,
In working evil in the Lord's pure sight,"
Then to go on with the decree was led,
He, in the name of the Almighty said;
"Behold, great evil I will bring on thee,
I'll take away all thy posterity—
I'll make thy house, ere I with thee have done,
Like Jeroboam's, who was Nebat's son;

Like Baasha's too, who fill'd the royal seat,
 (These fam'lies both had been destroy'd complete)
 For thy offences, early and of late,
 Which have provok'd me unto anger great;
 Thyself in breaking my most holy law,
 And striving Israel into sin to draw :
 Him that of Ahab dieth in the street,
 Or in the city, lo ! the dogs shall eat ;
 And him that dieth in the field that day,
 Shall there be eaten by the birds of prey."

There is no cause for any wonder here,
 Why God denounc'd a sentence so severe.
 Like Ahab there was none in sin so bold,
 Who to work wickedness himself had sold :
 His predecessors he outstript in sin,
 And Jezebel encourag'd him therein :
 Therefore she also had her doom to take,
 Of her the Lord, in dreadful judgment spake :
 "By Jezreel's wall (as history long shall tell)
 The dogs shall eat the flesh of Jezebel."

Bad as was Ahab, yet he could not hear
 This sentence pass'd upon him, by the seer,
 Without a stroke, much like a piercing dart ;
 He show'd the signs of penitence of heart ;
 He rent his clothes, and put on grief's array ;
 He fasted too, and down in sackcloth lay :
 When he arose, he softly went in grief,
 Like one in mourning, hopeless of relief.

Nor was king Ahab's penitential cry,
 Rejected wholly, by the Lord on high ;
 To notice it he graciously was led ;
 And to Elijah, his true prophet, said,
 "Dost thou see Ahab, in his heart contrite ?
 Because he is so humble in my sight,
 In his own days I'll not the evil bring ;
 I'll grant a respite unto Israel's king :
 In his son's days, who fain would fill his place,
 I'll bring the evil on his sinful race."
 Thus, as the monarch for a little time,
 Was humbly bow'd, before the king sublime ;

So he some respite, also, had of God,
A little while he laid aside the rod.

It may not here at all unlikely be,
This show of deep, unfeign'd humility,
Might an inducement be to vainly bring
Jehoshaphat, then Judah's pious king,
Into a league with Ahab, for we find,
Soon after this affinity they join'd ;
He took the monarch, Ahab's daughter fair,
For his own son, who to the crown was heir.
This wretched league drew him some after day,
To visit Ahab, at Samaria.

The king receiv'd him with a great parade,
For him a royal entertainment made ;
Oxen and sheep were in abundance slain,
For this great king Jehoshaphat and train.

Ahab was willing to improve this chance,
That he his strength and interest might advance.
To go, he did Jehoshaphat invite,
With him to Ramoth-Gilead to fight :
A city that to Israel once belong'd,
From which they had been by the Syrians wrong'd.
As soon as Ahab thus propos'd the deed,
Jehoshaphat too hastily agreed :

"I am as thou art, said the king benign,
My people and my horses are as thine ;
With all my force I will with thee unite
In this engagement, that is just and right."

But recollecting—an essential weigh'd ;
This proposition to the king he made :

"Now make enquiry of the Lord, I pray,
To know if we shall have success, or nay."

Ahab his prophets call'd together then,
Who were indeed about four hundred men ;
Most likely prophets of the groves, who fed
At Jezebel's sown table, as was said ;
And who escap'd the trial and the pain,
Of being with dumb Baal's prophets slain.
He put to them the question, " shall I go
To Ramoth-Gilead, there to fight, or no ?"

They, with one mind, and with one voice agreed,
"Go up, for thou shalt certainly succeed;
The Lord hath it deliver'd to thy hand,
Thou shalt return triumphant to thy land."

Jehoshaphat could not as yet accord
"Is there not here a prophet of the Lord
Besides, said he, that we might now enquire,
If best to go, or from the scheme retire?"

"Yes, said the king, I recollect of one,
By name Micaiah, who is Imlah's son;
But him I hate with deep contempt, for he
Foretells no good, but always ill of me."

Jehoshaphat to answer him was led,
"Let not this be by Israel's monarch said."
Tho' he may have no pleasant tales to tell;
To hate the prophet is not doing well.
Then was an herald order'd by the king,
In haste Micaiah, Imlah's son to bring.

Then these two monarchs, in their splendour shone,
Sat each of them superbly on his throne;
Their glory by Samaria's gate display'd,
Where they were in their royal robes array'd.

Before them all the prophets prophesy'd,
With hearts united and one voice they cry'd,

"Go up to Ramoth, with thy mighty band,
The Lord will give the city to thy hand."

And one of them, their notions to impress,
And show how they the Syrians would distress,
A pair of horns, forthwith of iron made;

With these he walk'd and flourish'd with parade,

"Cry'd, thou, saith God, with horns of anguish sore,
Shalt crush the Syrians till they are no more."

While these false prophets told such pleasing things,
To animate the two united kings,

The herald that to fetch Micaiah went,

Desirous seem'd all discord to prevent;

Told him how all the prophets prophesy'd,

That with one voice they good success had cry'd,

And wish'd that he might in the current run,

And speak as the king's prophets all had done.

Micaiah govern'd by a better guide,
To this instructor readily reply'd :
" As lives the Lord (to whom I humbly seek)
What God dictates, that I will surely speak."
Before these monarchs was the prophet led,
And then king Ahab to Micaiah said,
" Shall we to Ramoth-Gilead repair,
To fight the Syrians, or shall we forbear?"
He at the first, in great contempt, we find,
Of Ahab's prophets, who were false and blind,
In irony seem'd with the stream to run,
And spoke as the king's prophets all had done :
" Go up and prosper in the war, said he,
Into your hand shall they deliver'd be."
This he pronounc'd to him with such an air,
That Ahab saw he mock'd the prophets there.
The king exclaim'd, " how can I this endure,
How many times, say, shall I thee adjure,
That thou tell nothing but the truth to me,
In his great name who's from eternity?"

Then said Micaiah, " hear the truth this day,
And take good notice what I now shall say ;
I saw all Israel scatter'd wide, like sheep
That had no shepherd them to feed or keep.
These have no master now, said Israel's God.
Let each return in peace to his abode."
This was indeed a simile complete
Of Ahab's death, and Israel's defeat.
So Ahab doubtless understood it clear,
For interrupting the good prophet here,
He turn'd to king Jehoshaphat, and said.
" Did I not tell thee how he would be led,
That he of me would prophesy no good,
But only evil?" this I understood.
This interruption daunted not the seer,
" The word, said he, of the Almighty hear.
I saw the Lord when sitting on the throne,
And heav'nly host around him where he shone."
The Lord then said, " who shall the king entice ;
The king of Israel (whose delight is vice)

That he may go up in a spirit vain,
To Ramoth-Gilead and may there be slain?"
One of the council this way gave his mind,
Another spoke as he was most inclin'd.

The prophet thus to give the subject stress;
The hearers minds to sensibly impress,
Now chose this heav'nly vision to relate,
Like consultations in the church or state.
A spirit came and stood before the Lord,
"I will entice king Ahab," was the word.
The Lord, who could not Ahab's sins endure,
Ask'd by what means he would the king allure?
"A lying spirit I will go, said he,
Thus in the mouth of all his prophets be."
Then said the Lord, "go forth and do not fail,
Thou shalt entice him and indeed prevail."
"Behold there hath a lying spirit's word,
Into their mouth been order'd by the Lord:
Deluded thus, thy prophets falsehood spake,
And evil surely thee will overtake."

This should not strange indeed appear when true,
Nor be offensive, reader, in thy view;
That He who is and was omnipotent,
Should here be stated to have put or sent,
A lying spirit in the mouth or mind,
Of these vile prophets, who were false and blind:
'Tis his prerogative, without dispute—
His sovereignty indeed is absolute.
He instruments may use of ev'ry kind,
That he may choose to execute his mind;
Advance his honour, circulate his woes,
Correct his children, or destroy his foes.

This saying of Micaiah, that the Lord
Had put in them a lying spirit's word,
Enrag'd these prophets, like a flame of fire,
That one of them, whose name was Zedekiah,
He who paraded with his horns, so grand,
And was most likely leader of the band,
In fury rose that he might vengeance seek,
And smote the godly prophet on the cheek.

Tell me, said he, which way the spirit went,
When it from me to speak to thee was sent?
That, said the seer, thou shalt discern that day,
When thou alarm'd shalt run and hide away.

By this time Ahab thought he had enough,
Of what he view'd Micaiah silly stuff,
He order'd one to take the seer away,
And to the ruler of the city say,
"Thus saith the king, this idle fellow take,
Who evil boldly of his monarch spake,
Put him in prison, let him be with bread,
And with the water of affliction fed,
Until the war with Syria shall cease,
And to my palace I return in peace."

Nay, to the king, reply'd the godly seer,
"If thou return in peace and triumph here,
The Lord by me hath never spoke at all;
To mark my words, I on the people call."

Jehoshaphat, altho' he heard the word,
And knew this was a prophet of the Lord,
Yet he, perhaps by Jezebel's intrigue,
Was link'd so by affinity and league,
'That he went up, eclips'd in mental sight,
Forthwith to Ramoth-Gilead to fight.

The prophecy to frustrate much inclin'd,
Ahab propos'd before the battle join'd,
A project that he apprehended wise,
To go himself to battle in disguise.
But Judah's king should go in more parade,
'That he should fight in royal robes array'd.
So Ahab follow'd his propos'd intent,
Disguis'd himself, and to the battle went.
Benhadad king, who rul'd the Syrian's land,
Gave to the captains of his host command,
'To single out king Ahab, in the fight,
And cut him off, with their united might.
This conduct was in Syria's monarch rude,
Completely mark'd with deep ingratitude;
A vile return and dire ill usage for
King Ahab's mercy, in a former war,

Who gave him life and freedom in an hour,
When he was most completely in his pow'r.

These rival kings, to victory inclin'd,
The battle then, with mighty shouting join'd.
The Syrian captains (though a cruel thing)
Sought only for the Israelitish king.
Jehoshaphat was singled out—they thought,
That they had found the enemy they sought.
He was forthwith beset on ev'ry side,
In his alarm, for help, he loudly cry'd.
The Lord look'd down, in his compassion great,
And succour'd him in this alarming strait,
So that a sense the furious warriors gain'd,
That 'twas not him who over Israel reign'd.
This they discern'd when his distress was sore,
And turn'd about and follow'd him no more.

Jehoshaphat here just escap'd a fall,
But Ahab's guise secur'd him not at all :
A warrior there, a distant shot to try,
Then drew a bow, and let an arrow fly.
He hit and wounded Ahab very sore,
Between the joints of armour that he wore.
Alarm'd at finding of the wound severe,
He call'd in anguish to his charioteer ;
" I'm wounded sore, cannot my weapon wield,
Let me forthwith be taken from the field."

Yet as that day the battle hotter grew,
They, in his chariot, held him up to view,
That so the soldiers might not know his state,
Nor be discourag'd at their monarch's fate.
Thus ended Ahab—his vile race was run,
He died about the setting of the sun.
That day's great struggle ended in defeat,
Through Israel's host was sounded a retreat,
And proclamation through the army made,
(Which was by all, without delay obey'd)
That ev'ry person there of Israel's race,
Should then escape to his own dwelling place.

Their fallen king they forthwith brought away,
And hasted with him to Samaria.

He, in his glory, in his royal bloom,
With shame descended to the lonely tomb.
While he was held up on the battle ground
The blood flow'd freely from his mortal wound,
Both in his armour and his chariot too,
To a degree most sorrowful to view.
His chariot and his armour was, one day,
Wash'd in the pool that's in Samaria :
While at the washing place the chariot stood,
Behold ! the dogs lick'd up the royal blood,
According to the plain predicting word,
Spoke by the holy prophet of the Lord.
Though he who was o'er Judah's kingdom crown'd,
The field of war escap'd without a wound ;
Yet he was not by any means so grand,
As to come off without a reprimand,
For having listen'd to a vile intrigue,
Join'd Ahab in affinity and league.
When he return'd, was to the city near,
Jehu, the son of Hanani the seer,
Went out, the king Jehoshaphat to meet,
And him did boldly, with this message greet :
" Should'st thou with an ungodly one accord,
And grant thy aid to those who hate the Lord ?
Since this cannot without transgression be,
Lo ! wrath has fallen from the Lord on thee."
But added soon that he who wore the crown,
Might not be too much, in his mind cast down,
" Yet some good things in thee are surely found,
Thou hast destroy'd the groves within thy bound :
Thou hast delight in those who virtue love ;
Prepar'd thine heart to seek the Lord above."
This mild reproof, this tender, gentle sting,
A good effect had doubtless on the king ;
For after he at home had made some stay,
He from Jerusalem took his route away,
From Beersheba unto Mount Ephraim went ;
'That is, throughout his kingdom's whole extent,
And in his circuit he the people taught,
Them back to their forefather's God he brought.

And he appointed judges in the land,
And gave them this most requisite command,
"What ye determine see that you well scan,
For ye, indeed, judge not alone for man,
But for the Lord, the mighty one who's true,
Who in the judgment is in truth with you;
Respect of persons is not with the Lord,
Nor taking gifts"—partiality's reward.
Also the king for truth, and not parade,
A reformation in Jerusalem made,
Set priests and Levites who were most renown'd,
And fathers who in Israel were found,
That judgment sound might of the Lord be gain'd
In things that to his worship appertain'd.
And civil matters, when there were debates,
Among the judges of the different states:
That they might come, in cases great and nice,
Unto the royal city for advice.
To these the monarch gave a charge, sincere,
To act in wisdom, and in heavenly fear
That they should not from precious truth depart,
But each be faithful, with a perfect heart.
When he some time in teaching them had spent,
He ended with this short encouragement:
"With courage deal, and nought shall you surprise,
The Lord will be with all the good and wise."

Ere long, an army of the Moabites,
United with the vicious Ammonites,
With their confed'rates, a surprising band,
Came forth to fight against the promis'd land.
The king had news, that there, of late, was view'd;
A very great and mighty multitude,
In arms, advancing from beyond the sea,
They in Engedi then were said to be.
The sudden news of such an army near,
Spread an alarm, and put the king in fear.
In his own strength, not having confidence,
His heart was bow'd before omnipotence.
Jehoshaphat, a solemn fast proclaim'd,
Throughout his kingdom, that was Judah nam'd,

The people gather'd, with affliction weigh'd,
To seek the Lord, Almighty God for aid ;
From all the cities to Jerusalem came,
To bow before the everlasting name.

Jeboshaphat, the monarch great and good,
In Judah's humble congregation stood,
Assembled in the temple there well known,
In rev'rence thus address'd the holy throne :
" O Lord, the God our fathers bow'd before,
The mighty God who reigns the heavens o'er !
Dost thou not rule the heathen kingdoms grand,
That human force cannot thy pow'r withstand ?
And art not thou our everlasting friend,
Who in days past did gracious succour lend,
And drove out those who on this soil abode,
The land upon the Israelites bestow'd ?
Thou gavest it for ever to the seed
Of faithful Abram, true to thee indeed.
Long have they had their dwelling in the same,
And built a temple to thy holy name ;
And said, if evil come for our offence,
A judgment, famine, sword or pestilence,
And in this temple, we are bow'd indeed,
Where thy great name is call'd upon, in need,
And to thee in our deep affliction cry,
Then thou wilt grant protection from on high.
Behold ! a mighty army in parade,
From lands thou let not Israel invade,
When long ago they came from Egypt's land,
But turn'd aside from them at thy command.
Behold ! how they reward us ill this day,
For they are come to make of us a prey—
To cast us from the peaceable abode,
Which thou upon thy people hast bestow'd.
O, mighty God, wilt thou not judge them right,
For, of ourselves, we surely have no might,
Against this great and potent multitude,
That comes against us, with ingratitude :
And what to do, is by ourselves unknown,
But to rely upon thy arm alone."

Thus spake the monarch, in the people's name,
All Judah stood, united with the same,
Before the Lord, with hearts sincere and true,
They and their wives, and little children too.

Behold! the spirit of the Lord then came
On one of them, Jahaziel by name :
He by the pure, unerring spirit led,
Arose and in the congregation said,
"I have a message, Judah hearken ye,
And people of Jerusalem to me ;
And thou their king, thus saith the Lord to you,
Be not at all affrighted at the view
Of this great host, from distant king's abodes,
For lo ! the battle is not yours, but God's.
Behold his grace ! you need not fight at all,
Without a stroke they will before you fall.
Be still and quiet, is to you the word,
And see the great salvation of the Lord.
O men of Judah and Jerusalem hear,
To-morrow go against that host with cheer :
Be not dismay'd, but peacefully proceed ;
For lo ! the Lord will fight for you indeed."

On this most gracious answer from on high,
To the good king, and ardent people's cry,
Jehoshaphat, in reverence profound,
Most humbly bow'd his head toward the ground.
The people too, as with one bended knee,
Ador'd the Lord, in deep humility.
Some Levites there, their voices loudly rais'd,
And Him who is the great Jehovah prais'd.

Next morning, free from anguish or distress,
They march'd toward Tekoa's wilderness.
As they went forth, with confidence that day,
Jehoshaphat was standing in the way :
"To me O Judah lend, said he, an ear,
And now ye people of Jerus'lem hear :
Be true believers in your God, and ye
In your own land shall well established be ;
And with your hearts believe his prophets true,
So shall there be prosperity for you."

They held a council, and with one accord,
Appointed singers to the gracious Lord,
Who should, beneath this fair inscription, bless
The Lord, in beauty of true holiness.
And when the army, in complete array,
Should forward go, that these might lead and say,
"Praise ye the Lord, who rules the kingdoms o'er,
His mercy great endures for evermore."
Although this mode triumphing seem'd to be
Before they gain'd the joyful victory ;
Yet it was not (as well they understood)
Without a basis that was firm and good ;
They on God's word spoke by the seer relied,
And soon they saw the promise verified :
For as they on the march began to raise,
Their voices in sweet melody and praise,
The Lord prepar'd ambushments (strange to tell)
So that their foes on one another fell :
The Ammonites and Moabites severe,
Fell on the army from the mount of Seir ;
When these were slain, they on each other flew,
And every soldier thrust his fellow through.
That day this great and mighty army fell,
The carnage there was wonderful to tell.

When Judah's army with their monarch good,
Came near the wild where the watch-tower stood,
Look'd for the armies of their foes ahead,
Lo ! they were fallen to the ground, and dead.

This great deliv'rance in the depth of need,
Was in their eyes, most marvellous indeed !
'Twas the Lord's doing, plain to ev'ry view,
The work of Him who wonders great can do.
Well might the nations with a joint accord,
Call this one of the battles of the Lord,
For which a place might in the book be claim'd,
That wars of the great Deity was nam'd.
Behold the scene ! let every heart incline
To love, in faith, and confidence divine.
Fear not O youth, unite with one consent,
And trust in Him who is omnipotent.

He who the faithful evermore sustains;
His foes shall perish, but his pow'r remains.
The slaught'ring sword need not be drawn by thee,
Trust in his name, and in his mercy free;
Those who trust Him who anciently was prov'd,
Stand as Mount Zion that cannot be mov'd.

When Judah's army to return were led,
Their pious king Jehoshaphat was head;
They march'd, with trumpets sounding, till they came
Unto the house built for Jehovah's name;
Because the Lord, who for their God they chose,
Made them triumphant o'er their bitter foes.

This great and strong invading army's fall,
So evidently was discern'd by all,
To be his act who did the world create,
The nations round were struck with terror great:
The fear of God upon the kingdoms fell,
On hearing he thus fought for Israel.
This pious king was very greatly bless'd,
From ev'ry foe his Maker gave him rest.

Yet after all (see man's unstable mind)
He err'd again, with Ahaziah join'd;
The king of Israel, wicked Ahab's son,
Who acted as his father long had done;
The ways of Jezebel delighted in,
And Jeroboam, who made Israel sin.
For he serv'd Baal, in the gloom of night,
That idol worshipp'd with a great delight;
Provok'd the Lord to anger very great,
As Israel's monarchs all had done of late.
To send a fleet was these two kings' design,
To bring them gold from Ophir's precious mine,
An oriental distant land, we're told,
That in past days produc'd the finest gold.
Their ships they did at Ezion-Geber build;
Their minds too much with wealth and honour fill'd;
Not govern'd by the wisdom of the wise;
The Lord displeas'd, o'erthrew their enterprise;
A storm arose one inauspicious day,
And broke the ships before they left the bay.

Which done, a seer, they Eliester name,
Unto Jehoshaphat the monarch came,
And prophesy'd against the erring king,
Inform'd him he had done an evil thing,
Had wander'd from true rectitude of mind ;
Had in a league with Ahaziah join'd,
With which true wisdom never could accord,
Therefore his works were broken by the Lord.
And so it was, they broken were indeed,
That not a ship to Ophir could proceed.
This was the second instance, as we find,
Jehoshaphat had stumbled in this kind.
The first came near to costing him his life,
When he join'd Ahab in the scene of strife ;
A king who into evil courses run,
A king of Israel, but a wicked one.
The second, cost the fleet he built with care,
For joining with king Ahab's wicked heir.
Let this indeed a monument long stand,
A warning fair to men of ev'ry land ;
To princes and to private persons too,
Who wish to serve and worship God that's true,
To not unite familiarly with those,
Who hate the truth, and are Jehovah's foes.

Ere Ahaziah, Ahab's son, well known,
Had reign'd two years upon the royal throne,
He thro' a window, they a lattice call,
Was sorely wounded by a grievous fall.
Therefore he gave some messengers command,
To go forthwith to the Philistines land,
And when arriv'd they must, at his desire,
Of Baalzebub, call'd Ekron's god, enquire,
If he should of the sore disease be cur'd,
That he had many painful days endur'd ?
This god was call'd (to whom the men were sent)
The devil's prince, in the New Testament.
This was an errand strange to tell indeed ;
Benhadad, who was Syrian king, we read,
A heathen by profession and descent,
When he was sick unto Elisha sent,

Of Israel's God, a prophet great and true,
To know if he should precious health renew.
Here Israel's king sends in his blindness dire,
That he might of a heathen god inquire!

The God of Israel, in displeasure sent
An angel, who unto Elijah went,
Commanded him to go and meet, and say
To the king's men, sent from Samaria,
"Is it because there is no God at all,
On whom ye might in Israel's region call,
That you would now imbibe a strange desire,
Of Baalzebub the heathen god inquire.
To Ahaziah say, thus saith the Lord,
This is to thee unchangeable the word,
Thou shalt not come from where thou now dost lie,
But on that bed of languishing shalt die."

On this the messengers of Israel's king,
To go to Ekron view'd a useless thing,
Return'd unto their king without delay,
Who query'd why they had return'd that day;
"We met a person on the road, said they,
Who said, return to Israel's king and say,
Thus saith the Lord, who sits on heaven's throne,
Is it not now, because no God is known
In Israel's bounds, that thou hast this desire,
To go and of a heathen god inquire?
Therefore behold! thou shalt come down no more,
Nor quit the place of thy affliction sore—
This is the word on which thou may'st rely,
Upon that bed thou certainly shalt die."
"What looking person was he, said the king,
That has presum'd to thus proclaim the thing?"
"The man, said they, who told this message new,
Was * rough and coarse, a hairy man to view;
We recollect that he was girt around,
His loins were with a leathern girdle bound."
"'Tis the Tishbite Elijah," said the king.
That he had seen him is a likely thing,

* They probably spoke not of his person, but of his garment, it might be rough and hairy.

When judgment he denounc'd, some former day,
On this king's father, when he bore the sway.

The prophet thus pronounc'd the heav'nly will,
Then went and sat on an adjacent hill.

The king to him forthwith a captain sent,
With fifty soldiers—this was his intent,
If he refus'd to come with them, to bring
Him on by force, and take him to the king.

The captain, when he to the prophet came,
Spake roughly to him in the monarch's name,
"Thus saith the king, who wears the royal crown,
Thou man of God, without delay come down."

The prophet who was sitting there serene,
Return'd an answer quite as short and keen;

"If I now be, said he, a man of God,
(Lo! thou wilt feel for wickedness the rod)

Let fire now fall is the divine decree,
And quite consume thy fifty men and thee."

With awful dread the fire descended then,
Consum'd this captain and his fifty men.

The harden'd monarch, unto wisdom deaf,
Sent fifty more, led by their brazen chief,

Who quite undaunted at the hand divine,
Laid on the former, in the martial line,

Came to the prophet, where he made a stand,

"O man of God, it is the king's command,

Come down, said he, and go without delay,

To him who o'er the kingdom bears the sway."

"If I'm indeed, a man of God, he said,

Let fire from heaven now descend with dread,

And thee and thy bold fifty men consume."

This is for gross obduracy thy doom.

The fire of God its terror then resum'd,

The captain and his fifty men consum'd.

Hot work was this, and hard may seem to be,

That men thus under high authority,

Should fall for executing the command.

Of their superior, powerful and grand;

Yet from these captains and the soldiers fate,

Let officers who are subordinate,

Learn 'tis a crime, and that beyond dispute,
A servant of the Lord to persecute ;
Altho' of them requir'd by the command,
Of human pow'r, the highest in the land.

The stubborn king, determin'd not to bend,
Did a third captain with his fifty send:
This officer bought wisdom at the cost
Of his presuming predecessors lost ;
By their destruction now grown weary quite,
Thought he would not conduct the work by might ;
Behold, when he came to the prophet near,
Upon his knees he fell before the seer,
And bow'd his heart before the pow'r that broke
Upon the others, with an awful stroke :
" O man of God, said he, I humbly pray,
Preserve my life, and life of these, this day ;
Behold, there fell from highest realms a fire,
Two captains and their fifties burnt entire ;
Before thee now I have indeed no might,
O let my life be precious in thy sight."

By this submissive, moving language led,
The holy angel to Elijah said,
" Go down with them, be not at all afraid :"
He, led by wisdom from above, obey'd.
Forthwith the captain, just as he was taught,
The godly seer before the monarch brought.
When there arriv'd, he flatter'd not nor spar'd,
But the whole truth unto the king declar'd :
" Thus saith the Lord, since thou who here wast crown'd,
As if no God could be in Israel found,
Hast given to thy messengers command,
To go unto the dark Philistines' land—
Since thou would'st unto Baalzebub aspire,
And of benighted Ekron's god inquire,
Thou shalt not come from where thou now dost lie,
But on this bed of languishing shalt die."
Upon the king this soon was verified,
For Ahaziah of this illness died.
And when the king, who had no son, was dead,
They crown'd his brother Joram in his stead.

The season now was drawing very nigh,
When He was fix'd who rules the realms on high,
To take the seer, whose heart for heaven glow'd,
By a strong whirlwind to the high abode.
Elijah from a place call'd Gilgal went,
And took Elisha, on him quite intent ;
He whom the Lord ordain'd to be a seer,
As soon as should Elijah disappear.
While on the way that unto Bethel led,
Elijah to his true attendant said,
"To tarry here I pray thee now consent,
For lo ! the Lord hath me to Bethel sent."
"As lives the Lord, and lives thy soul, said he,
I can't consent to separate from thee."
So they pursu'd together, it is said,
The road direct that down to Bethel led.
When they came there, in love that freely flow'd,
The prophets sons, who at that place abode,
Did by prophetic vision understand,
Elijah's exit now was near at hand ;
They to Elisha, as their minds were led,
Came and convers'd with gravity, and said,
"Dost thou not know the Lord will take away,
Thy worthy master from thy head to-day ?"
"Yes, from all toils he soon will find release,
I know it well, hold you, said he, your peace."
Elijah while at Bethel said again,
"I pray thee here Elisha now remain,
For I indeed yet further on must go,
The Lord directed me to Jericho."
Elisha answer'd, as he'd done before,
That he would surely part from him no more.
So they went on, just as the seer was sent,
Unitedly to Jericho they went.
And there also the prophets sons were led,
To query of Elisha, it is said,
If he discern'd the Lord would take away,
His valu'd master from the world that day ?
"I know it will," reply'd the youthful seer,
"Hold you your peace," his exit's drawing near.

Elijah then unto Elisha said,
"Stay here, I pray, to Jordan I am led."
Elisha still, as he before repli'd,
Assur'd the seer he would with him abide.

Elijah was, or seem'd to be inclin'd,
To leave Elisha, in this route, behind.
If we attend unto the theme with care,
We to conjecture have a reason fair,
That as Elijah knowledge had indeed,
When he was gone Elisha would succeed,
He took these journeys, and this mode to prove
Elisha's zeal, faith, constancy and love.

So they went down, stood by the river's side,
Where they beheld the ancient Jordan glide.
While standing solemn by the verdant shore,
The seer Elijah took the robe he wore,
Which may be call'd a mantle or a coat,
Wrapt this together and the waters smote,
Which then divided (as in days of yore)
And they pass'd safely to the other shore.

"Ask, said the seer, what I for thee shall do,
Ere I be call'd for ever from thy view."

Elisha, who kept near his master's side,
Unto the question readily repli'd,

"O let, I pray, thy spirit on me rest,
Let me be with a double portion blest."

"What thou hast ask'd, said he, is hard indeed,
Yet I thus far will to the same accede ;

It shall be granted if thou seest me rise ;
If thou dost not, it shall be otherwise."

Those who would grace, and choicest blessings gain,
Must by the strictest watchfulness obtain.

This was indeed of wonders great a day ;
As they advanc'd, conversing on the way,
In precious union, that their hearts endear'd,
Behold the scene ! there suddenly appear'd
A chariot bright, and flaming horses near,
Which parted them, and took the holy seer !
Elijah, by a pow'r omnipotent,
To heaven by an awful whirlwind went !

Elisha who was then attentive quite,
With rev'rence saw this most amazing sight.
"My father, O my father! he exclaim'd,
Chariot of Israel, and the horseman fam'd."
Elisha saw the honour'd seer no more,
Which was a trial and affliction sore.
His depth of sorrow then to represent,
His garment he, in his amazement rent.
He then took up in heavenly dread and fear,
The robe that fell from the ascended seer;
Forthwith return'd, endu'd with sov'reign good,
Once more upon the bank of Jordan stood.
He with Elijah's mantle, or his coat,
The waters of the river Jordan smote,
"Where is the Lord, Elijah's God," he cry'd;
On which the river did again divide—
A path he then on Jordan's bottom found;
On which he pass'd on dry and solid ground.

Some worthy sons of elder prophets good,
Who follow'd them from Jericho, and stood
Alōof (to see what would be done were led)
On seeing this, to one another said,
"The spirit of Elijah, who is blest;
Most surely doth upon Elisha rest."
They met him then, gave him the preference o'er,
And place with them Elijah had before.

Ere long Elisha well was known to fame,
At Jericho the people to him came,
Spoke of their city, and the prophet told,
"'Twas situated pleasant to behold;
Yet they had been by long experience taught,
The ground was barren and the water naught."
The heedful prophet understood their view—
"Bring me, said he, a cruse or vial new,
And put a little salt into the same."
This soon was done, with which they to him came,
Then he was to the spring of waters led,
And having cast the salt therein, he said,
"Thus saith the Lord, these waters I have heal'd,
They shall be sweet and fertile be the field."

**"Twas not in vain they on the seer rely'd,
For what he said was amply verifi'd.**

**The seer then went to Bethel, which for years,
Had been the seat, and was for ought appears,
Chief place in Israel of idolatry,
Where they might bow before an idol free.
Here Israel's king, who was a sinner great,
Set *up a calf, to be ador'd in state.
Now when Elisha near the city drew,
A company of children, not a few,
Came from the city, mock'd the prophet fam'd,
"Go up bald head, go up bald head," exclaim'd.
He turn'd about and curs'd them in the name
Of his great Lord, and vengeance on them came,
For lo! two bears, from an adjacent wood,
As though they had an order understood,
Rush'd out, and on these wicked children bore,
And forty-two of them in pieces tore.**

**Unlikely 'tis a judgment so severe,
Would have been laid upon the children here,
Had this their mocking him upon the road,
From ignorance, and childish folly flow'd:
Therefore we may, with reason good, conclude
The seer was with a sense divine endu'd,
That they had been by idol servers taught,
Their parents vile, and other persons naught,
To mock at him as prophet of the Lord,
Who would not with their wickedness accord,
But who against idolatry and pride,
Like an undaunted prophet testifi'd.
This insult offer'd to him then must be,
To his prophetic high capacity—
On him reflecting, who inspir'd the seer,
Against this idol worship to appear;
Therefore the hand on them was laid with weight,
And they were punish'd with a judgment great.**

**This prophet mov'd as he was rightly sent,
From Bethel forth unto Mount Carmel went;**

* 1 Kings, xii. 28, 29.

And then perhaps, without a long delay,
Went from Mount Carmel to Samaria.
While he was there, increas'd in truth and fame,
To him a certain worthy woman came;
She was a widow, it is said, of one,
Who in that day was call'd a prophet's son.
She greatly straiten'd to Elisha said,
"Thy servant, my dear husband, now is dead;
And though in debt was one well known to be,
Who fear'd the Lord with great sincerity.
(Therefore my husband surely was not one
Who into debt by evil courses run)
Not having left wherewith his debts to pay,
The creditors have come to take away
My sons for bondmen—in this grievous strait.
O man of God! my grief is very great."
The prophet listen'd to the widow's cries,
Could not but with her deeply sympathize.
What shall I do for thy relief said he,
What is remaining in thy house with thee?
"My house, alas! she then reply'd, is bare—
A pot of oil is all of value there."
"Go forth, said he, and on thy neighbours call,
And empty vessels borrow of them all:
Be careful in collecting them to view,
To mark my words, that there be not a few,
Bring them within and shut thy dwelling door
On thee and sons—the oil thou then shalt pour
Into the vessels that thou didst prepare,
Set those aside that are well fill'd with care."
The woman then the prophet's word obey'd,
Of vessels she a great collection made—
She shut herself and sons within, as taught,
And they to her the empty vessels brought.
She then the oil into the vessels pour'd,
A wondrous plenty did her jar afford.
As long as they an empty vessel found,
The oil increas'd, continued to abound.
When she had fill'd the vessels in her store,
The oil was stay'd; her pot would yield no more.

The widow then went to the seer again,
 What she had done related to him plain :
 Just how the oil had wondrously increas'd,
 And when the vessels all were full it ceas'd.
 He counsell'd her to go to her abode,
 To sell the oil, and pay the debt she ow'd :
 Then she, together with her children bless'd,
 Should freely have their living from the rest.

Erelong we hear of this great man of fame,
 That he to Shunem in his travels came.
 The tribe of Issachar possess'd the town—
 There dwelt a woman then of great renown,
 Whose spouse was ancient, as appears in life,
 Had left his business to his worthy wife.
 She saw Elisha often pass that way,
 Invited him to call and eat one day.
 He found indeed a kind reception there,
 Both from the husband and this worthy fair.
 Thenceforth, whenever he that way was led,
 He turn'd in there, to be refresh'd, 'tis said.
 When well convinc'd that she was not deceiv'd,
 She told her husband " she indeed believ'd
 This guest, who often call'd at their abode,
 Most surely was a holy man of God.
 That it was her desire to make a small,
 Convenient chamber for him on the wall :
 When that was done, to set him for him she said,
 A table, stool, a candlestick and bed;
 That when he should to their abode repair,
 He might, with freedom, take his lodging there."
 This she propos'd, and readily the man
 Consented to his female partner's plan.
 The room was thus prepar'd, without delay,
 And when Elisha came again that way,
 He was directed to that room with care,
 And he thenceforward took his lodging there.

Pleas'd with this treatment, plain indeed, but kind,
 And having a devoted heart and mind,
 To recompense his benefactors great,
 The worthy landlord and his faithful mate.

One time when he was in this lodging place,
His heart replenish'd with the sweets of grace,
He bid his servant go and speak aright,
To his kind hostess, call'd the Shunamite,
Acknowledge her benevolence and care,
And that to grant a recompense was fair.
Ask her if he might serve in any thing;
If he for her might speak unto the king,
Or on the captain of the host should call,
To grant her aid in any thing at all?
To this Gehazi good attention paid,
His master's words before the woman laid.
Thou may'st return, and the good prophet tell,
That I, says she, with my own people dwell:
Here intimating, as may well be view'd,
That she and neighbours liv'd in quietude,
And needed not redress in any thing,
Either from captain of the host or king.
Gehazi told this to his master dear.

"What can be done then for her?" said the seer.

"Why said Gehazi, I have sure been told,
She hath no child, her husband now is old."

The prophet understood his meaning clear,
Said to his servant, "call the woman here."

On this she came, and silent stood before
The godly prophet, just within the door.

He, free from flatt'ring compliments was led,
Or ceremonies, to the woman said:

"When thou the common course of life hast run,
From near this time, thou shalt embrace a son."

This was from her expectance so remote,
She like a person wonderstruck we note.

Said, "nay my lord, thou man of God on high,
I cannot now upon thy words rely."

However she, in the due time of year,
Embrac'd the son predicted by the seer.

When this lov'd infant was a little grown,
That it could walk and run about alone,
Into the field he to the reapers went,
To find his father was the child's intent.

He had not long been in the field, before
He was afflicted with a head-ache sore;
To call out to his father he was fain,
"My head, my head," he cry'd aloud for pain.
On this his father to a servant spake,
The child home to his mother then to take.
This soon was done, but still with pain he cried,
He sat till noon upon her knees, and died.
This smote the woman with affliction sore,
To view her child, her only hope no more.
She took him forthwith from her own abode,
Into the chamber of the man of God;
The body of her darling child, then dead,
She laid upon the holy prophet's bed.
Prepar'd an ass, said she, indeed would fain,
Run to the man of God, and come again.
She mounted soon, did on the way proceed,
And bid the servant on to drive with speed.
The man of God, on whom she so rely'd,
Was at Mount Carmel, and he her espy'd
A distance off, but swiftly drawing near,
Then to his servant, said the pious seer,
Lo! yonder comes the female Shunamite,
A guest to-day that's unexpected quite.
Run meet her now, request of her to tell,
If she, her husband, and her child are well?
Gehazi ran the Shunamite to meet,
As she approach'd him in the road or street,
But she withholding conversation here,
Press'd on with anguish to behold the seer.
As soon as she could with the prophet meet,
Behold, she fell before him at his feet.
Awhile she there in silent grief remain'd,
Her spirits then, with strength to speak regain'd:
Did I desire, my lord, a son of thee?
Did I not say deceive me not, said she?
Ere she could forth another sentence bring,
The prophet rightly understood the thing—
At her request he forthwith took the road,
And follow'd her unto her own abode.

When he came there he found the child was dead,
Like clay for coldness, lying on the bed.
He shut the door, and rais'd his fervent cry,
To Him who reigns in majesty on high.
When he had pray'd devoutly, he was led,
To lie recumbent on the child in bed.
His mouth he then to the child's mouth applies,
His eyes he plac'd upon its lifeless eyes;
He with his hands of the child's hands took hold,
And stretch'd himself upon the infant cold;
As great and good Elijah once had done,
When from the dead he rais'd a widow's son.
A little warm the infant's body grew;
The prophet walk'd the floor a turn or two,
And then lay down upon the bed once more,
Stretch'd on the child, as he had done before—
The infant did from death's deep sleep arise,
Sneez'd seven times and then enclos'd his eyes.
Elisha call'd, as soon as this was done,
And bid the mother take her living son.
This was a sweet, consoling word to hear,
She overjoy'd fell down before the seer,
And bow'd herself most humbly to the ground,
Before that pow'r, in reverence profound,
By which the child from silent death was brought,
Thro' which so great a miracle was wrought,
In consequence of the good prophet's cries;
She took her child, with joy and great surprise.

The seer departed, and to Gilgal went,
And there some time with the young prophets spent;
There was, we find, so great a famine there,
The country round was of provisions bare.
The prophets sons, in number many here,
One certain time were sitting round the seer,
He bid the servant the great pot to take,
And pottage for the hungry people make.
Into the field forthwith a young man went,
To gather herbs for pottage his intent.
He brought a lap full of some herbs, we find,
In nature poison to the human kind;

This was into the boiling pottage thrown,
And pour'd out for the men to eat, unknown.
Some ill effect, or unexpected harm,
While eating gave a very great alarm :
" O man of God," the people terrified,
" Lo ! there is death within the pot," they cried.
The prophet, when he heard the people's moan,
Call'd for some meal, which in the pot was thrown,
" Pour out, said he, now for the people round ;"
So they ate freely, and no harm was found.

To this great seer of everlasting fame,
A worthy man from Baalshalisha came ;
Thereto by love and feeling kindness taught,
Some of the first and choicest fruits he brought,
Full twenty loaves of barley, it appears,
And corn in husks, well grown and luscious ears.
That food was scarce was by the prophet known,
His heart could not the banquet keep alone ;
He bid his servant set it as a treat
Before the people, who were there to eat.
Gehazi thought he knew not how to spare,
A portion that was then so sweet and rare :
" Must I," exclaim'd the faithless servant then,
" This morsel set before a hundred men ?"
The generous seer did his command repeat ;
" Give to the people, that they all may eat ;
It truly is the gracious Lord's decree,
That they shall eat and leave thereof," said he.
He set it then before the people there,
They ate their fill, and had thereof to spare ;
According to the never failing word,
Of this true prophet spoken by the Lord.

While he there with the prophets sons abode,
They to the seer address'd themselves, and show'd,
Their habitation was indeed too strait,
Their want of good accommodations great.
" Let us, said they, to Jordan's banks repair,
And cut some timber from the plenty there ;
Each with his beam will then return, to rear
A more commodious habitation here."

This new proposal gain'd his free consent ;
But they to go without him not content :
One of the men did to Elisha say,
" Vouchsafe to bear us company I pray."
To go with them he readily agreed,
So they united to the place proceed,
And fell to work to cut the timber down ;
Their overseer this prophet of renown.
As one of them was falling of a tree,
'Twas with an axe, some one had lent him free,
The axe head swiftly from the handle flew,
And sunk in Jordan, far from human view.
The troubled workman to the prophet ran,
" Master, alas ! 'twas borrow'd," cry'd the man.
Where fell the axe, the man of God inquir'd :
'The workman show'd him what he then desir'd.
'The prophet then perform'd a wonder new,
Cut down a stick that by the river grew,
Toward the axe it then was cast by him,
With pow'r of faith that made the iron swim.
'The workman then, at the good seer's command,
Stretch'd out his arm and took the axe in hand.
Awhile Elisha at Gilgal remain'd,
Pass'd to Samaria then in love unfeign'd,
And found his presence much was needed there,
By reason of a singular affair.
Benhadad, who o'er Syria's kingdom reign'd,
Had then a general who his love had gain'd ;
He for great valour was a man of fame,
And consequence ; Naaman was his name.
Tho' he was rais'd to such a high degree,
He was afflicted with the leprosy.
The Syrians once had with a warlike band,
With other captives brought from Israel's land,
A little maid, who in her captive life,
With candour waited on Naaman's wife.
She of her lord one day to speak was led,
Of his disease to her kind mistress said,
" Would God, my lord was with the seer renown'd,
That in the land of Israel is found,

For he is able, I am very sure,
 My master of his leprosy to cure."
 One present soon before the monarch laid,
 What had been stated by the captive maid.
 The king of this with pleasure took a view,
 And bid Naaman the advice pursue ;
~~Said~~ he would freely letters by him send,
 To Israel's king him well to recommend.
 Naaman, that he noble might appear,
 Ten silver talents carry'd for the seer :
 In dollars reckon'd, as the learned fix,
 To sixteen thousand six hundred sixty-six.
 He took six thousand pieces too of gold,
 Equivalent, as we by some are told,
 To twenty thousand silver dollars quite,
 Enough to give a Balaam great delight.
 Of raiment choice he carry'd changes ten,
 And left Damascus, with a train of men.
 In splendour great he to Samaria came,
 The royal seat of Israel's kings of fame :
 When thither come, the letter he presents,
 This was thereof, in substance, the contents :
 " Now when this letter comes to thee, behold,
 Naaman, who my servant is, I've told
 Therewith to go, and to request of thee,
 Him to recover of his leprosy."
 When this was read and view'd by Israel's king,
 He thought it was a most abusive thing ;
 That some design was with these lines ally'd ;
 He rent his clothes—in his displeasure cry'd,
 " Am I a god, with sov'reign pow'r to kill,
 Or raise the dead, if it should be my will,
 That this strange monarch now doth send to me,
 To cure a man of hopeless leprosy ?
 Wherefore consider now, I pray to you—
 Behold how he a quarrel hath in view !"

The news of this strange letter to the king,
 And of the monarch's trouble at the thing,
 Came quickly to Elisha's ready ear,
 Who sent this message for the king to hear :

"Now let the Syrian leper come to me,
And he convinc'd with certainty shall be,
A prophet is in Israel to be found,"
Who of his leprosy can make him sound.

The king was glad to be thus eas'd of fear,
Referr'd the gen'ral to the faithful seer.
He came, and with his chariot stood before
(In splendour great) the humble prophet's door.
Expecting some grand ceremonious aid,
Performances with regular parade.
But to Naaman's disappointment quite,
The seer went not so much as in his sight,
Did thus far only to the theme attend,
As this short message to the man to send :
"Go wash in Jordan seven times, said he,
And then thy flesh shall come again to thee,
The benefit will readily be seen,
Lo ! thou shalt be completely cur'd and clean."
This was to him a disappointment dread,
In high displeasure he drove off and said,
"I thought he surely would have stood by me,
And call'd devoutly on his Deity ;
His healing hand upon the place have laid,
And thus the cure with dignity have made.
Let him of Jordan's muddy river tell !
Will not Damascus' waters do as well ?
Are not Abana, that is flowing clear,
And Pharpar better than the waters here ?
Why may not I by washing there be clean."
I would not be in Jordan's river seen.

When his vex'd mind a little cooler grew,
His servants there entreated him to view
If some great thing was order'd by the seer,
He surely would accomplish it with cheer.
Then how much more it would with reason stand,
When this good prophet only gave command,
To do a thing, though very small, not mean,
To only wash in Jordan and be clean.

Thus by his servants importunity,
And reas'ning sound upon the subject, he

Began of his hard feelings to relent,
And forthwith to the river Jordan went,
And dipp'd himself there seven times, as taught,
And lo! the wondrous miracle was wrought.
He found indeed, that he was not beguil'd,
His flesh turn'd like that of a little child,
And he was clean, according to the word,
The saying of the prophet of the Lord.
Returning then with all his retinue,
He came and stood before the prophet true.
"Behold! I know there is no God, said he,
In all the earth, but Israel's Deity.
Now therefore seeing I have been reliev'd,
Through thee so great a benefit receiv'd,
Let me the present I've prepar'd now make,
I pray a blessing of thy servant take."
The seer reply'd, "as sure as lives the Lord,
I will not from thee take the least reward."
Naaman wish'd him to be gratified,
And urg'd the seer, who utterly denied.
The gen'ral then protested to the seer,
That he thenceforth, the Lord alone would fear;
That he no more would offer sacrifice,
To other gods, but to the Lord all-wise.
The prophet He requested then to say,
That he might take with him some earth away—
That he two mules with holy laud might load,
And take it home with him to his abode:
Seem'd in his zeal, but blindness to profess,
That there was some inherent holiness
Found in the earth compris'd in the extent,
Where Israel's monarch had the government—
No sacrifice could e'er availing stand,
Not made in earth of Israel's holy land.
He then crav'd pardon for a sinful thing,
That he had done while waiting on the king;
That when his master, with a blind intent,
To worship in the house of Rimmon went—
When there, said he, he lean'd upon my hand,
And I bow'd down myself at his command,

When I there blindly worshipp'd with the king,
O may the Lord grant pardon in this thing.
"Go on in peace," the prophet then reply'd :
He then took leave, most feelingly ally'd.

As soon as he had left the seer, we find,
The prophet's servant said within his mind,
"Although my master hath not as he ought,
Receiv'd the present that the Syrian brought,
I'll run to him and something of him take ;"
No one of this can any evil make.
He thus resolv'd, without the least delay,
Pursu'd the Syrian gen'ral on the way.

Naaman saw Gehazi running near,
He with a heart devoted to the seer,
Alighted from his chariot—turn'd to meet
The prophet's servant running in the street.
Naaman ask'd Gehazi then to tell,
If with the seer, his master, all was well?
Yes, all is well—for this said he I came,
(Then forg'd a message in his master's name)
"My master me forthwith to thee hath sent,
To notify thee of a new event ;
That there's arriv'd awhile with him to fare,
Two young men, who the sons of prophets are—
And he desires of thee to give to those,
A silver talent, and two suits of clothes."

The Syrian gen'ral now was gratified,
He wish'd to serve the man of God ; replied,
Let me to this a small addition make,
Be willing now two talents home to take.
He needed not to very much persuade,
Bound two in bags, them on two servants laid.
In dollars bright the sum is said to be
Three thousand, and three hundred thirty-three.
The servants back were with this cargo sent,
And with the raiment, with Gehazi went :
Yet had not far to travel with the same,
Before they to the city tow'r came.
He took the lading from the servants there,
And laid it in a secret place with care.

When this was to his satisfaction done,
He let the men back to their master run.

Gehazi thinking all was safely o'er,
Went in his master's presence as before.
The seer by a divine, internal view,
Saw where he'd been and well his purpose knew.
"Whence comest thou Gehazi," to him said?
To tell another falsehood he was led:
"Thy servant sure, no whither went," said he.

"No!" said the seer, went not my heart with thee?
Did I not see Naaman quit his seat,
Turn from his chariot freely thee to meet?
Is it a time, dost thou indeed believe,
Rewards of gold and garments to receive?
Since thou therefore hast coveted the gold,
Brought by the Syrian officer, behold!
Thy doom is fix'd, his leprosy indeed,
Shall cleave to thee and also to thy seed."

The sentence pass'd upon Gehazi here,
By this divinely animated seer,
For avarice and falsehood very great,
Fell on Gehazi, with a hand of weight:
For he did from his master's presence go,
A loathsome leper, white as milk or snow.

Some time from this, with force and great parade,
Thy Syrian king a war on Israel made:
He held a council with his heralds free,
And they concluded where the camp should be.
The secret which they closely kept conceal'd,
Was forthwith to the man of God reveal'd.
So he sent word to Israel's king, with care,
To notify him where the Syrians were,
And give him warning not to pass that way,
For there in wait the Syrians for him lay.
The seer who was so excellent a guide,
Thus sundry times the monarch notifi'd.
On which the king would send some men to view,
Who found each time the information true.
Thus through the medium of the seer benign,
Escap'd the Syrian monarch's vile design:

Therefore tis said the heart of Syria's king,
Was sorely troubled at the wondrous thing.
He call'd his servants, said, "will ye not tell
Which is the wretch that joins with Israel?
Who thus delights in his own country's woe,
Conveys our secrets to my bitter foe?"
A servant there, one faithful to his side,
(Who with Naaman might have been) repli'd,
"'Tis not, O king! an individual here,
It is Elisha, Israel's famous seer—
He tells his monarch what by thee is said,
Though in thy chamber, on the royal bed."
Then, said the king, "go let the place be spy'd,
Where he does now undoubtedly reside,
That I may send a party there to seize,
And bring him safely to this place with ease."
On hearing this, one of the monarch's men
Told him the prophet was in Dothan then,
A little city, to Samaria near;
They thought the way to apprehend him clear.
The Syrian monarch from his powerful throng,
Sent horses, chariots, and a party strong,
That swiftly came to Dothan in the night,
Which they surrounded ere the morning light.
At dawn of day the servant of the seer,
(A new one likely, for no more we hear,
That false Gehazi did upon him wait,
After the day of his transgression great)
Went out and found to his astonishment,
The city with a hostile army pent.
He saw the horses and the chariots round,
And warriors with a military sound.
He ran within extremely terrified,
"Master, alas! what shall we do?" he cried.
At this Elisha, not at all dismay'd,
Desir'd his servant not to be afraid—
Said, "these with us are many more than those
That are without, with our invading foes."
And to convince his servant this was true,
He pray'd the Lord to let him take a view.

And lo ! the Lord unveil'd the young man's eyes,
So that with wonder and with great surprise,
He saw the mountains full of horses near,
And fiery chariots round the placid seer.
The Syrians thought this an auspicious hour,
They view'd the seer completely in their pow'r :
So they came down to him without delay,
To seize and take him speedily away.
But he then pray'd to him who rules with might,
That he would them with sudden blindness smite.
And wonderful ! the men were struck so blind,
That no one knew the prophet they would find.
Elisha spoke, " lo ! this is not, said he,
The way, nor city where you ought to be,
But follow me, and I will forthwith bring
You to the man you're seeking for the king."
The seer was follow'd by the band of men,
Just as a brood of chickens will a hen.
The warriors far from taking him away,
Were led by him straight to Samaria.
He pray'd the Lord then to unveil their eyes,
On which they saw, with wonderful surprise,
Themselves allur'd into Samaria's street,
Surrounded by their enemies complete.
The king of Israel's wishes highly rose,
To slay this band of his invet'rate foes,
But yet to give the order was not clear,
Without consulting with the worthy seer,
To know his mind on the important thing :
" My father, shall I smite them," said the king ?
" By no means, said the peaceful prophet, for,
Had they been taken prisoners of war,
Yet after quarter they protection gain,
Thou would'st not have submissive captives slain ;
Far less should thou upon a party fall,
Thou hast not taken in the war at all :
But rather set before them food, said he,
That having ate and drank in Israel free,
They to their master may return and tell,
That they were treated in Samaria well."

This counsel was by him who bore the sway,
Attended to, and that without delay :

• The Syrian soldiers at a splendid feast,
Were entertain'd, and peaceably releas'd.

The Syrian king would not the maxim heed,
That "honesty's best policy" indeed.

It was a lesson hard to learn and do,

As more than once he had been done unto,

For he ere long collected all his host,

Anxious to have of some exploit to boast ;

Went with his mighty army in parade,

A grievous siege he to Samaria laid :

He sorely on the royal city prest,

And the besieg'd severely were distress'd.

How long this held, no one can now relate ;

So long it caus'd a famine very great.

The people of Samaria had to eat,

The most unwholesome, and disgusting meat.

An ass's head, in that dire strait, was sold

For fourscore silver pieces, we are told.

These pieces shekels (as the learned view)

Amount in dollars quite to twenty-two.

The famine in the city was extreme,

So that the dung of doves was in esteem :

For three full gills, that hunger might be stay'd,

Of this they then five silver pieces paid.

This was one hundred forty cents complete,

For such a mess as we should loathe to eat.

But ev'ry person, in this trying day,

Could not find money, at this rate to pay,

If they could these commodities have found ;

Therefore the poorer sort of people round,

Were driven, in this doleful scene of strife,

To dire extremes to save a wretched life.

As Israel's king was passing on a wall,

A woman did in deep affliction call :

Her direful subject to his view to bring,

She cry'd to him, " help me, my lord O king !"

He thinking she would importune for bread,

In answer to her, somewhat roughly said,

"If thou art not assisted by the Lord,
 Whence shall I help, in any shape afford,
 Shall I assist thee, when distress is sore,
 From the wine press, or from the threshing floor?"
 By this short answer no ways satisfied,
 It seems that she still to the monarch cried.
 He ask'd what ail'd her? she then almost faint,
 With this dire tale related her complaint :
 "This woman (pointing to another one)
 In our distress said, give to me thy son,
 That we to-day, may save our lives with meat,
 And then to-morrow, we, my son, will eat.
 So we agreed, alas! and boil'd my son,
 And him we ate—when this, O king, was done,
 On the next day (to tell the truth I dread)
 Give now thy son, I to the woman said,
 That we may eat him, as agreed, to-day,
 And lo! she hath convey'd her son away."

This was one only of the judgments sore,
 Which Moses told that people, long before,
 Would fall on them as a chastising rod,
 If they rebell'd against the Lord their * God;
 And therefore might the less surprising be,
 When it was brought to a reality :
 Yet, as the thing abhorrent was indeed,
 For parents on their children's flesh to feed,
 On hearing this, it cut him to the heart,
 Like a most deeply penetrating dart,
 So that his clothes he in his sorrow rent,
 Whereby the people who around him went,
 Perceiv'd he sackcloth underneath had laid,
 Upon his flesh, was mourner like array'd.
 Altho' the monarch thus upon him bore,
 External signs of sorrow deep and sore;
 Yet he alas! held not at all to view,
 One token of repentance that was true :
 For bursting forth, outrageously severe,
 Against Elisha, that devoted seer,

* Deut. xxviii. 53.

As tho' he was the instrument to bring,
This evil on the people and the king;
He swore, ere he repos'd upon the bed,
That he'd take off the seer Elisha's head.
Forthwith he did an officer depute,
And sent him on, his word to execute:
The monarch also, with a ruffled mind,
Went after him, not very far behind.
Elisha sitting in his dwelling-place,
The elders round him of the prophets' race,
The king's design was not from him conceal'd,
'Twas by the Spirit of the Lord reveal'd.
Then while the herald was toward him bound,
He thus address'd the elders sitting round:
"See how the wicked Ahab's son is led,
Lo! he hath sent to take away my head!
Mind when the man comes on the errand vile,
To shut the door, and keep him out awhile,
(Till I deliver faithfully the word,
The message I have to them from the Lord)
For is not now behind him in the street,
The sound of his malignant master's feet?"
He'd scarce done speaking thus to them, before
The executioner approach'd the door.
The elders held him on the theme, we find,
Without reserve declar'd to him their mind,
That this calamity, the famine sore,
Their suff'rings, such as were unknown before,
Was a dire judgment, (not a casual thing)
For sin upon the people and their king.
He, or perhaps the king who came behind,
To them exclaim'd in a most desperate mind,
"Nay, if it be as you now represent,
That this great evil from above is sent,
Why should I longer wait upon the Lord,
Or trust in him who will no help afford."
Elisha listen'd to this speech profane,
On hearing it, no longer could contain;
He knew indeed in whom he could confide,
"Hear now the word that's from the Lord, he cry'd;

Thus saith the Lord, to-morrow near this hour,
(Tho' you may now distrust Almighty pow'r)
There shall be sold a measure of fine flour,
For one small shekel at our city gate,
And measures two of barley at that rate."
A lord was present feeling high and grand,
The king was gently leaning on his hand,
On hearing this, he view'd the prophet's word,
Extravagant, impossible, absurd!
The short time view'd, he vaunted o'er the seer,
To him reply'd with a deriding sneer :
"Suppose the Lord would windows make for grain,
To pour from heaven, would not this be vain?"
This deep contempt of gracious words that came,
Deliver'd in the great Jehovah's name,
By one commission'd from the king on high,
Drew from the prophet this severe reply :
"Thine eyes shall view the plenty that shall be,
But thou shalt not partake thereof," said he.
How this strange message could be verified,
How they could be with such a store supplied,
In that short time, amidst their dreary woes,
The city then surrounded by their foes,
Was far beyond the human eye to see—
But He who is the ruling Deity—
Who form'd of old the universe can plan,
And work great wonders unforeseen by man,
Thus, notwithstanding unbelief or doubt,
The wondrous thing with speed was brought about.
Four men there were, who in a leprous state,
Sat near the entrance of Samaria's gate ;
They thus were forc'd without the gate, 'tis said,
That they might not their dire infection spread.
Their wish was near the portal to remain,
For fear they might be by the Syrian's slain.
If in the city famine reign'd severe,
They suffer'd hunger with a witness here :
They sat oppress'd by grief and famine sore,
Till they were likely soon to breathe no more.

At length they said to one another, "why
Should we set here until we pine and die?
If we attempt to enter with the throng,
And find admittance, there the famine's strong;
Our lives we then could not at all sustain,
And we shall die if here we still remain :
Let us therefore united, one and all,
Into the host of our invaders fall ;
If we are sav'd, 'tis by the pow'r on high,
And if they kill us, then we shall but die."

On this resolv'd, they in the twilight rose,
Not to be seen deserting to their foes,
And forthwith to the Syrian camp they went,
Where they arriv'd with great astonishment ;
For when they view'd the utmost parts with care,
They found, in fact, no human being there !
For lo ! the Lord, who rules the spacious sphere,
Had caus'd the great invading host to hear
The noise of horses, chariots in full speed,
Just like a host invincible indeed,
The Syrian camp sufficient to surround,
And in a moment crush them to the ground.
At which they were extremely terrified,
And to each other in amazement cried,
" Lo ! Israel's king the Hittites' host hath hir'd,
And the Egyptians, long for war admir'd,
And they are coming, with a force unknown,
And we shall be completely overthrown."
In consternation and in awful dread,
They rose confus'd, and in the twilight fled ;
They left their tents and all the horses tied,
Not taking time to mount on them to ride,
Fled from the camp, in great distraction ran,
To save one life the aim of ev'ry man.

When these four men had search'd the camp around,
And that the coast was wholly clear they found,
Their first thing was to listen to the cry,
Of bitter hunger, that to satisfy :
A tent they enter'd where with pleasure sweet,
They ate and drank till they were fill'd complete ;

Then carried treasures forth without delay—
Silver and gold, and raiment hid away :
Then in another found as rich a prize,
Which they took out and hid away likewise.

Then they into a deep reflection fell,
Said to each other, "are we doing well ?
This is a day of tidings great and good ;
Should we be silent when suffic'd with food ?
If we until the dawn of morning stay,
We to some mischief might become a prey."
They then concluded that it would be well,
Forthwith to go, and the king's household tell.
With bodies strengthen'd and with hearts elate,
They then return'd unto the city gate,
There to the porter gave an eager call,
And told the tidings, joyful news for all,
Which he then to the other porters told,
And they convey'd it to the king's household.
The king thereon rose from the royal bed,
To view it as a stratagem was led ;
Says to his servants, " I'll relate to you,
Just what the crafty Syrians have in view ;
They know our hunger we can scarce endure,
And would our army from the city lure.
They from the camp in policy are gone,
Into the fields to hide themselves withdrawn ;
When we come out this will by them be done,
They'll seize on us, and in the city run."

They, on consulting, mounted two bold men
On two of their poor chariot horses then,
And they forthwith were by the monarch sent,
To find which way the Syrian army went.
These active scouts pursu'd without delay,
As far as Jordan, and they found the way
Was full of clothes, and other things that night,
The Syrians scatter'd, in their doleful flight.

So they return'd in haste, and told the king—
The glorious news made hopeless hearts to sing ;
The minds of all the citizens elate,
At this deliv'rance, sudden, strange and great.

The joyful people went without delay,
Forth to the camp, to seize upon the prey ;
Great riches found, and in their hunger sore,
Provisions choice, a most abundant store.
This they with joy collected, and behold !
A measure of fine flour, that day, was sold
For one small shekel, in the plenty great,
And measures two of barley, at that rate,
According to the very gracious word,
Proclaim'd by good Elisha from the Lord.

That these choice stores might not embezzled be,
And the great crowd be from disorder free ;
The king appointed that ungodly peer,
Who slighted the prediction of the seer,
To keep good order at the city gate,
Thro' which they took the booty very great.
The multitude distress'd with hunger sore,
Impatient to come at the precious store,
Together rush'd, regardless of the word,
They in the gate trod on and kill'd that lord.
And tho' he saw the great and wondrous good,
As was foretold, he tasted not the food.
And this just judgment came by heav'n's decree,
Not only for his incredulity,
But his contempt of the most gracious word,
Spoke by the holy prophet of the Lord.

Altho' Samaria, by this siege and strait,
Was most afflicted with the famine great,
Yet all the land of Israel, it appears,
Felt its effects, at least, for seven years.
Of which Elisha by a true foresight,
Gave notice to his friend the Shunamite,
Who had this prophet, with regard unfeign'd,
Some time before so kindly entertain'd—
She whose dear son, when lifeless on the bed,
He, to her joy recover'd from the dead,
He gave this godly woman counsel good,
To go with all her household where she could,
And to sojourn until the famine sore,
Should in the land of Israel be o'er.

She thus inform'd a famine would be sent,
Into the land of the Philistines went,
With all her household, there she made a stand,
While this distress was in her native land.

The famine o'er, she then return'd again,
Found she could not her property obtain.
Her house and fields by others were possess'd,
Who would not listen to her when distress'd.
To court she went on the important thing,
Her just complaint to lay before the king.
The monarch she in conversation found
With the old servant of the seer renown'd,
Gehazi nam'd, who at the king's desire,
Detail'd to him the wonders we admire ;
The miracles that made Elisha shine,
Perform'd when aided by a pow'r divine.
He in his strange narration to the king,
Was just relating one important thing,
That once a body, lifeless on the bed,
Was rais'd by that great prophet from the dead.
That instant, lo ! the woman, and her son
On whom this wondrous miracle was done,
Came in and stood before the monarch great,
And him petition'd for the lost estate.
" My lord O king ! Gehazi then exclaim'd,
' This is the woman, I this moment nam'd,
And this her son, of whom in truth I said,
' The seer Elisha rais'd him from the dead !"
Now this fell out most opportunely there ;
And happily for this afflicted fair ;
For if the heedful, and the wond'ring king,
Was charm'd with the relation of the thing—
He now was so affected with a sense
Of the o'erruling, gracious Providence,
That had indeed another wonder wrought,
The woman and her son before him brought,
Whereby he had a real chance to view,
What some might think more marvellous than true ;
One who was rais'd when cold and void of breath—
Reanimated from the sleep of death.

The king then to inquire for her saw meet,
And had the thing confirm'd to him complete.
The monarch gave an officer command,
To place her in possession of her land,
Her dwelling house and whole estate once more,
And all the profits of the same restore
To her complete, from time she went away,
From her possessions, to that very day.

Benhadad, who was reigning Syria o'er,
Fell sick of a disorder that was sore,
And bearing that the celebrated seer
Was in Damascus, to him very near,
He bid Hazael, his attendant great,
To take a present, and to go in state ;
To meet the prophet, was his pure desire,
That he by him, might of the Lord inquire,
If he should be deliver'd from his pain,
And any more his state of health regain ?
The herald listen'd to the monarch's choice,
Took of the things held in Damascus choice,
A royal present forty camels' load,
And went with them to meet the man of God.
A present fitter for a prince to make,
Than for a prophet of the Lord to take.
So he forthwith, unto Elisha came,
And then address'd him in the monarch's name :
" Thy son Benhadad, who o'er Syria reigns,
Is now distress'd with sickness and with pains,
And hath to thee in his affliction sent,
To ask of Him, who is omnipotent—
Him who into futurity can see,
If I shall from this sore disease be free ?"

Elisha answer'd, " go the monarch tell,
That he again may certainly be well ;
And yet the Lord, the majesty on high,
Hath shown to me that he shall surely die."
This may appear a contradiction quite,
Yet there is none, when comprehended right,
The former section of this answer plain,
That he his health may certainly regain,

The nature of his case related to,
Which was not mortal, in the prophet's view ;
But certainly might be by him endur'd,
And with the care that was essential cur'd.
The latter portion of the seer's reply,
Which is, the monarch shall most surely die,
Related to his foresight of the thing,
Hazeal's perfidy against the king,
That he would slay him for his own renown,
To gain himself accession to the crown.
The sense of this, and the true prophet's view
Of mischief he the Israelites would do,
Then caus'd Elisha silent to remain,
And look upon him with an air of pain,
Until Hazeal was asham'd tis said,
And sad Elisha was to weeping led.
By which the prince was in his feelings try'd,
"Why weepeth now my lord?" he gently cried—
"I know said he, by an unerring view,
The evil thou to Israel will do !
For their strong holds thou wilt in ruins lay—
Their young men with the sword of vengeance slay—
Wilt dash the children from their mother's care,
And have no mercy on the tender fair !"
He could not bear this from the prophet sam'd,
But in his great astonishment exclaim'd,
"What is thy servant, but a dog in view !
That he so great and vile a thing should do ?"
Thus show'd abhorrence, to a great degree,
Of this so dire an inhumanity ;
And wonder'd that the prophet could believe,
That he could things of magnitude achieve.
"The Lord hath shown me, said the seer again,
That thou wilt over Syria's kingdom reign."
Away he went then to the troubled king,
And made a wrong report about the thing :
Inform'd him thus, "the prophet told me plain,
'That thou thy health should certainly regain."
But a thick cloth he took next day, tis said,
And having dipt it in the water, spread

It o'er the monarch's face so tight, he died,
Amidst his glory and aspiring pride.
Hazaek, when they saw the king was dead,
Was crown'd, and reign'd o'er Syria in his stead.

Elisha call'd to pay attention, one
Of those young men, they term'd a prophet's son :
Said to him, "take this box of oil, and lo !
Thou shalt with it to Ramoth-Gilead go :
When there arriv'd, look out for one of fame,
Son of Jehoshaphat, Jehu by name ;
And when thou hast of him obtain'd a sight,
Into an inner chamber him invite,
Then pour this oil upon the young man's head,
And this by thee must unto him be said—
Thus saith the Lord, I have anointed thee,
A monarch over Israel to be.
When this is done, thou must without delay,
Unclose the door, and from him come away."
With this instruction, he the young man sent,
Who forthwith unto Ramoth-Gilead went,
Where he the captains of the army found—
In an apartment they were sitting round.
The young man made to step among them free,
Said, "captain, I've an errand now to thee."
As no one's name was mention'd by the seer,
"To which of us, said Jehu, who are here ?"
The prophet unto Jehu then reply'd,
"To thee, O captain !" I would speak aside.
To this he gain'd young Jehu's free consent,
Who with him to an inner chamber went :
The prophet pour'd the oil upon his head,
And then proceeding with his message said,
Thus saith the Lord, I have anointed thee,
A monarch over Israel to be ;
And thou thy master Ahab's house shall smite,
That I may my true prophet's blood requite,
And blood of all my servants in the land—
Avenge it at proud Jezebel's own hand.
I will cut off, I now declare to thee,
All that vile king and queen's posterity.

And Ahab's house I'll make like one before,
Like Jeroboam's who are now no more ;
And like king Baasha's, who gross evil wrought,
Whose race likewise were to extinction brought,
And dogs the flesh of Jezebel shall eat,
When she lies lifeless in Jezreel's street,
That sinner who was over Israel crown'd,
And there shall none to bury her be found."
And when the youthful prophet thus had said,
He as directed by his master fled.

Upon this passage we may take a view,
That though Elisha, who was great and true,
A young man sent forth on a theme of weight—
Upon an errand of importance great :
He accurate instruction to him gave,
How he throughout the action should behave,
When he for monarch was anointing one,
And his escape, as soon as that was done.
Yet what was said, on the important thing,
For which bold Jehu was appointed king ;
That is, to raise him to a potent place—
Authority to cut off Ahab's race ;
That part doth not by sacred writ appear,
To be dictated by the elder seer ;
But rather we the messenger might view,
Although but young, himself a prophet too.
That he receiv'd, on Ahab's dread reward,
Immediately his message from the Lord.

Jehu's companions very anxious were
To know the youthful prophet's errand there.
They wish'd to know if all indeed was well,
And press'd him what the message was to tell.
Though first reluctant, he at length made free,
These were he said the prophet's words to me :
" Thus saith the Lord, thee to the crown I'll bring,
I now anoint thee over Israel king."

As soon as that was sounded in their ear,
They seem'd as if they car'd no more to hear ;
With great rejoicing, and the trumpet's ring,
O'er Israel's kingdom they proclaim'd him king.

When this was done, he with a prudent mind,
The captains into counsel took we find.

"If it, consistent with your views appear,
Said he, let none go from the city here,
To carry tidings to Jezreel to-day:"

Where Joram, Israel's present monarch lay,
To be reliev'd, or heal'd of wounds then sore,
That he receiv'd, not very long before,
In an engagement with the Syrian host,
Of which, in fact, he nothing had to boast.
And thither also Ahaziah went,
The king of Judah—this was his intent,
To visit Joram, with a tender care,
While he lay wounded, in affliction there.

When Jehu found he must the sceptre sway,
He for Jezreel set out without delay;
Concluding in his valour then to rise,
And there to take the monarch by surprise.
While he march'd on, with all his retinue,
And came to where the city was in view,
The watchmen from the tow'r of Jezreel saw
A company toward the city draw.
As soon as this he from the city spy'd,
"Behold! there comes a band of men," he cried.
The tidings of this unexpected thing,
Was soon related to the wounded king.
A horseman take and send without delay,
Was his command, and meet them on the way,
And query of them in the monarch's name,
If they in peace then to the city came?
On this direction of the king, a man,
On horseback, swiftly forth to Jehu ran;
And ask'd him in the king of Israel's name,
If he to them in peace and friendship came.
"Pray, what hast thou to do with peace this day?
Said Jehu; turn behind me on the way."
The watchman, who the horseman's motion spy'd,
On seeing this, he from the tow'r cried,
"The messenger rode to the men amain,
But he returns not to us back again."

On this the king another horseman sent,
Who with great speed, to this new monarch went,
And ask'd, if he came with a peaceful view?

"Pray what hast thou at all with peace to do?
Turn now behind me," said the bold Jehu.
The watchman told, as he had done before,
"The man went to them, but returns no more;
Their driving seems like Jehu's mode indeed,
For they come on with his surprising speed."

On this the king call'd to his servants there,
Told them forthwith his chariot to prepare.
And Israel's king, to give his ride a zest,
Took Ahaziah, then his royal guest.
Each monarch rode in his own chariot then,
And forth they went to meet the band of men.

As wisdom led, which brings great wonders round,
They met upon the very spot of ground,
That Ahab took, by cruelty and might,
From Naboth, the poor murder'd Jezreelite.

As soon as Joram near to Jehu came,
The question that he ask'd him was the same;

"Is it peace Jehu?" was the monarch's cry—
And he receiv'd from him this rough reply:

"What peace! may we not tell of peace in vain,
While thy vile mother Jezebel doth reign?

'Tis vanity indeed for peace to wait,
Her lewdness and her witchcrafts are so great."

By this bold answer Israel's monarch knew,
That Jehu had some fatal plan in view:

And thinking he a better chance would stand,
To trust his heels than wield his sword in hand,
He cry'd out, in his great alarm and fear,

"There's treachery, O Ahaziah, here!"

As soon as this was by the monarch said,
He turn'd his back, and in great terror fled.

But had not time to many paces go,
Ere Jehu drew, with all his strength a bow,
From which he let an arrow fly so smart,
It penetrated Joram at the heart:

He in his chariot instantly sunk down :
So ended Joram's life without renown.

When Jehu saw that Israel's king was dead,
He coolly to his captain Bidkar said,
"Take up the body, cast it from our sight,
Into the portion of the Jezreelite :
For recollect how on a former day,
When thou and I were riding on the way,
Behind his father Ahab, when he sway'd,
The Lord on him this heavy burden laid :
I yesterday beheld a scene of woe,
The blood of Naboth and his sons to flow.
I will therefore, said he whose ways are right,
Thee in this very plat of ground requite.
Let him I say, be cast upon this land,
According to the high, divine command.

When Ahaziah, who was Judah's king,
Saw this alarming and distressing thing,
Forthwith toward the garden house he fled,
And Jehu follow'd after him and said,
"That monarch also in his chariot smite."
This was indeed an unavailing flight—
He sorely wounded, from the doleful strife,
Fled to Megiddo, where he clos'd his life.
He to Jerusalem was forthwith convey'd,
Where he was with his predecessors laid.
'Tis said, this king's destruction was of God,
Who laid on him for wickedness the rod.

Jehu pursu'd his course and his intent,
And to the city of Jezreel went.
On his arrival Jezebel the queen,
Thought she would boldly let herself be seen ;
That down she would not be by Jehu cast,
But would hold up her grandeur to the last.
To paint her face she was most vainly led,
And in great splendour dress'd her lofty head :
And as bold Jehu enter'd at the gate,
She from a window look'd at him in state—
And with an air that certainly defy'd,
"Had Zimri peace, who slew his master ?" cry'd,

He then look'd up and of her had a view :
" Who's on my side—who will, said he, be true ?"
' There look'd out then some persons, two or three ;
He gave them orders, " throw her down," said he.
His word was law, they readily obey'd,
And threw her down—here ended her parade..
Some of her blood, occasion'd by the fall,
Was sprinkled on the horses and the wall.
This was perform'd almost as soon as said,
He trod upon her then till she was dead.
This execution done to Jehu's mind,
He went within, and ate and drank, we find.
Then recollected Jezebel, once grand,
To some of his attendants gave command,
" Go now and after this curs'd woman see,
And let her in the tomb be laid, said he ;
An end like this will her connexions sting ;
She is indeed the daughter of a king."
When they came where they left her in the street ;
They only found her skull, her hands and feet—
The dogs, when they with hunger were distress'd,
Had found her there, and eaten up the rest.

Report of this was soon to Jehu made,
By those who him as monarch now obey'd.
This is, said he, according to the word,
That in time past, was spoken by the Lord,
By his true servant, with his spirit led,
' The great and good Elijah, when he said,
" In Jezreel's portion (in the open street)
The dogs the flesh of Jezebel shall eat.
Her corpse shall be (so the decree was seal'd)
As dung upon the surface of the field—
No one hereafter of this queen shall tell,
That here lies the remains of Jezebel."

Behold, the potent, with their plans of woe,
Sometimes oppress the innocent and low :
When He who is the majesty of all,
Takes hold in judgment, human pride must fall !

Thus died this queen in horror and distress,
Notorious for the grossest wickedness,

And for the judgment that did her attend;
 That brought her to this doleful wretched end.
 Her name has hateful been in ev'ry age,
 As well as hateful in the sacred page.
 Her * name was us'd, as by the text appears,
 Since her decease, perhaps a thousand years;
 Obscurely to, (as is the plain intent)
 The greatest of seducers represent—
 The most intriguing lewd idolatress,
 That did the early christian church distress.

King Jehu, as the sacred penmen tell,
 Destroyed Baal out of Israel;
 His zeal and close attention to the cause,
 In executing of the heav'nly laws,
 The judgments on the wicked Ahab's race,
 Were such as drew upon him heav'nly grace;
 And so with wisdom that's divine avail'd,
 The crown awhile, was on his race entail'd.
 "Since thou," to Jehu said the holy one,
 "In my own eyes so faithfully hast done;
 Thy children the ascendancy shall gain;
 To the fourth offspring shall o'er Israel reign."

Of Jehu this by sacred writ appears,
 He reign'd o'er Israel eight and twenty years.
 And that, when this undaunted king was dead,
 Jehoahaz his son reign'd in his stead.
 The Israelites were thro' his days distress'd,
 And greatly by the Syrian king oppress'd.
 Hazael did Jehoahaz reduce,
 He left but fifty horsemen for his use;
 And lo! of chariots he could raise but ten;
 Ten thousand footmen, that were fighting men:
 He by the Syrians dolefully was press'd;
 In frequent battles they destroy'd the rest.

The seer renown'd, Elisha, it appears,
 Was living yet, tho' far advanc'd in years:
 He liv'd with painful sorrow to behold,
 The Syrian cruelty, that he foretold.

* Rev. ii. 20.

If when he saw this, by a mental view,
It from him tears, in flowing showers drew;
How must he feel when Israel's land was storm'd,
And he beheld it woefully perform'd?
This consolation did his close attend,
That he foresaw and told the joyful end.
For when young Joash came to Israel's crown,
(Son of this king who died without renown)
To visit the good prophet he was led,
Who then was fallen sick upon his bed.
This was the illness that upon him lay,
That took him from the toils of life away.
The king came to him with a heart sincere;
In depth of feeling wept upon the seer—
Bewail'd the loss to all who there abode,
Of this great prophet—holy man of God:
Who by forewarnings when was danger great,
And wholesome counsels to the church and state,
And ardent prayers, that were availing found,
Was as a bulwark to the nation round.
“Alas, alas! my father, he exclaim'd,
Chariot of Israel, and the horseman sam'd!”
By which he might, when thus with love endu'd,
To an expression similar allude,
Us'd long before, by this devoted seer,
At the departure of his master dear.
The seer reviving, he distinctly knew,
Propitious heaven had gracious good in view;
That 'twas determin'd by this very king,
The Israelites from Syria's yoke to bring.
The prophet then unto the monarch spake,
Now in thy hand a bow and arrows take.
The king, as he was by the prophet taught,
A bow and arrows quickly to him brought.
The seer was further by the king obey'd;
His hand to draw upon the bow he laid;
The seer his hands laid on the king's, that so,
They both together then might draw the bow.
The window eastward, now said he unclose,
And shoot toward afflicted Israel's foes.

Which when he'd done, the prophet said with weight
"The arrow of the Lord's deliv'rance great—
The arrow of a sweet release from those,
Who long have been poor Israel's cruel foes!
For lo! in Aphek thou indeed shalt smite,
The Syrians till thou hast consum'd them quite."
The prophet further to the monarch spake,
The other arrows from the quiver take,
And smite the ground; the king forthwith obey'd,
Yet smote but thrice, and then his hand he stay'd.
The seer at this was to displeasure led,
Thou should'st have smitten, he to Joash said,
Five or six times: thou would'st have then annoy'd
The Syrian host, until they were destroy'd;
Whereas, in future battles thou shalt fight,
The Syrian army thou but thrice shalt smite."
Yet by thrice smiting, he such victory's gain'd,
The Syrians peaceful afterwards remain'd.
For lo! the Lord in his compassion great,
On Israel look'd in their afflicted state;
Once more respect to this tried people paid,
Because of his sure covenant he made,
With Abraham, Isaac, and with Jacob too;
For sake of whom, as by the text we view,
He would not give the dire, divine command,
Yet to exclude them from the promis'd land.

King Joash, when Hazael was no more,
Beat his successor in three battles sore;
Regain'd the cities, while he bore the sway,
Hazael took from Israel away.

Elisha the great debt of nature paid,
And in the lonely, silent grave was laid.
Awhile from the departure of the seer,
Another man was to be buried near
The sepulchre, where he some time had lain.
The people who attended, spy'd with pain,
Toward them coming soldiers in a band:
(The Moabites invaded then the land)
Each man on his own safety more intent,
Than the solemnity, on which they went,

They cast the body in great haste and fear,
 Into the tomb of this illustrious seer.
 As soon as was the man that then was dead,
 Let down and touch'd Elisha's bones, tis said,
 His spirit came to its external seat,
 Lo ! he reviv'd and stood upon his feet !
 This miracle, on this great seer benign,
 Stamp'd on his life an honour that's divine,
 And tended greatly to increase his fame—
 Immortalize the holy prophet's name.



JONAH'S VOYAGE TO NINEVEH:



In days of old were prophets false and true—
 Among the latter we may Jonah view.
 The ancient Hebrews, says a noted one,
 Assert that Jonah was the widow's son,
 Whom fam'd Elijah (by true wisdom led,
 That pow'rful prophet) rais'd to life when dead.

To Jonah was reveal'd the sacred word
 Of Him who of the universe is lord :
 " Arise and go to Nineveh, said he,
 And cry against it what I charge to thee ;
 Their sins before me now are very great,"
 For which most direful judgments them await.

This was the greatest city in the land,
 The royal seat of the Assyrians grand.
 'Twas very ancient, as is understood,
 Built not long since the universal flood,
 By Nimrod, who was Noah's great grandson.
 At his command, by whom great things were done.
 Enlarg'd by Ninus, one of ancient fame,
 And from this monarch said to take its name.

This city was most surely very great,
 'Twas fifty miles in circuit, authors state.

The sacred text delivers this as true,
That Nineveh was three days journey through :
And populous—within its mighty bound,
Were more than sixscore thousand persons found,
Who were eclips'd in understanding bright—
They did not know the left hand from the right.
Which by translators who are sound and good,
In gen'ral is of infants understood.

To this so great and populous a place,
Containing such a very wicked race,
To go was frightful to the humble seer.
Upon a message that he view'd severe.
Indeed, the trial was so great a one,
He thought he would from the Lord's presence run.
He scarcely knew which way to turn or take,
It seem'd his mental faculties to shake.
So he to Joppa went directly down,
A Mediterranean trading sea-port town.
He found a vessel bound to Tarshish there,
And went on board, when he had paid the fare.
To go to Tarshish, thinking thus to run,
From Him who is the omnipresent one.
He, in his fear, forgot he could not fly,
Nor hide himself from the all-seeing eye.
This soon the prophet, to his sorrow found,
When he beheld a scene of terror round :
For lo ! the Lord, against whom he had sinn'd
Displeas'd therewith, sent forth a mighty wind,
And there was such a tempest in the sea,
The ship was likely broken soon to be.
The mariners at this were sore afraid,
And ev'ry man cry'd to his God and pray'd.
Their labour then they actively bestow'd,
To light the ship of its unwieldy load ;
Their lives from death, if possible, to free,
They cast the cargo in the raging sea.
And when the anxious sailors to that end,
Did down the vessel's trembling side descend,
Though almost swallow'd in the dreary deep,
Behold ! they there found Jonah fast asleep.

The captain rous'd him—in his wonder spake,
“What meanest thou O sleeper? now awake!
Arise and call upon thy God that we
May not be swallow'd in the mighty sea.”
They got him up, and soon they all agreed,
To cast the lot, that they might know indeed,
Which was the person that, among them all,
Had caus'd this evil on the crew to fall.
So they cast lots, and wonderful to tell,
The lot upon the prophet Jonah fell!

Then said they to him, “pray to us relate
What is the cause of all this evil great?
Thine occupation we should wish to know.
Whence comest thou and whither wouldst thou go?
Thy native country now to us declare,
And tell us truly who thy people are.”

So he the truth unfolded to their view:
“I am, says he, a Hebrew, or a Jew;
I fear the Lord (who can all powers command,)
The God of heav'n who made the sea and land.”
To tell them plainly he was further led,
How from the presence of the Lord he fled.
All this before them he with candour laid—
The men were then exceedingly afraid:
“Why hast thou thus, said they to Jonah, done?
Why didst thou from thy master's presence run?
Tell us what we shall now inflict on thee,
That there may be a calm upon the sea?”
For lo! the rolling billows, in their view,
Still more tempestuous and alarming grew.
In answer to them, “take me up, said he,
And cast me forthwith in the briny sea;
When I am swallow'd by the raging main,
There then shall be a pleasing calm again:
For well I know, that this is very true,
For my own sake, this tempest is on you.”

Poor Jonah's frank confession of his state,
Impress'd the sailors with compassion great:
Though by his means was their affliction sore,
They were extremely loath to throw him o'er.

And hard they row'd to save the ship and crew—
Which when at length they found they could not do—
That all their great exertions were but nought,
The mighty tempest so against them wrought,
Unto the Lord they rais'd their anxious cry—
To the true God who is the sov'reign high—
The God who both the sea and land had made—
He whom poor Jonah thus had disobey'd.
"O Lord! to thee our humble pray'r we make,
Let us not perish for this person's sake.
We now beseech, to thee O Lord! we pray,
No blood on us that's innocent to lay,
If now to save us from destruction, we
Are forc'd to cast thy servant in the sea;
For thou, O Lord! omnipotent and wise,
Hast done as was most pleasing in thine eyes."

When they had spoken to the King that's great,
That they might his displeasure deprecate;
For doing this, against their own accord,
Unto an erring servant of the Lord,
They took up Jonah (them from death to free)
With deep reluctance cast him the sea.
Then ceas'd the raging tempest of the main—
The sea was calm'd, and they had joy again.
The sense of their deliv'rance was so great,
Wrought by the pow'r that did the world create,
They felt like men from fix'd destruction freed,
They fear'd the Lord exceedingly indeed:
To the Great Being, awful in their eyes,
They then made vows, and offer'd sacrifice.

Although it pleas'd Him, who the billows stay'd,
To punish Jonah, who had disobey'd;
Yet in his judgment, in the scene of need,
Lo! he remember'd mercy great indeed:
Which did not to afflicted Jonah fail—
He sent a fish, our Saviour calls a whale*
Which then was running by the vessel near,
And at that moment swallow'd up the seer!

* Mat. xii. 40.

There Jonah lay, remote from all delights,
Within the fish, three doleful days and nights:
A type of Him who came the world to save,
Who the like time was in the lonely grave.

While Jonah lay within the pit profound,
This living prison, moving dungeon bound,
He pray'd to God, with a most ardent wish,
Out of the gloomy belly of the fish.
What he then pray'd, in living humble cries,
And his soul's deep and ardent exercise,
To Him whose pow'r alone could give him ease
The seer recounted in some words like these.
" I to the Lord, in my affliction cried,
And lo! he heard me, and with grace supply'd.
I pray'd out of the belly of the grave—
Thou heardest my voice, who hast the pow'r to save.
Lo! thou hast cast poor disobedient me
Into the deep, amidst the mighty sea!
The awful floods encompass'd my poor soul;
Thou caus'd thy billows over me to roll.
In my affliction—long and doleful night,
I said alas! I'm driven from thy sight:
Yet I will surely from the depth of pain,
Toward thy holy temple look again.
Lo! I was in the mighty waters bound,
E'en to the soul they compass'd me around.
The depth enclos'd, when from thy presence fled,
Behold the weeds were wrapt about my head.
Down to the bottom of the mountains high
I went, and lo! to God I rais'd my cry.
The pond'rous earth, with all her bars were o'er,
Seem'd to surround my soul for evermore.
Yet thou, O Lord! my God to whom I sought,
My life up from corruption's valley brought.
When I was faint, my soul indeed undone,
Lo! I remember'd thee, the Mighty One;
The God of pow'r and of eternal fame—
My pray'r within thy holy temple came.
Those who seek joy in vanity and lies,
Forsake thy love, and mercy they despise.

But I will sacrifice to thee alone,
Who reigns upon thy everlasting throne—
And with a heart of true thanksgiving free,
I'll pay the vows that I have made to thee.
Let all the people of the earth accord.
Salvation only is of thee, the Lord.”
When Jonah thus had undergone his doom,
Of three days bondage, in the dreary tomb,
Behold! the fish receiv'd the high command,
To vomit Jonah out upon the land.
So Jonah was discharg'd upon the shore,
By heaven set at liberty once more.

Freed from confinement and his night of pain,
The Lord's pure word to Jonah came again,
Said, “rise and go (thou must no longer wait)
To Nineveh the ancient and the great,
Declare my message to the people free,
And preach to them what I dictate to thee.”

For disobedience he had suffer'd sore,
So he oppos'd the sacred voice no more,
But went apace the way that he was sent,
Forthwith to ancient Nineveh he went.
When he had enter'd this great city fam'd,
Near one day's journey he to them proclaim'd,
“Yet forty days poor Nineveh shall groan,
For her great wickedness be overthrown.”

In this short sentence clearly we behold,
The substance of the judgment he foretold;
Yet to conclude tis not at all absurd,
That he preach'd more than this alarming word;
Both for conviction of the people there,
In laying of their great transgressions bare,
To manifest to every Ninevite.
That the dire judgment he denounc'd was right,
And exhortation that they might repent,
And so escape the judgment to be sent.

The Ninevites, however, him receiv'd—
That his dread message was from God believ'd,
And they proclaim'd that there a fast should be,
And put on sackcloth by the king's decree—

Gave tokens of repentance and distress—
Humiliation for their wickedness.
The Lord, in mercy did their prayers receive,
And from the sentence granted a reprieve.

A trial new this brought upon the seer,
And trouble that divested him of cheer,
Who hereupon, discover'd (as we find)
Another great infirmity of mind.
To Nineveh he ruin had proclaim'd,
And the set time for her destruction nam'd :
This on his spirits very deeply wrought ;
God's clemency in sparing them he thought
Would sure subject him to the censure here,
Of having been a quite erroneous seer :
And he upon his reputation stood,
Firm as a prophet that was true and good.
He thought that this in fact would be impair'd,
If, after all great Nineveh was spar'd.

And for these reasons he was sorely try'd,
Was much displeas'd and deeply mortifi'd ;
Like one indeed who felt himself oppress'd,
He thus the Power that's infinite address'd :
" Was not this my true saying of thy grace,
O Lord ! when I was in my native place ?
Therefore it was that I astray was led,
And from thy presence unto Tarshish fled.
For well I know thou art a gracious God,
And merciful and slow to use the rod.
Thou wilt from those who have transgress'd thy law,
By true repentance, thy dread hand withdraw.
Therefore, O Lord ! I thee beseech this day,
That thou would take my wretched life away.
Be pleas'd this once to grant me my request,
I'd better die than thus to live distress'd."
The Lord for this reprov'd him gently quite,
Ask'd him, " if he did to be angry right ?"
Forthwith the prophet from the city went,
He had let in a murm'ring discontent.
A booth upon the eastern side he made,
Try'd for himself to find a cooling shade.

And there he lonely sat to see the fate
Of Nineveh the ancient and the great.
His discontent had made him partly blind—
He now was so unsettled in his mind,
That he could not at all distinctly know,
If God would spare, or Nineveh o'erthrow.

The Lord resolv'd who saw the prophet's pain,
To give to Jonah a conviction plain,
That he to self was partially inclin'd—
To Nineveh lack'd pity in his mind,
Prepar'd a gourd that lively grew and spread,
And made a shadow o'er the prophet's head,
That he might be deliver'd from his grief;
Might gain from the sun's scorching beams relief.
What this gourd was that over Jonah grew,
Most probably, none can inform us true:
It has afforded matter of debate

To many persons of an ancient date.
'Tis said some take it for a desert vine—
A wild cucumber, some to this incline.
Suppos'd to be a pumpkin by a few,
Or a palmetto over Jonah grew.
Whate'er of it might be the proper name,
A leafy plant o'er Jonah doubtless came,
Of which he was, in his affliction, glad;
Yet joy was transient, he again was sad.
Although the Lord still for the prophet car'd,
Yet he next day by morning light prepar'd
A worm that gnaw'd the prophet's favourite,
And soon was wither'd yesterday's delight.

When the sun rose and made the heat prevail,
The Lord prepar'd and sent an eastern gale,
Which with the sun's most penetrating heat,
So fiercely on the head of Jonah beat,
He fainting, seem'd to his departure nigh,
And wish'd not only in himself to die,
But said in his anxiety again,
"Death is far better than a life of pain."
The Lord then mildly ask'd the seer to tell,
If to be angry thus was doing well?

He, in displeasure, made this short reply,
 To him who rules in majesty on high :
 " Yes I do well this day to angry be,
 Altho' it might be unto death to me."

Then came the force strong reasoning would afford;
 "Thou, said the Lord, hadst pity on the gourd,
 For which thou hast not (as thou well dost know)
 Labour'd at all, nor could'st thou make it grow—
 Which came up and o'erspread thee in a night,
 Yet perish'd soon, and vanish'd from thy sight.
 Should I not spare, in mercy that is free,
 The great repenting city Nineveh,
 Where more than sixscore thousand persons dwell,
 Who can't the right hand from the other tell?"

Thus far I have attended on the seer :
 The book of Jonah ends abruptly here ;
 And nothing there is further of him found,
 Nor of the city Nineveh renown'd.



HISTORY OF ESTHER, QUEEN OF PERSIA.



AHASUERUS, Persian king, well known,
 In his third year upon the royal throne,
 A splendid feast for all his princes made,
 And ruling servants, with a great parade,
 'The pow'r of Persia and of Media great,
 The governors and nobles of each state.
 He had to such a pitch of pow'r attain'd,
 O'er provinces sixscore and sev'n he reign'd—
 To show his wealth, and his great honour raise,
 This noble feast continu'd ninescore days.
 When this was clos'd he gave another call,
 He made a feast for people great and small,
 Peculiarly the royal bounty flow'd,
 To Shushan city, all who there abode.

This latter feast was by the king's decree,
Most nobly kept seven days successively;
The garden court was with the people throng'd,
That to the royal palace then belong'd.
The entertainment was, with great delight,
Beneath pavillions green and blue, and white;
These were secur'd in an extensive line,
With cords of purple and of linen fine,
In richest mode, to shining silver rings,
In marble pillars, rich enough for kings.
The tables also, in the grandest plight,
Were made of gold, and silver polish'd bright,
On marble pavements that were rich and fine,
Of red and blue, and white and black to shine.

Here they had wine abundantly bestow'd,
From the king's cellars, like a stream, it flow'd.
The wine was round in golden vessels brought,
Each diff'ring from the other they were wrought,
All to display (which was with cost immense)
This mighty monarch's great magnificence.

Tho' they did wine in such abundance draw,
The drinking was according to the law,
Which made a rule that no one, great or small,
Should be compell'd, or press'd to drink at all;
The king had given his command at large,
To the presiding officers a charge,
That ev'ry person in the flow of wine,
Should drink as his own pleasure should incline.

The queen likewise, they Vashti call'd by name,
To show her grandeur, and increase her fame,
Prepar'd a banquet for the Shushan fair,
Just like the monarch's entertainment there;
Her guests well fill'd (where they might feast and sing)
The royal house belonging to the king.

On the last day, the seventh of the treat,
He who adorn'd the grand imperial seat,
Was somewhat merry in his heart with wine,
That flow'd so freely from the Persian vine,
Sent forth his seven chamberlains, to bring
Queen Vashti in the presence of the king;

Adorn'd with the crown royal on her head,
 That he might show her, he was proudly led,
 To all the princes and the people there,
 She was, indeed, a beauty very rare.
 But whether she conceiv'd the project rude,
 To be by such a vast assembly view'd;
 Or whether in the joy of feasting, she
 Had tasted the delicious wine too free,
 The cause we cannot clearly understand,
 But she refus'd to come at his command.
 This high offence, and in such public view,
 The monarch in so great a passion threw,
 That he in his resentment deep and great,
 Consulted his prime counsellors of state,
 What ought to be inflicted on the queen,
 For her austere refusal to be seen?

Memucan highly her misconduct blam'd,
 The last of his seven princes, as they're nam'd.
 A married person, as we may suppose,
 To speak his mind, first from his seat arose:
 Said he discern'd with reason clear and strong,
 She had not to the king alone done wrong;
 But to the princes ruling at the helm,
 And all the people in the monarch's realm.
 When this queen's deed shall thro' the land be known,
 Done to the king who sits upon the throne—
 That she who is with royal robes array'd,
 The orders of the monarch disobey'd;
 The females will by her example rise
 Against their husbands, and will them despise:
 The ladies thro' thy realm, of great extent,
 Will to the princes urge this precedent,
 And that will give occasion in their pride,
 For scorn to rise upon the women's side,
 And wrath will on the other part be seen,
 All by the rude example of the queen.
 "If therefore it may please the king, said he;
 Let there go forth a royal firm decree,
 And let it be (for Vashti's conduct cold)
 With laws of Persians and the Medes enroll'd,"

Unchangeably will that confirm the thing,
That Vashti come no more before the king;
So let the monarch hold his high renown,
And to one better give the royal crown.
When this decree, that's issued from the throne,
Shall be throughout thy mighty empire known,
The peaceful wives thereof will take a view,
And give their husbands honour that is due."

This counsel of Memucan was, we find,
Well pleasing to the king's disorder'd mind,
His princes also lent a ready ear,
They all consented to the scheme with cheer;
Without delay were letters writ and sent,
Throughout the monarch's provinces they went,
That ev'ry man rule o'er his house should bear,
Uninterrupted by the sex that's fair:
That this should be so publish'd from the throne,
Throughout the realm, in ev'ry language known.
Thus, tho' the queen would not the king obey,
The men obtain'd a victory that day.

But when the monarch had repos'd one night,
His anger cool'd, his recollection bright,
He mus'd with pain on what the queen had done,
And the decree that had against her run:
This soon was known and by the princes view'd;
They might, with greatest certainty conclude,
That should the king restore her to her state,
Upon them she revenge would meditate:
Here to divert, and the king's mind restrain,
From fondly running after her again,
Secure their interest and the king's esteem,
They soon contriv'd this animating scheme,
Which he should thro' his mighty realm diffuse;
In ev'ry province he should agents choose:
These were to pay a true attentive care,
And take up all the virgins young and fair;
That they should forthwith them convey or bring
To Shushan, to the palace of the king:
That they should in a house prepar'd remain,
Attended by a trusty chamberlain;

That each should there completely be supply'd,
 With all things needful, and be purified ;
 The monarch then, among the virgins fair,
 Might choose a queen, the royal crown to wear.

A scheme so well adapted to his mind,
 Acceptance with him could not fail to find,
 'Twas executed, as the princes taught,
 And many a fair one was to Shushan brought.

With those who now were in this service prest,
 Was one young virgin, fairer than the rest,
 Call'd Esther then, also Hadassah nam'd,
 In books profane she's by Atossa fam'd.
 They call'd her father Abihail ; he too
 Was uncle of one Mordecai, a Jew,
 (Whom Babylon's monarch, in his movements grand,
 Brought, as a captive from the Hebrews land)
 Who liv'd in Shushan, near the seat of state,
 The royal city of the empire great.
 Her parents past from all terrestrial strife,
 Paid nature's debt quite in her early life ;
 She to her cousin Mordecai was dear ;
 He like a father, with a heart sincere,
 Adopted her a daughter of his own.

And brought her up, accomplish'd for the throne.

So Esther was among the fair ones caught,
 And forthwith to the royal palace brought,
 Where well attended she awhile remain'd,
 She pleas'd the keeper, his attention gain'd ;
 This officer, in honour that was great,
 Chose seven maids, upon her there to wait ;
 Preferr'd her to the lodgings grand indeed ;
 For purification gave her things with speed,
 That she might fairly (as the princes plann'd)
 Among the first before the monarch stand.
 For this was then the emperor's decree,
 That each of these should with attention be,
 Twelve months continu'd in the maids abode,
 To purify them with the things bestow'd ;
 And when they had been thus prepar'd, to bring
 Them in when call'd to come before the king.

Of these twelve months, when they were purified,
They six of them the oil of myrrh applied,
The other six were occupi'd complete,
In purifying with the odours sweet,
And after this preparative so grand,
They took their turns before the king to stand;
Well furnish'd by the chamberlain, with care,
Who had the charge of these young damsels fair,
With ev'ry thing that was their heart's desire,
The ornaments of Shushan's rich attire;
That each one who approach'd the royal seat,
Might for a husband be adorn'd complete:
No one who'd been once in his presence, came
Again, unless he sent for her by name.
Young Esther had not yet her kindred shown,
Nor to what people she belong'd made known,
For Mordecai, she view'd with honour deep,
Had charg'd her she should this a secret keep.
But he took care to make it in his way,
To walk before the women's court each day,
Her state of health that he might understand,
And knowledge gain where she was like to land.

At length (time passing as upon the wing)
Came Esther's turn to go before the king.
Whereas each other fair ambitious maid,
Herself with richest ornaments array'd,
In highest mode, as quite a likely thing,
To gain the true acceptance of the king;
As each one knew a crown would be the prize,
To her who should be pleasing in his eyes.
But Esther, that she might be much admir'd,
No decorations for the day requir'd;
She not desiring, in that humble hour,
By costly robes to be advanc'd to pow'r;
Yet, as her native beauty was so great,
Deportment courteous, as a natural trait,
She gain'd the favour—admiration to,
Of ev'ry one who had of her a view;
The king was taken with this damsel fair,
He lov'd her more than all the others there,

She found such gracious favour in his sight,
She was his choice, and he with great delight
Instead of Vashti rais'd her to renown,
Upon her head he set the royal crown.
The king, upon the day of nuptials, made
A joyful banquet, with a great parade,
To rulers, from the greatest to the least,
Princes and servants, call'd it Esther's feast;
And for her sake he gave donations great,
According to the grandeur of his state;
And for that time, he was so highly pleas'd,
The provinces he of their tribute eas'd.
Her guardian kinsman had no higher state,
Than that he sat within the royal gate;
Which mode of speech implies, as some suppose,
That he to office had at court arose,
Though it perhaps, might be but low or small,
A porter or an usher in the hall.
He'd charg'd the queen, that she must not declare,
Who her own kindred, or her people were,
And she obedient to her guardian's will,
Had kept it secret, in her bosom still.
That he was not, this circumstance implies,
Ambitious at the Persian court to rise.

As this adage has long been understood,
" 'Tis an ill wind that blows no person good,"
A case occur'd, which the historian wrote,
That brought the worthy Mordecai to note.
While at the gate, he came to understand
A plot that two atrocious men had plann'd,
Bigthan and Teresh, officers who bore
The trust of guarding the king's chamber door,
They in their anger had contriv'd the thing,
Had plotted to assassinate the king.
This wicked scheme to Mordecai was known,
Forthwith by him unto the queen was shown;
When she acquainted with the plot became,
She told the king in Mordecai's own name.
The men were taken for the crime and bound,
Were brought to trial, and were guilty found;

And then, consistent with the court's decree,
They were led forth, and hang'd upon a tree.
But Mordecai, who merited renown,
Was not ere long rewarded by the crown.

About this time, the king, with deep delight,
Was much allur'd by a new favourite,
Whom he advanc'd to a sublime degree,
And set in pow'r o'er the nobility—
A man nam'd Haman, Ammedatha's son,
The Agagite, was thus to honour run.
Suppos'd by authors a descendant known,
From Agag, once a king on Am'lek's throne.
Oppos'd to this, some commentators state
(As deeply vers'd in themes of ancient date)
That Agag was no man's or family's name,
But royal title of their kings of fame.

When Haman thus was dignifi'd in state,
All those who were attendants at the gate
Bow'd down to him, and reverenc'd him there,
This honour gave him, with the greatest care;
Which to omit they were indeed afraid,
Because it was a law the monarch made.
Reverse alone the humble Jew was led,
To honour Haman did not bow his head;
Which was withheld, no doubt, because he knew
This honour to the Lord alone was due.

Though Mordecai to Haman never bow'd,
He was by him unnotic'd in the crowd;
The servants there who took a great delight
To fawn upon the monarch's favourite,
Told Mordecai they wish'd to understand,
Why he transgress'd the king's express command?
When they had urg'd him thus from day to day,
And saw that he would no attention pay,
They thought they could no longer with him bear,
Would see how he might on a trial fare:
So they inform'd prince Haman what they knew
How he was treated by a stubborn Jew.
When haughty Haman, proud of false renown,
Found Mordecai would not to him bow down;

His wrath was kindled to a burning flame,
 He studied vengeance, with a boundless aim.
 And viewing one who stood to fame unknown,
 Too mean a victim to be crush'd alone,
 He scorn'd on him his mighty hands to lay,
 Resolv'd to seize a more extensive prey :
 That he would with this adversary's fate,
 Destroy the Jews throughout the kingdom great.
 As this was by elated Haman view'd
 An enterprise of greatest magnitude,
 His partisans, who understood the scheme,
 And freely join'd him in the wicked theme
 Cast lots before him (thus were vainly led)
 Each day, from first month to the twelfth, 'tis said,
 To know the time, most likely in their eyes,
 To be successful in the enterprise.

The day was fix'd for this important thing,
 And lofty Haman thus address'd the king :
 " There is a people widely scatter'd round,
 In every province of thy kingdom found,
 With rules oppos'd to regions far and near,
 They will not one of the king's laws revere."

Thus Haman since one person in the land
 Had not observ'd that singular command,
 For bowing down, in reverence his head,
 Fallaciously was in his malice led,
 His charge against the Hebrew race to lay,
 That they would not the monarch's laws obey.
 " There can't, in fact unto the king be gain
 To let this people in thy realm remain.
 Therefore, if it may please the king, said he,
 Let there forthwith be issu'd a decree,
 Or proclamation from the king's own hand,
 That they may be destroyed from the land ;
 And I will, sure as thou hast royal sway,
 *Ten thousand talents of bright silver pay
 To those who oversee the work, to bring
 The silver in the treasuries of the king."

* In quantity about 418 tons.

The monarch, blinded by a parasite,
Not thinking that his royal great delight
Was one of those declar'd to disobey,
And whom his new presiding prince would slay,
Took from his hand, and gave to him the ring,
As once was done by the Egyptian king.
This was a token of the fullest power
To act as he should see it good that hour—
And added, he did not the talents crave,
The money he with greatest freedom gave
And to a people, who were so untrue,
To act consistent with his noble view.

Since Haman now had gain'd his wicked suit,
He was not slow the same to execute.
Forthwith to put the edict on the wing,
He call'd the secretaries of the king;
By Haman's order they the letters wrote
To rulers nigh, and those who were remote.
To all the gov'nors sitting at the helm,
In every language known within the realm,
The orders were, in a majestic strain,
The Jews must be throughout the kingdom slain.
The law was made for all to perish then,
The children with the women and the men.
The letters for the Jews most woful fate,
The thirteenth day of first month had their date,
The thirteenth day of twelfth month was the one,
Appointed for the crimson stream to run.
To animate their enemies that day,
The spoil was given for a noble prey.
All this was written in the monarch's name,
Seal'd with his seal, a firm decree became,
And sent to every province in the land,
The posts were hasten'd by the king's command,
Which done, the king and his alluring mate,
Sat down to drink, as in a merry state.
But Shushan, where they issu'd this decree,
About it was in great perplexity.
That none was more affected there, is true,
Than Mordecai, the deeply feeling Jew :

Who when he came to understand the thing
 That had been done by Haman and the king,
 For grief extreme in twain his garment rent,
 In sackcloth cloth'd, o'erspread with ashes went,
 In mourning sore, into the city nigh,
 And cried aloud, with a most bitter cry.
 Since no one cloth'd in sackcloth's mournful state,
 Could find admittance in the monarch's gate,
 He came and stood before the gate, or near,
 To let his dire solicitude appear.
 In ev'ry province where this edict came,
 The sorrow and the mourning was the same;
 It was a fasting and a weeping day,
 The Jews in sackcloth and in ashes lay.

That Mordecai was cloth'd, in sackcloth seen,
 Was told unto the servants of the queen,
 And they forthwith inform'd the queen his state,
 At which her sorrow was exceeding great;
 Although as yet she had not heard the cause,
 Not having knowledge of the recent laws.
 To find her guardian, in the scene of need,
 Was cloth'd in sackcloth, gave her grief indeed.
 She sent him raiment, (wish'd him not to grieve)
 Which he would not by any means receive.
 She call'd for Hatach, whom the king of late,
 Appointed on his royal bride to wait,
 Commanded him to Mordecai to go,
 That she the source of his distress might know.
 With this command, the trusty chamberlain,
 Went out to seek the man of grief and pain:
 He found him in his deeply mournful state,
 In that fair street before the monarch's gate—
 'Told him he came immediate from the queen,
 To know why he was thus in mourning seen.
 Then Mordecai inform'd him all that pass'd,
 Of this dire statute from the first to last—
 'That Haman made a promise to the king,
 Into his hand a massy sum to bring,
 To have the Jews, where he in splendour reign'd,
 All put to death, and his request obtain'd.

He sent a copy of the law, of late,
At Shushan issu'd for the direful fate ;
That he might this unto queen Esther show,
And the alarming danger let her know ;
And charge her in this instance to obey,
To go before the king without delay,
Make supplication—of the monarch crave,
That he from slaughter would her people save ;
For it was time the secret to unfold,
To let what people she was of be told.
The queen forthwith receiv'd the tidings sore,
The cause of sorrow all the kingdom o'er.
When she awhile had view'd the theme with pain,
She sent him back to Mordecai again,
“ To wish of him to take this rule in view,
That all the people of the kingdom knew,
That whosoever should presume the thing,
Come in the inner court unto the king,
Though man or woman, whether great or small,
Or young or old without a regal call,
Was by the law to die for the offence,
’Twas view’d a matter of such consequence,
Excepting those to whom compassion roll’d,
To whom he would his golden sceptre hold.
That it was not with her a time of cheer,
For she was in discouragement and fear ;
She’d had no call that might her spirits raise,
To come into the king for thirty days.”
So much we find the emperor’s delight
Was taken up with his false favourite.
When Mordecai heard what she thus had said,
To give her this plain answer he was led :
“ Think not if thou shalt my request refuse,
To better fare than all the other Jews :
If thou keep’st silent, when deep mis’ry cries,
Enlargement and deliv’rance shall arise
Some other way, but thou shalt be annoy’d,
Thou and thy father’s family destroy’d.
Consider well, and do thy work of weight,
For let me now my sentiment relate,

Thou probably art risen to the throne,
For such a time and scene as this alone."

This message rous'd her, so that she was fain
Forthwith to send to Mordecai again :
She wish'd him to assemble all the Jews
That were in Shushan, this command diffuse,
For all to keep for her a solemn fast,
Nor eat nor drink—three days and nights to last—
That she would fast, her maidens would likewise,
And after that she surely would arise,
And as he clearly most consistent saw,
Go in unto the king against the law,
And crave of him to alter his decree,
And if she perish'd so it then must be.

When this important, solemn fast was o'er,
Queen Esther true to what she said before,
An undertaking by her deeply weigh'd,
Herself adorn'd—in royal robes array'd,
And went into the inner court, that shone,
Of the king's house before the royal throne,
Where he was sitting—there she made a stand,
In silent dread, before the monarch grand.
He who to pass can mighty wonders bring,
Dispos'd the heart, and feelings of the king,
On seeing her, his consort and delight,
That she obtain'd great favour in his sight.
To her relief the pen can scarce declare,
He held to her his golden sceptre there.
On this the queen unto the king drew near,
And touch'd the sceptre with an humble cheer.
The king to her, then with an air serene,
Said "what wilt thou, O Esther, who art queen?
For what I say wouldst thou petition me?
To half the realm it shall be granted thee."
"If it be now, said she, the monarch's choice,
To pay attention to his consort's voice,
Let th' king and Haman come, I humbly pray,
Unto the banquet I've prepar'd this day."
So he and Haman, splendidly array'd,
Came to the banquet that the queen had made.

The monarch now to know her wish was fain,
And at the banquet said to her again,
"What's thy petition, tell it to me free,
What's thy request? it shall be granted thee;
Thy utmost wishes thou shalt have in state,
Although they might be half the kingdom great."

The queen had this good policy in view,
To draw to her the king's affection true—
To gain his grace, and his good-will entire,
Before she open'd to him her desire.
To wish another interview was led—
She to him in an humble manner said,
"If, I, indeed, this day have favour found,
With him who is o'er this great kingdom crown'd,
And if it be well pleasing to the king,
'To grant me my petition in this thing,
Then let the king and Haman with me share,
Attend the banquet which I shall prepare
For them to-morrow—then will I make free,
And my petition will prefer to thee."
The king forthwith to this request agreed,
And Haman blinded with delight indeed,
Exulted in his vanity and pride—
But on returning he was mortified.
He happen'd at the royal gate to view
His old tormentor, Mordecai, the Jew.
Although prince Haman felt so big and tall,
He stood not up, nor bow'd to him at all.
His haughty stomach swelling at the sight,
His indignation rose to boundless spite—
He kept it in his burning breast confin'd,
Till he reach'd home, and then divulg'd his mind.
He call his friends that were within his reach,
To them and his wife Zeresh made a speech.
His pride at first began to celebrate
And amplify upon his riches great—
His children grown to be a multitude,
(A race of nobles doubtless by him view'd).
He then recounted each illustrious thing
Wherein he was promoted by the king :

How he advanc'd him in his seat of state,
 O'er all his princes and the rulers great :
 And that the queen, in royal grand array,
 No man admitted with the king that day,
 Unto the banquet, where was grandeur shown,
 That she prepar'd, except himself alone.
 To-morrow too, he was engag'd to share
 At a new banquet with the royal pair.
 Yet all this glory sinks, said he, in view,
 So long as I see Mordecai the Jew,
 At the king's gate, who with a sullen brow
 Will not arise nor at my presence bow.

When Haman of his speech had made an end,
 His wife concurr'd, and also every friend,
 With him in their resentment of the wrong,
 Done by the bold, insulting Jew so long.
 "Now let a gallows (was their haughty cry)
 Be made for him, of fifty cubits high,
 And on the morrow speak thou to the king,
 To give direction instantly to bring
 Forth Mordecai, who would his prince degrade,
 And hang him on the gallows for him made ;
 Thou then the monarch and the queen may meet,
 And at the banquet take a merry seat."
 This project so on Haman's humour play'd,
 Forthwith he caus'd the gallows to be made.
 But God so order'd (He who rules the deep)
 That on that night the monarch could not sleep :
 Wherefore to spend the slowly passing night,
 And to divert him till the morning light,
 He call'd his men the chronicles to bring,
 Which book was read before the wakeful king.
 One theme was here reviv'd before his view,
 'Twas written there that Mordecai the Jew
 Divulg'd the treason of two men before,
 That had the guard of the king's chamber door,
 Who did in depth of ignominy swing,
 For plotting to assassinate the king.
 They then were question'd by their royal lord,
 "What dignity, or honour or reward."

Had e'er been done to Mordecai the Jew,
For being faithful, to his king so true?"
His servants there united all as one,
And told the king there had been nothing done.
The monarch's mind was readily agreed
To recompense the noble act, with speed,
To give an order for the same desir'd,
"Who's in the court?" he of his men inquir'd.
Proud Haman, likely had not slept that night,
For he arriv'd, perhaps by morning light,
To ask permission of the potent king,
That by the neck he Mordecai might swing.
That Haman in the court was standing then,
Was told the monarch by his waiting men.
As soon as he of this was notified,
"Let him come in," the Emperor replied.
In Haman came, elated with the view
Of having his delight upon the Jew.
Ere he had time to tell the theme desir'd,
The king of him most pleasantly inquir'd
"What shall be done that's noble in thy sight,
To him the king would honour with delight?"

The high blown Haman, in his vanity,
Thought he himself the only man must be
Whom his great friend would have the smallest view
Of dignifying with some honour new.
Since he could set the terms without offence,
He thought to have it with magnificence—
That like a monarch he would once appear,
Return'd this answer, with a heart of cheer.
"For him to whom the king should view it right
To truly honour, with a great delight,
Give orders that the royal robes be brought,
That richly to array the king were wrought.
The royal crown with which he's dignified,
The horse that's chosen for the king to ride:
Let these be plac'd with one in honour grand,
A noble prince, that governs in the land,
Let him therewith the personage array,
He whom the king would highest honours pay,

And bring him mounted thro' the street with fame,
Before him let the officer proclaim
Thus shall be done, in honour that is high,
To him the king delights to dignify."

No sooner said he what the king should do,
But quite reverse from his ambitious view,
The monarch to the haughty Haman spake,
"Make haste, the horse and the apparel take,
Perform all this, consistent with thy view,
Without delay to Mordecai the Jew,
Who sitteth at the royal palace gate,
Let nothing fail of all thou didst relate."

This was to Haman like a fatal wound,
But there could not a remedy be found;
The word of him who bore the royal sway,
Was a decree, and Haman must obey.

So he forthwith the new command obey'd,
And Mordecai in royal robes array'd,
Upon his head he set the golden crown,
Resembling one who rul'd with great renown,
He mounted him upon the monarch's steed,
Above the grand nobility indeed,
And brought him thro' the city with parade,
Before him loudly proclamation made,
"Thus shall be done in honour that is high,
To him the king delights to dignify."

This did not humble Mordecai elate,
He soon return'd unto the monarch's gate:
But Haman hasted to his house, once more,
His head was cover'd in his mourning sore:
He to his wife and to his friends unveil'd,
The trying scene—how sadly he had fail'd.
At this relation they were struck with dread,
And to him, in their depth of sorrow, said,
"If Mordecai be of the Jewish seed,
Before whom thou hast thus been foil'd indeed,
'Then thou alas! shalt not prevail at all,
But shalt before him from thy station fall."
More might they then have said about the thing,
Had he not had a message from the king;

For while they thus were talking there, with pain,
Arriv'd to him the monarch's chamberlain,
To hasten him unto the honour shar'd,
To the rich banquet that the queen prepar'd;
To which we may undoubtedly suppose,
To go he with a heavy heart arose.
On going forth, his mental grief he tried,
Much with the fairest countenance to hide.

The king and Haman to the banquet came;
The monarch's words were to his spouse the same,
"What's thy petition? tell it to me free.
What's thy request? it shall be granted thee:
Thy utmost wishes thou shalt have in state,
Altho' including half the kingdom great."

The queen enliven'd, deep attention paid,
She this petition to the monarch made:
"If in thy sight, O king, I've favour found,
And grace with him who's over nations crown'd,
Oh! let my life be given me this day,
And for my people I sincerely pray;
For we are sold, to my unbounded pain,
To be by the destroying weapon-stain!
If we had been but into bondage sold,
I would my tongue in humble silence hold,
Altho' the foe, with all his wealth would fail,
The king's great damage e'er to countervail."
'The loss sustain'd by taking quite away,
The tribute that so many people pay.

The monarch here seen d wonderstruck, and pain'd,
Forgetful of the statute Haman gain'd—
"Say who is he, and where, exclaim'd the king,
That in his heart durst e'er presume the thing."
"The adversary may with ease be seen,
It is this wicked Haman," said the queen.
This word put Haman in alarming fear,
He did like one quite thunderstruck appear;
There was not in his countenance a trace,
Of innocence with her open face.
'The king could his great consternation see,
And recollecting, doubtless the decree,

For the destruction of the scatter'd Jews,
Quite inconsistent with all human views,
The wretch allur'd, in an unwary hour,
Him to confirm, with his imperial pow'r:
He from the banquet rose in discontent,
In anger to the palace garden went.
Now Haman saw one most alarming thing,
That evil was determin'd by the king,
Stood up amaz'd, for life to supplicate,
Before the queen, in his degraded state.
His princely resolution from him fled;
He fell down as a suppliant on the bed
Where she was sitting (thus o'erpass'd his bound)
And by the king was in that posture found,
When he forth from the garden came again;
Which he resented, with a great disdain,
To think that he, a subject, dare be seen,
Indecently to draw so near the queen.
The king exclaim'd, in his displeasure new,
"Will he abuse the queen in open view?"
As soon as this was by the monarch said,
The officers attending there were led,
To take a veil and cover Haman's face;
Death's awful token, in his deep disgrace.

Harbonah then, a trusty chamberlain,
Who'd gotten tidings of the project vain,
Inform'd the king, "that Haman, with parade,
A gallows high as fifty cubits made,
Near his own house, and with this brutal view,
To hang thereon good Mordecai the Jew,
He who the king from wicked treason freed,
And of the monarch well deserv'd indeed."
As soon as this was in his presence nam'd,
"Hang him thereon," the angry king exclaim'd.
So they hung Haman up without delay,
Upon the gallows made for Mordecai!

The king, who had so sorely been pleas'd,
Was now by wicked Haman's death pleas'd;
And on that day he gave, by his decree,
The house of Haman, the Jew's enemy,

Unto the queen, his royal spouse, with cheer,
Who to the king was faithful and sincere.
That Mordecai, she told the monarch free,
To her was near by consanguinity.
Then he was call'd by order of the king,
And when he came, the monarch took his ring,
As he had done to the illustrious knave,
Which now to his friend Mordecai he gave.
Promoted thus, the queen without delay,
Of Haman's house gave Mordecai the away.

Tho' Haman thus had vanish'd from his place,
Yet was not Esther, nor the Jewish race,
From apprehension of great danger free;
For in full vigour stood the king's decree.
The queen, therefore, on that important thing,
Once more adventur'd to address the king;
And falling down before him at his feet,
Did him with tears and moving words entreat,
To put away the direful evil quite,
Of Haman that mischievous Agagite,
Which he devis'd against the peaceful Jews,
And did throughout the provinces diffuse.
On this, the feeling monarch, we are told,
Held forth to her the sceptre made of gold,
And to her in this trying scene was kind,
Encourag'd her to freely speak her mind:
So she arose, by his affection led,
In moving terms address'd the king, and said,
"If it may please the king, and I have found,
Grace in his sight, who's over Persia crown'd,
Permit some letters to be writ and seal'd,
That those devis'd by Haman be repeal'd,
Which gave direction for the direful fate,
Of all the Jews throughout thy kingdom great:
For how can I endure the grievous pain
And grief of seeing my own people slain?
How can I view, and have a being here,
The dire destruction of my kindred near?"

The king attentive at this interview,
Said to the queen, and Mordecai the Jew,

Lo, I have given, {which I now repeat)
 Unto the queen vile Haman's splendid seat;
 Him they have hang'd, as he, with wicked views,
 Presum'd to lay his hand upon the Jews.
 When ye a view have taken of the theme,
 Write for the Jews as you may prudent deem,
 Let it be written in the monarch's name,
 With the king's signet firmly seal the same:
 As for the former writing, that decree
 Was written by the king's authority,
 In his own name, and with his signet seal'd,
 And cannot be by Persian laws repeal'd.

The secretaries of the king, we read,
 Were call'd upon to take their pens with speed:
 The writing was as Mordecai would choose,
 The letters were directed to the Jews,
 To all the king's lieutenants then at helm,
 The deputies and rulers of the realm,
 From India unto Ethiopia's shore,
 To all the regions he was ruling o'er;
 In language of each province went the news,
 As well as in the language of the Jews.
 The letters full authority contain'd,
 From him who o'er that mighty empire reign'd,
 Unto the Jews, that on the thirteenth day
 Of the twelfth month, they might themselves array,
 (The time appointed by the edict vain,
 For them to be throughout the kingdom slain)
 To join in ev'ry province of the land,
 And for their lives to make a noble stand;
 Throughout the realm, all who the Jews annoy'd,
 Might be by Jewish fighting bands destroy'd;
 And that they should not then for nothing toil,
 They for a prey might freely take the spoil.
 And these important letters bearing date,
 At Shushan palace, then the seat of state,
 The three and twentieth of third month, we find,
 Were written in the monarch's name and sign'd,
 And firmly with the royal signet seal'd,
 They could not be by Persian laws repeal'd.

These were despatch'd, and by the king's command,
Sent to each state of the extensive land,
By posts that seem'd triumphant and elate,
On mules well mounted, and on camels great ;
On horses they for greatest fleetness chose,
On dromedaries swift as mountain roes.
Thus was sent forth the great and glorious news,
That timely notice they might give the Jews,
To arm themselves, be in complete array,
To crush their foes on the appointed day.

Then went out from the presence of the king,
The joyful Mordecai, whose heart could sing ;
With royal robes this prince appear'd in view ;
Of purple colour, and of white and blue,
Richly adorn'd with a great crown of gold ;
A revolution wondrous to behold !
The city Shushan was alive with joy,
Which in each province seem'd without alloy.
On the reception of the king's command,
The Hebrews had great gladness in the land ;
And many people join'd the Jews, 'tis said,
Because of them they were indeed in dread.

On the arrival of the day of fate,
The time allotted for the struggle great,
Which was the twelfth month, and the thirteenth day,
The Jews forewarn'd, were in complete array,
Join'd in all places where they were distress,
Determination rul'd in ev'ry breast :
They fought with valour—those who them assail'd,
Completely in their expectation fail'd ;
No foe was found, nor any hostile band,
That could before the Jewish valour stand :
For lo ! their terror, and an awful fear,
Fell on the people, who were far and near.
And all the rulers of that region great,
Lieutenants and the deputies of state,
United to assist the Jews to sway,
On them so fell the fear of Mordecai ;
For he was potent in the king's house grown,
And great with him who sat upon the throne.

With wings of joy went nimbly forth his name,
Through all the distant provinces his fame.
The Jews encourag'd, with great valour rose,
And boldly fell on their intestine foes :
The sword they in the royal city drew,
In Shushan they five hundred persons slew.
Among the slain they in the city found,
Were the ten sons of Haman, once renown'd.
In ev'ry place to fight the Jews was vain ;
Of foes were five and seventy thousand slain.
It was indeed a great victorious day,
But in no place they meddled with the prey.
That day they brought unto the king the news,
The number slain in Shushan by the Jews.
He told queen Esther, that the Jews had then,
In Shushan city slain five hundred men ;
By which she might an apprehension gain
That many were in other places slain:
" What further hast thou to request, said he ?
For thy petition shall be granted thee."
" If it may please the king for me to choose,
Let it, said she, be granted to the Jews
Which are in royal Shushan, to array,
And do to-morrow, as they've done to day.
And also let (said she unto the king)
The sons of Haman on the gallows swing."
He paid attention, with regard unfeign'd,
This also, she without delay obtain'd.
The king commanded that it so should be,
For it at Shushan issu'd his decree,
And Haman's sons (the valiant Hebrews slew)
Were forthwith brought, and hang'd in open view,
Not distant likely from their dwelling seat,
To make their ignominy more complete.
At Shushan city, on the fourteenth day,
The Jews equipp'd, were muster'd in array,
And slew three hundred more of Haman's band,
But on the prey they put not forth a hand.
For this success, and the deliv'rance great,
Of all the Jews, from their most direful fate;

They testified throughout the realm their joy,
Which seem'd, indeed, unmingled with alloy,
By feasting and by sending gifts around,
Triumphant joy, almost without a bound.

Then Mordecai, who was by all obey'd,
A record kept and an appointment made,
To keep the fourteenth and the fifteenth days
Of Adar yearly, as a time of praise ;
As days wherein the anxious Jews had rest,
From all their foes, by whom they were oppress'd.
The month in which their doleful gloomy night
Was turn'd to joy, a scene of great delight.
That they their freedom should commemorate,
Those days with feasting and rejoicing great,
Of sending portions to each other round,
And giving gifts unto the poor they found.
As Haman long was casting pur (the lot),
To know the time for a successful plot,
To slay and to consume the Jews complete ;
It was ordain'd upon the great defeat,
That these two days (replete with joy and fame)
They should henceforth the feast of Purim name.
These days were fix'd by all the Jews to be
Kept with great strictness and solemnity.
And Mordecai, who to great pow'r had grown,
Next to the king upon the royal throne,
That he might knowledge of this rule diffuse
Throughout the kingdom, wrote to all the Jews :
And then to make what he had done complete,
The queen wrote also from her royal seat.

The Jews thereon to take it all agreed,
An ordinance on them, and on their seed,
That they should keep the Purim feast, with cheer,
At the appointed time in every year—
In every fam'ly, province, isle and state,
And in each city through the kingdom great,
As a memorial to themselves and seed,
Of their deliv'rance in the time of need.

THE HISTORY OF DANIEL.

WHILE king Jehoiakim in Judah reign'd,
The Israelites in wickedness remain'd :
Then Babylon's monarch, with a great parade,
Came to Jerus'lem, there a siege he laid.
To him the Lord deliver'd Judah's king,
Whom he in triumph did to Babylon bring.
Some vessels that were in the temple grand,
He took with him, to his own distant land.
The monarch also to a herald spake,
And gave command, that he should with him take
Some Israelites, related to their king,
And to their princes, these to Babylon bring ;
They must be fair, from every blemish free—
Of talents bright—well educated be.
To be instructed, in the language taught,
And all the learning by the Chaldeans sought.
And when completely qualified to bring
Them in the palace, to attend the king.
Four were selected, one was Daniel fam'd,
Hananiah, Mishaël, Azariah nam'd.
New names were given, at the king's command,
As slav'ry's token, in the distant land.
By Belteshazzar Daniel's known to all,
And Hananiah, now they Shadrach call ;
And they upon the other two bestow
The names of Meshach and Abednego.
These were instructed, and for three years train'd;
In all the learning that could there be gain'd.
The king, to make these captives more content,
Provision daily from his table sent ;
The things to which he thought they would incline,
A plenteous portion of his meat and wine.
So Daniel was in Babylon well known,
At that grand court in estimation grown—
In the true church he was with honour crown'd,
For piety and wisdom most profound.

But Daniel and his friends would not incline
To eat the meat, nor drink the monarch's wine :
Some might be known unlawful for a Jew ;
Some, otherwise polluted in their view.
They therefore ask'd their president, 'tis said,
That they might not upon the same be fed.
Now Daniel was in favour, and was dear
To him who was the prince, their overseer,
Who was dispos'd these Jews to gratify,
Provided he no risk incurr'd thereby.
But he objected, that he thus might bring
Upon himself the censure of the king,
Should they for want of necessary food—
Of diet that was nourishing and good,
Look worse than all the students of their band,
When they should in the monarch's presence stand.
Daniel prevail'd with Melzar to comply,
With pulse and water for their food to try : ..
Therewith ten days to prove them, and compare
Their countenances with the others there,
Those who did of the king's provision eat,
And deal with them as he should then see meet.
So they were left by their presiding friend,
And came together at the ten day's end.
On the review, these conscientious men,
Were fat, and fairer than the others then ;
Than any who were to the trial led,
Who had upon the royal dainties fed.
Then their purveyor, as they did incline,
Kept back from them the monarch's meat and wine.
To their petition freely he agreed,
Lest them on pulse, the fruit of pods, to feed.
Their true religious abstinence, we find,
And self-denial of the carnal mind,
Was well receiv'd—it was the heavenly will,
Them to invest with knowledge and with skill,
In learning great—in wisdom deep and true ;
Which furnish'd Daniel with a wondrous view
And understanding of sublimest themes,
Of hidden visions, and mysterious dreams.

At three years end, the time that they were taught,
They in the presence of the king were brought;
And he awhile communing with them, found
Them so in depth of wisdom to abound,
They far excell'd, and wondrously outshone,
Magicians and astrologers then known.

Ere long, wise Daniel, by the heavenly will,
Display'd a token of his wondrous skill.
For Nebuchadnezzar, who was then the king,
Dream'd a surprising, and mysterious thing:
His mind was greatly troubled at the theme,
But he forgot the matter of his dream.
He issu'd from the palace his command,
To bring forth the magicians of the land;
Astrologers—those in the sorcerers' line,
And Chaldeans who pretended to divine.
Thus came all those in Babylon most esteem'd,
Of them the king demanded what he dream'd.
They all declar'd this too abstruse a theme;
Excus'd themselves from telling of the dream;
Said they would the interpretation show,
If he would let them what his dream was know.
The king replied, he could not tell them true,
Because the thing had vanish'd from his view;
Therefore indeed they must to him declare
The dream and the interpretation fair.
Their houses sure should be in ruins laid,
And they be slain in case they disobey'd.
Yet promis'd them, if they would bring to view
His dream, and the interpretation too,
He would promote them to a high degree,
Reward with riches, and great dignity.
Their answer was, what most judicious seem'd,
Let us, thy servants, know what thou hast dream'd,
And we will show the monarch, with delight,
Th' interpretation of the dream afight.

The monarch would not their petition heed,
Reply'd, "the thing is gone from me indeed;
If ye will not make known the vision true,
There is, in fact, but one decree for you."

For ye have form'd and lying words arrang'd,
To speak to me until the time be chang'd.
Tell me the dream, then I indeed shall know,
That ye can the interpretation show."

They for themselves alleg'd, that "what the king,
Was then requiring, was so rare a thing,
Such as no man upon the earth could show,
Nor any one except the gods could know,
Whose dwelling-place is not with flesh and blood ;
(That is, mere spiritual beings understood)
And that before, no ruler, lord, or king,
Of any subject call'd for such a thing."

The king was rais'd to raging anger then,
And gave command that Babylon's wise men
Should be destroy'd ; those who had long profess'd,
That they the pow'r that's magical possess'd.
So he sent forth his wild decree that day,
That they, in fact, should all those wise men slay,
And Daniel too, and his three friends were sought,
That they might be, by this injunction brought,
To be with the soothsayers, light and vain,
Astrologers and the magicians slain.

When Daniel heard it, he, without a shock,
Wisely address'd himself to Arioch,
The captain of the monarch's guard, who then
Had his commission to destroy the men :
He query'd of him, why the king's decree,
For execution must so hasty be?
He then receiv'd from Arioch a more
Distinct account, than what he had before.
Then Daniel went, and he besought the king
To give him time, and he'd unfold the thing.
That he the dream would doubtless let him know,
And also the interpretation show.
The monarch freely granted his request ;
And humble Daniel his three friends address'd,
Told them the theme, requested them that hour,
To join in pray'r unto the God of pow'r,
That he who did the heav'ns and earth create,
Would unto them reveal the secret great.

And lo ! the Lord of life was pleas'd to hear,
The voice of these petitioners sincere ;
Reveal'd the secret, by his heav'nly light,
To Daniel, in a vision of the night.
Then he return'd acknowledgement, in lays,
To God, in true thanksgiving and in praise.
To Arioch the officer he went,
Whom the rash king to slay the men had sent.
Requested him not one of them to slay ;
To bring him to the king without delay ;
That he was ready to unfold the theme,
Interpretation also of the dream.

The officer was doubtless glad indeed,
To be from such a bloody business freed,
Attention paid, the humble seer to bring,
Into the presence of the mighty king :
Who ask'd him, with an anxious mind, if he
Could tell the dream, and the great mystery ?
Then Daniel spoke, and freely told the king,
That this great secret, and mysterious thing,
That he was seeking, and therein had fail'd,
Could not be by the wisest men unveil'd ;
It was a theme beyond magicians reach,
Soothsayers and astrologers to teach.
But there's a God, that secrets can reveal,
Instruction by the nightly vision seal,
Who by this dream, would now unfold to thee,
What in the days that are to come shall be.
Then Daniel, modestly premising, said,
That he was not into this secret led,
For any wisdom he as man had gain'd,
More than might be by other men obtain'd ;
But for their sake, who hearing the relation,
Might benefit by the interpretation,
And that the king might understand the theme,
He then, with clearness, thus declar'd the dream :
" O king, said he, thy mind was deeply led,
Thy thoughts arose, while sleeping on the bed,
That thou might into future times discern,
And what will surely be hereafter learn.

Now let the king to pay attention please,
Thy dream and visions of thy head were these :
Lo ! thou beheld a mighty image stand,
Whose brightness was most excellent and grand ;
It was a sight most wonderful and new,
The form thereof was terrible to view.
The head of this great image was of gold,
His breast and arms of silver ; and behold !
Of brass was made his belly and his thighs ;
His legs of iron of prodigious size.
The massy feet, that bore the image gay,
Were part of iron, and were part of clay.
Then from a mountain, that was clearly shown,
Without a hand was cut a mighty stone,
Which smiting this great image on the feet,
Of clay and iron, them in pieces beat ;
At this dread stroke they were too weak to hold :
Then was the brass, the silver and the gold,
To pieces broken ; they appear'd no more
Than chaff upon the summer threshing floor ;
No place was found for them at all—they flew
Like dust before the fleeting wind that blew.
The stone, that thus, to dust the image hurl'd,
Grew to a mountain, and it fill'd the world."

This is, said Daniel to the king, the dream,
And now shall be interpreted the theme.
Thou art, O king, a king of many kings ;
Behold ! the God who form'd most wondrous things,
On thee bestow'd a kingdom, pow'r and strength,
Extensive glory, to so great a length,
That wheresoe'er mankind can have a seat,
Beasts of the field, and flying fowls retreat,
Lo ! he hath all into thy hand bestow'd ;
Made thee a ruler o'er the wide abode :
Thou art, O king, this noble head of gold,
And after thee, thy monarchy, behold,
Another kingdom in the world shall rise,
As much inferior in the people's eyes,
As silver is to gold—when that shall pass,
A third shall rise, that's emblem'd here by brass :

Which like a potent, over-ruling birth,
Shall have dominion over all the earth.
A fourth shall rise, like iron strong and sound,
Shall bruise and break the other kingdoms round.
Whereas thou didst the feet and toes survey,
To be of iron, and of potter's clay;
So this strong kingdom shall divisions see,
Shall partly strong, and partly broken be,
And weak as clay—and tho' in fact they then,
Themselves shall mingle with the seed of men,
(Hoping to make themselves both strong and great,
By an alliance in the marriage state)
Yet they indeed shall not united stay,
As iron will not firmly mix with clay.
While these are reigning—in these monarch's days,
Almighty God shall a sure kingdom raise;
The government no human strength can take,
But by great pow'r, it shall in pieces break,
And shall consume these kingdoms from the land,
And lo! this kingdom shall for ever stand.
Whereas thou sawest that most mighty stone,
The like to which was never seen or known,
Which broke the iron, that it could not hold,
The brass, the clay, the silver and the gold,
Was from the mountain cut, but not by hands,
God hath made known to thee, the king of lands;
He hath unfolded other monarch's ways,
And what shall come to pass in future days.
The dream is certain, (from a source that's pure)
And also the interpretation sure."

When Daniel thus the wondrous dream had told,
And meaning of the mystery, behold,
The king fell down upon his face, 'tis said,
To worship Daniel he was vainly led;
Commanded them to offer sacrifice,
And odours sweet, unto the prophet wise.
That Daniel then refus'd th' unlawful thing,
And also gave instruction to the king,
All such devotions to direct to God,
And not to man upon the low abode,

May be inferr'd, altho' 'tis not express'd,
When he gave Daniel answer and confess'd,
"It is a truth, your's is a God of gods,
And Lord of kings, who rule the low abodes ;
Revealer of the secrets great and deep,
Since thou could'st tell the visions of my sleep."
The king then rais'd him to a noble stand,
He made him ruler over all the land.
At Daniel's wish that it might then be so,
Set Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
His three companions over the affairs
Of Babylon, to ease him of his cares.
But Daniel (tho' it made the princes sour)
Sat in the king's gate, next to him in pow'r.

Awhile from this, perhaps about four years,
The haughty king, as by the text appears,
Puff'd up in mind, by his great conquests o'er
Egyptians, Jews, and many nations more ;
And he, perhaps, might rise in self esteem,
From the interpretation of the dream,
Whereby he was (as is already said)
Compar'd unto the lofty golden head,
Of that great image, that was strange and new,
So terrible, and wonderful to view ;
Caus'd a great image, in appearance bold,
To be erected, of the choicest gold.
A wonderful and most uncommon sight ;
For it was threescore cubits in its height ;
Which makes, we find, no less than ninety feet,
In breadth it was six cubits made complete.
This image he erected on the plain
Of ancient Dura—and was then so vain,
He summon'd all the princes far and near,
The captains, judges, treasurers, to appear,
The counsellors and sheriffs of his realm,
And other officers that stood at helm,
To come together, in a pompous state,
To the dedication of this image great.
And when conven'd, a very numerous crowd,
A herald made a proclamation loud ;

It is commanded by your king and friend,
O people, nations, languages, attend!
The instant ye shall hear distinctly round,
The cornet, flute, the harp and psalt'ry sound;
All kinds of music, then shall one and all,
Without distinction, on their faces fall,
In adoration to this image grand,
Erected by our emperor's command.
He who transgresses this decree that's pass'd,
Shall be into the burning furnace cast.

Upon this royal proclamation round,
And at the hearing of the music sound,
The men of ev'ry nation, we are told,
Fell down and worshipp'd this huge mass of gold:
They all obey'd, except the captive Jews,
Who did indeed, for conscience sake refuse.

Some Chaldeans, who by prejudice were sway'd,
Observ'd the Jews, that they had disobey'd;
Would not adore the idol great and vain;
Did of them to the emperor complain.
Not thinking it advisable or best,
To venture first on Daniel, but the rest,
For Daniel was, as these informers knew,
In high esteem, in their great monarch's view;
Thought human prudence taught to strike the blow
At Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego,
Whom they then envied, and were discontent,
At their advancement in the government.
They told the king what these three Jews had done,
Whom he promoted in great Babylon—
They fear'd not him, not yet his gods obey'd,
Nor bow'd before the image he had made.

Although the monarch was enrag'd we see,
At the transgression of his great decree,
Yet he was not so void of reason then,
As quite unheard to sentence these good men.
So he commanded that they should be sought,
And forthwith in the royal presence brought.
When they appear'd, he query'd, "is it so,
O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego!"

That ye rebel and will not fall before,
Nor serve at all, the gods that I adore?
Can it be true that ye indeed withhold
From worshipping this image made of gold?"
Then taking it for granted that was true,
And thinking now to give them warning new;
He added this, "if for the future ye,
Be ready to attend to my decree,
When ye shall hear the flute and cornet sound
The harp, and ev'ry kind of music round,
Ye worship this great image I have made;
Fall down before it, I shall be obey'd.
This is by you distinctly understood,
If you obey, 'tis very well and good.
If ye regard not my command of pow'r,
Lo! ye shall surely be, the very hour,
(My word is given, my decree is pass'd)
Into a burning fiery furnace cast.

"Who is that God, exclaim'd the monarch grand,
That shall relieve you from my potent hand."

This haughty speech impress'd these pious Jews,
With great abhorrence of the monarch's views.
Undauntedly they therefore told the king,
"They were not careful to regard the thing;
Shouldst thou indeed us in the furnace cast,
God we will serve, and worship to the last.
He by his own eternal potent name,
Is able to preserve us in the flame,
And make us in the hottest fire to sing;
He will preserve us from thine hand O king.
But should he not, we make it known this day,
That we will not thy lifeless gods obey;
Nor worship this great image made of gold,
Thou hast set up, and which we here behold."

This firm reply, the king to anger led,
His countenance was greatly chang'd, tis said.
He, in his fury, made a new decree,
Respecting what the furnace power should be;
That they the heating should in fact repeat,
Till seven times hotter than the wonted heat.

All being ready, he determin'd, spake,
To some of his most mighty men to take
Good Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
To bind, and cast them in the burning wo.
So they were bound, (a scene before unknown)
With clothes and hats, and in the furnace thrown.
And tho' the heat was so intense, it slew
The men who them into the furnace threw ;
Yet they fell down (relying on God's arm)
Amidst the furnace, free from fire or harm :
Their bands were loos'd, like ropes of sand became ;
They rose and walk'd, rejoicing in the flame.

The king, whose anger was so very great,
Was present, his revenge to satiate ;
Soon into deep astonishment was led—
He rose in haste, and to his heralds said,
“ Did we not sure, by my direction cast,
Three persons bound, into the flaming blast ? ”
Which they confirming—“ Now behold ! said he,
Four men unbound, and quite unhurt I see,
Walk in the fire, as on a verdant sod,
The fourth, in form, is like the Son of God ! ”

Then coming to the burning furnace nigh,
Near as he durst, he stood and rais'd his cry :
“ O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego !
Servants of God, above the gods below,
Come forth, come hither ”—whereupon they came,
With joy triumphant, from the burning flame.
The princes, rulers, and the captains there,
And multitude, who saw the scene so rare ;
As well as the great Babylonish king,
In consternation at the wondrous thing,
Beheld the men, with bodies yet entire,
The fullest proof against the hottest fire !
With hair unsing'd they from the furnace came,
Their coats unscorch'd, tho' in the burning flame :
It was a wonder, strange indeed to tell,
The fire upon them had not left a smell !

On this the monarch, Nebuchadnezzar nam'd,
At the most wondrous miracle, exclaim'd :

"Bless'd be the God, (from whom all mercies flow)
 Of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
 Who hath his holy, heav'nly angel sent,
 To save his children, in the furnace pent;
 Reliev'd his servants in the trying hour,
 Who trusted in his everlasting pow'r;
 Who tho' my threats with fury on them came,
 Have yielded up their bodies to the flame,
 Ere any god they'd worship or adore,
 Except their own, who lives for evermore.
 Therefore, now hearken; this is my decree,
 That ev'ry people, nation who (said he)
 Reviles the God, who hath preserv'd from woe,
 Meek Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
 Shall be cut off, by my supreme command,
 And each one's house demolish'd from the land,
 For there's no god can do what here is done—
 That can deliver like this Mighty One."

The king did then new offices bestow,
 On Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego:
 Which doubtless was a disappointment sore,
 To those who vainly envied them before.

This potent monarch, in the world renown'd,
 Was at his rest from énemies around;
 Did joyful in his royal palace seem,
 Was sadly frightened by another dream.
 When he the subject in his musings view'd,
 It brought on him a deep solicitude.
 Yet this was not so painful for the king,
 As when he lost all knowledge of the thing;
 For tho' his wonder and alarm was great,
 He now distinctly could his dream relate.
 As his magicians formerly had said,
 If he would tell the visions of his head,
 They would explain the mystery with cheer,
 It needless seem'd to call upon the seer.
 Then, as the best expedient to be done,
 He sent for the wise men of Babylon,
 To them declar'd his wondrous dream in vain,
 For all of them were at a loss again.

Then, to the sinking the magicians fame,
Was Daniel call'd, who to the monarch came.
"O Belteshazzar (thus the emperor cries)
The real master of magicians wise ;
I long have known, as I can tell thee free,
The spirit of the holy gods in thee ;
No secret is too hard for thee to teach,
Nor mystery that is beyond thy reach ;
For thou canst tell the visions of my dream,
And the interpretation of the theme."
Proceeding then to tell his dream, he said,
"Thus were the visions of my mind in bed :
I saw a tree amidst the earth that grew ;
The height thereof was wonderful to view ;
'Twas strong and tall, to heaven reach'd its height,
And to the end of all the earth the sight ;
The leaves were fair, the fruit thereof was good,
And yielded to all human beings food.
Beneath its shade the beasts could safely rest ;
The flying fowls the tow'ring boughs possess'd ;
All living creatures on the fruit were fed ;
I also in the visions of my head,
A watcher and a holy one describ'd,
Descend from heav'n unto the earth, and cry'd,
"Hew down the tree—its branches cut away ;
Shake off the leaves, and fruit, without delay ;
And let the beasts depart from being near ;
Upon the branches let no fowls appear :
Its stump and roots leave firmly in the ground,
E'en with a band of brass and iron round.
Let it within the grazing field be set ;
There let it with the heav'nly dew be wet.
Behold his portion is with beasts to fare,
'To feed on verdant, tender herbage there.
And let his heart no more like human be,
But with a beast's heart let it now agree.
And let his dwelling be amongst the grass,
Till seven times shall fully o'er him pass.
This by the watcher firmly is decreed,
By the demand of holy ones indeed,

To the intent, that men on earth may know,
That the Most High rules kingdoms here below,
Gives them to those who are his choice alone,
Sets whom he will upon the royal throne.
This is my dream : O Daniel, man of fame,
Unfold to me the meaning of the same ;
For all the wise men of my kingdom are
Unable the deep mystery to declare ;
But thou art able, for I surely see,
The spirit of the holy gods in thee."

When Daniel thus had heard the wondrous dream,
He stood an hour astonish'd at the theme ;
His heart was struck with anguish to the ground ;
Not at the least perplexity he found,
Of telling the interpretation true ;
But at the deep, afflicting sense, and view,
He had for the dire judgment on the king,
He saw portended by the om'nous thing.

The heedful king observing Daniel's state,
That he was in a consternation great ;
" Let not the dream, tho' wonderful, said he,
Nor the interpretation trouble thee ;
Declare it freely unto me this day,
Without confusion, be it what it may."
" My lord, I wish this inauspicious dream,
Said he, might be for those who disesteem ;
For those who hate and would against thee rise ;
The interpretation for thine enemies.
For lo ! the tree, of which thou dost relate,
'That grew so tall, and was so strong and great,
Which reach'd unto the heav'n above in height,
And to the ends of all the earth the sight ;
Whose leaves were fair, and fruit so plenty found ;
In it was meat for all the world around.
The beasts abode in its refreshing shade,
And fowls thereon their habitation made :
'Tis thou, O king, who art so mighty grown ;
Thy name throughout the universe is known—
Thy pow'r unto the high abode extends—
Dominion to this region's utmost ends.

Thou sawest a watcher, who was great and good,
Come down from heav'n, upon the earth he stood,
Proclaiming in thy hearing this decree :

“Hew down the great, destroy the mighty tree ;

Yet leave the stump well rooted in the ground,

Let it remain and be securely bound,

With a strong band of iron and of brass,

Within the field where grows the tender grass ;

There let it be from day to day in view,

And wet at night with the nocturnal dew :

Let him abide, and with the beasts be fed,

Till seven times pass over him, with dread.”

The interpretation is the dire decree,

Of the Most High, that is to come on thee :

Lo ! they shall drive thee from the human race,

And with the beasts shall be thy dwelling-place :

There wet with dew, shalt thou be fed on grass,

Till seven times, O king, shall o'er thee pass—

Till thou shalt know the Mighty One on high,

Rules in the kingdoms that are far and nigh :

He reign'd of old, and is the ruler still,

And gives command to whomsoe'er he will.

Whereas the holy angel gave command,

To leave the stump, well rooted in the land ;

This clearly shows the kingdom and the throne,

Is sure for thee, when thou hast fully known,

The pow'r of Him, whose judgments loudly call,

“The Lord of heaven—the ruler over all.”

“I've told, said Daniel, what is the decree,

The interpretation of the dream to thee.

Now let my counsel deeply thee impress ;

Break off thy sins, O king, by righteousness,

And showing mercy to the poor around,

That thou may'st in tranquillity abound.”

It was not long before the direful thing,

Was executed on the lofty king.

For at the end of twelve months more, we find,

As he was walking with a vaunting mind,

In Babylon his royal palace, fam'd,

In grandeur great he suddenly exclaim'd,

"Is not this city Babylon renown'd,
Where I have built my palace, and was crown'd ;
Erected by the pow'r of my decree,
And for the honour of my majesty?"

As soon as this was by the monarch said,
A voice from heav'n saluted him with dread :
"O Nebuchadnezzar, this is the decree,
The throne and kingdom now are gone from thee,
And they shall drive thee from the human race,
And with the beasts shall be thy dwelling-place :
Like hungry oxen thou shalt eat the grass,
And seven times o'er thee shall surely pass,
Till thou shalt with a full assurance know,
That the Most High is majesty below—
That he who form'd, will be the ruler still,
And give the throne to whomsoe'er he will."

On this, behold ! the emperor that hour,
Was driven from his royal seat of pow'r ;
He, like an ox, on verdant grass was fed—
His body there was wet with dew, 'tis said,
Until his hairs like eagles' feathers grew,
His nails like claws upon the birds that flew.

Thus was this king amidst his high renown,
For his presumption and his pride brought down.
But at the end of the appointed time,
For his chastisement in the open clime,
To heaven lifting up his heart and eyes,
From whence he found his only succour rise ;
His reason came—he rais'd to God his cry—
He bless'd the King, the majesty on high ;
With heart-felt praise did honour and adore,
And worship Him who lives for evermore.
He whose dominion, from an ancient hour,
Was known to be an everlasting pow'r,
And over all his kingdom to extend
To generations that will never end.
The people who upon the earth are known,
Are nothing when compar'd to him alone :
Who in the army of the heavens above,
With those who on the earthly region move,

Performs according to his own command,
And none can stay his potent arm or hand :
The majesty of ancient days and now,
Nor put to Him the query, what dost thou ?

His reason here returning, as before,
He's qualified for government once more :
His princes and his counsellors, the same
Who had depos'd him, now unto him came,
And re-establish'd on the throne was he,
With royal power, and with great majesty.
And then as a sincere acknowledgment,
Both of his sinning to a great extent,
And tender mercy to him from the Lord,
A speech he publish'd of his own accord.
To all the people of the earth I send ;
Let nations, and the languages attend :
Wherein premising that he thought it good,
To let it through the world be understood,
The signs and wonders that the Lord had wrought,
And judgments on him for transgression brought.
The matter he did clearly then relate,
His dream and the interpretation state—
And the fulfilment, when it came with dread.
To end the theme, the king as follows, said :
“ I Nebuchadnezzar, now extol and praise,
The heavenly king for all his righteous ways.
His works are truth, my heart can now confess,
And his deep judgments are in righteousness—
Those who in pride would vainly run this race,
Like me, alas ! he's able to abase.”

How long this monarch o'er the kingdom reign'd,
Is not from sacred history obtain'd.
He left the throne, when he his race had run,
To Evil-Merodach, who was his son,
Who is suppos'd to be prince-regent, when
The king abode with beasts, instead of men.
At his decease, succeeded on the throne,
His son Belshazzar, for his luxury known.
This king to make a noble feast was led,
Unto a thousand of his lords, 'tis said,

Before them drank the luscious wine that flow'd,
And on his guests a bounteous share bestow'd.
'Twas then the order of the jolly king,
The silver vessels, and of gold to bring,
Which his grandfather, when he wore the crown,
Brought from Jerus'lem's temple of renown.
These consecrated vessels, then were brought,
And as this vain, voluptuous monarch taught,
His printes, lords, (regardless of the sin)
And women drank delicious wine therein.
And though the city, histories relate,
Was then besieg'd, and in a grievous strait;
This to regard they would then incline,
But still carous'd—securely drank their wine,
And prais'd the gods of gold, that brightly shone;
Of silver, brass, of iron, wood and stone.
Amidst this rev'ling heinously profane,
And chat that was irreverent and vain,
There came forth fingers (in the view of all)
Like a man's hand, and wrote upon the wall
Of the king's palace—he beheld the note,
Not only so, but saw the hand that wrote.
This miracle—this most surprising thing,
With great amazement, struck the impious king.
He was so daunted at the hand that wrote,
His joints were loos'd, his knees together smote :
And at a thing so wonderful and blind,
Was greatly troubled, in his heart and mind.
“Bring in, said he, in his extreme surprise,
Th' astrologers, and all the Chaldeans wise,
That they may read the writing we behold;
Th' interpretation of the same unfold.”
He said the person who his wish obey'd,
Should be in scarlet, like a prince array'd;
Wear round his neck a splendid golden chain,
And the third ruler's noble place obtain.
The king's wise men, were not of wisdom's race,
They all were fools, in this mysterious case;
So far were from unfolding to the king,
Th' interpretation of the secret thing,

No one was found, that could, among them all,
So much as read the writing on the wall.
Such deep confusion, at the wondrous scene,
Alarm'd the court, that Babylon's ancient *queen
Unto the house of banqueting was led :
" O live for ever !" to the king she said ;
Let not thy quiet be at all derang'd,
Nor at this scene, thy countenance be chang'd :
Behold ! there's one within thy kingdom's bound,
In whom the spirit of the gods is found.
He had in thy ancestor's days great light,
In understanding and in wisdom bright.
When thy grandfather wore the royal crown,
He was a man of merit and renown :
He him for master of magicians chose,
O'er Chaldeans and astrologers he rose.
His name is Daniel, whom 'tis known, the king
Nam'd Belteshazzar---did to honour bring.
He had no equal while that king was crown'd---
In him a spirit excellent was found,
And understanding to interpret dreams,
And to unfold hard sentences and themes.
Let him be call'd, for very well I know,
He will both read it, and the meaning show."
To this they listen'd, and for Daniel sought,
And he forthwith before the king was brought.
The king inform'd him, with a serious air,
He understood his character was fair,
For wisdom and for understanding bright,
And for unfolding mysteries aright.
Then telling him the sages of his land,
Could not the writing read nor understand :
" If thou canst read the writing here in view,
Unfold the meaning of the myst'ry too,
Thou shalt be cloth'd in scarlet, and behold,
About thy neck shalt wear a chain of gold :
Not only so, but this is my decree,
Thou shalt third ruler in the kingdom be."

* King Nebuchadnezzar's downer.

Then Daniel spoke, not with a churlish mind,
But modestly his great reward declin'd.
"I seek no gifts, nor recompense at all,
Yet I will read the writing on the wall:
Not only read, but will expound the thing,
Make known th' interpretation to the king."
He then proceeded, with a freedom kind,
Put this profane, voluptuous king in mind;
The Lord's just dealings in his view to bring,
With his grandfather, who was once the king.
Thereby preparing him to take a view,
And own God's judgments on him as his due.
"Hear, O thou king, the Mighty One to save;
'To Nebuchadnezzar, thy grandfather gave
A kingdom great, with the imperial crown,
And majesty, and honour and renown:
The majesty wherewith he then was crown'd,
Made people, nations, languages around,
Those who abode in distant lands and near,
Before him tremble, and to fall with fear.
So great was he, and absolute his power,
He sav'd alive, or slew at any hour.
And whom he chose he set up to renown,
And whom he would he readily put down.
But when his heart to idols was allied,
And when his mind was harden'd in his pride,
He was depos'd—led from his royal throne,
His majesty was as a thing unknown.
He who before was potent, grand and gay,
Was driven from the sons of men away—
Was doom'd a season with wild beasts to pass—
He fed, like oxen, on the verdant grass.
His body there was wet with heaven's dew,
Till the high God the kingdoms rul'd he knew;
That 'tis his right the station grand to fill,
And set o'er kingdoms whomsoe'er he will.
And thou his grandson, O Belshazzar! though
All I have said thou very well dost know,
Hast not been humbled, by the chast'ning rod,
But rais'd thyself against the mighty God.

And now thy servants have at thy decree,
 Brought forth the vessels of his house to thee ;
 And thou, thy lords, thy wives and concubines,
 Have drank in them the Babylonish wines ;
 And thou hast prais'd the gods of gold, that shone,
 Of silver, brass, of iron, wood and stone,
 Which neither see, nor can they hear thy call,
 Nor understand a word that's spoke at all :
 But lo ! the God, who form'd the sea and land ;
 Who hath the breath of life at his command---
 Whose power extends o'er all thy ways of pride,
 Thou hast not serv'd at all, nor glorified :
 Thereon the part of that surprising hand,
 Was sent to write, at the divine command.
 Then " MENE MENE," (as 'twas written there)
 " TEKEL, UPHARSIN," Daniel read with care.
 Repeating it, he left Upharsin out,
 Put PERES in, synonymous, no doubt.
 When he had read the writing to the king,
 He told the fair translation of the thing.
 " MENE, means God hath (who was once thy friend)
 Thy kingdom number'd, brought it to an end.
 TEKEL, thou in the balances art weigh'd,
 And found quite wanting---(thou hast not obey'd)
 Thy kingdom's parted, is by PERES shown,
 Bestow'd on Persians and the Medes, well known."

Although the king could not be pleas'd, in mind,
 With this translation of the words, we find,
 His word and honour was to him so dear,
 His promise he completed to the seer.
 He cloth'd him in a scarlet robe, we're told,
 And round his neck they put a chain of gold---
 Thus he was by the king's command array'd,
 And the third ruler, in the kingdom made.

The king Belshazzar, who had been so vain,
 Had not, in fact, another day to reign---
 He had his summons, by the Lord of all,
 As said the dread hand-writing on the wall.
 The banquet ended with acutest pain,
 For lo ! that night was king Belshazzar slain :

The Medes, who then besieg'd the city great,
Took the advantage of their rev'ling state.
While they were overcharg'd with wine, 'tis said,
Euphrates river from its course was led :
The furious Medes, who did that moment prize,
Rush'd in and took the city by surprise.
The Mede Darius, sixty-two years old,
Soon on the throne, in splendour we behold :
By Cyrus aided, who was then renown'd,
Darius over Babylon was crown'd.
When this was by a proclamation known,
And he well settled on the royal throne,
As princes he appointed just sixscore,
To rule the most extensive kingdom o'er ;
And higher still three persons to preside,
In whom he thought he safely might confide,
So that the king no damage might sustain,
And have a peaceful and a pleasant reign.
Of these three presidents, the king's decree,
Made Daniel chief, gave him the first degree ;
Because a heart and spirit true and sound,
And excellent indeed in him was found---
A spirit of discerning and of love.
The king not only seated him above
The president and rulers at the helm,
But thought to set him over all the realm.
The president and princes of the state,
By this were rais'd to emulation great :
Without deep envy, could not bear the view,
That he a stranger, and a captive Jew,
Should be so great---so by the king admir'd---
Above them rais'd---to work his fall conspir'd.
They sought awhile to find against him cause,
In his administration of the laws.
Such was his wisdom, and prudential care,
That they could form no accusation there.
Since on this ground there could no action lie,
They thought at length another scheme to try ;
And that a charge would be more safe and wise,
Against him for religious exercise---

To draw him under their degrading rod,
 For his adherence to the law of God ;
 Wherein he differ'd and dissented quite,
 From them in modes which they presum'd were right.
 So they consulted how a snare to lay,
 To trap him firmly, when he went to pray.
 And after they had plann'd the wicked thing,
 They in a body went unto the king ;
 To use the common greeting form were led,
 " O king Darius, live for ever," said :
 The presidents of this thy kingdom great,
 The princes and the counsellors of state ;
 The captains who are military too,
 Have had of late a social interview,
 And have concluded to propose to thee,
 To make a royal, and a firm decree,
 That whosoe'er shall a petition raise,
 To any god or man for thirty days,
 Except to thee, O mighty monarch, then
 He shall be cast into the lion's den.
 Therefore, O king, establish the decree,
 And let the writing now be sign'd by thee,
 According to the well known laws, agreed
 By Medes and Persians, which are firm indeed."

The king misled at the first sight or view,
 At a suggestion in the bill untrue,
 That not the princes only then at helm,
 But all the presidents within his realm,
 (Of whom he well knew Daniel then was one—
 Chief president)—he sanction'd what they'd done.
 And not suspecting any mischief there,
 But viewing it a testimony fair,
 Of veneration to himself alone,
 On his accession to the royal throne,
 Before the subject he had further weigh'd,
 Consented to the proposition made ;
 He sign'd the bill for this conformity,
 And thereby pass'd it to a firm decree.

When Daniel knew the rigid bill was sign'd,
 He heeded not, went to his house, we find :

And tho' he might by human prudence see,
Since this was but a thirty days decree,
Self-preservation would to him dictate,
To shun his doom—a punishment so great.
That in this trying, persecuting day,
He for that season might forbear to pray ;
Or if he pray'd, into retirement go,
That no one living might his business know.
Yet he, unshaken in his master's cause,
Could not be turn'd aside by human laws—
Against his conscience heeding no decrees ;
But in his chamber, humbly on his knees,
Toward Jerusalem, with his windows rais'd,
He pray'd devoutly, and his Maker prais'd,
Gave thanks to God, o'er all to be obey'd,
Just as he'd done, ere this decree was made.

They who had set for this good man a snare,
Now watch'd his movements with attentive care ;
Forthwith they took him in the act or thing,
And went with speed and pleasure to the king,
Put him in mind of the late made decree,
And here they drew him to acknowledge free,
That as the laws of Medes and Persians stood,
It was indeed unchangeable and good.

They then the scheme unfolded to his view ;
Complain'd that Daniel, there a captive Jew,
Would not the king nor his decrees obey,
Made his petition boldly ev'ry day ;
Not to the king, upon his royal throne,
But to his God, as very well is known.

The king with pain, now saw what they design'd,
And being sore and deep displeas'd in mind,
At their intrigue—and did himself condemn,
Because he'd been so over-reach'd by them.
His worthy friend he labour'd to relieve—
From the decree to grant him a reprieve :
He tried until the setting of the sun,
To have revers'd the thing that he had done.

But these conspiring princes, held him fast
By the decree—the statute that was pass'd :

They all assembled to confirm the thing,
And to him said, "thou understands, O king;
The law of Medes and Persians well is known,
That no decree that's issu'd from the throne—
No statute sign'd once by the royal hand,
Can be revers'd—it must for ever stand."

The king, altho' the law was sign'd and seal'd,
Against his will was forc'd at length to yield:
The seer was brought—his foes were gratified.
Unwittingly the monarch prophesied,
"Thy God, whom thou dost serve continually,
He surely, Daniel, will deliver thee."

So these proud princes—most inhuman men,
Cast pious Daniel in the lions' den:
And that they might be satisfied in mind,
That no one who might be thereto inclin'd,
To whom this prophet, for his heart sincere,
His wisdom, truth and justice might be dear,
Could come by night and succour him unknown,
There then was brought, to make all sure, a stone,
And laid upon the entrance of the den;
Not only seal'd with the king's signet then,
Which, in this case, they hardly thought was sure,
But with the signet of his lords, secure.
The anxious king, o'ercome at Daniel's doom,
Went to his palace—spent the night in gloom,
In fasting, watching, and in mourning deep,
Uncheer'd by music, or the sweets of sleep.
He very early in the morn arose—
In haste unto the lion's den he goes;
Where he arriv'd in depth of love unfeign'd,
And with a loud, and plaintive voice exclaim'd,
"O Daniel, servant of the God above,
The only object of thy purest love,
Say, is he able to deliver thee—
To set thee from the hungry lions free."
"He surely is, O king, replied the seer,
My God hath sent his holy angel here,
The raging, hungry lions mouths to close;
They have not hurt me, nor against me rose,

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And also while king Cyrus wore the crown---
In Persia rul'd, he was in great renown.
And ere he left this transitory state,
He had to view, with satisfaction great,
Direction for his brethren to be free,
And to return from their captivity,
Unto Jerusalem, long in ruins laid,
And for another temple to be made.
By reading we may this account behold,
In *Ezra's book, the learned scribe of old.
The death of Daniel (long with honour crown'd)
Is not within the sacred volume found ;
We, by some other authors, understand,
He died, in quiet, in Chaldea's land :
That when his spirit had its exit made,
He in the royal sepulchre was laid.

* Chapter 10, 11, 12.

Because, before omnipotence renown'd,
In me indeed was innocency found.
Likewise, O king ! I am to thee sincere,
From doing hurt my hands and heart are clear.*

The king was glad at hearing Daniel's voice,
This preservation made his heart rejoice.
The joyful monarch gave commandment then,
To take the prophet from the lions' den.
This soon was done---the king then further taught,
That Daniel's vile accusers should be brought,
And in the hungry lions' den be thrown---
Their wives and children---so his wrath was grown
And though the lions would not Daniel touch,
Their eagerness for human blood was such,
They fell, with great voraciousness on these,
And had the mast'ry over them with ease :
'They brake the bones of these malicious men,
Before they reach'd the bottom of the den.

On this deliv'rance, marvellous and great,
The king Darius from his seat of state,
That Daniel's God might be, with awe obey'd,
The following noble proclamation made :
" To all the people on the earth I send,
Let nations and the languages attend ;
(This is a day of wonders great and new)
Let peace on earth be multiplied to you.
I this decree now issue from my throne,
That it may be throughout my kingdom known,
'That men must tremble, and devoutly fear,
And Daniel's great and mighty God revere ;
In majesty he rules from shore to shore,
'The living God, stedfast for evermore.
He works deliv'rance by his power alone,
From him are signs and mighty wonders known.
In heaven and earth---he in the trying hour,
Deliver'd Daniel from the lions' power."

That Daniel liv'd, and prosper'd through the reign
Of *king Darius, is by scripture plain :

* Daniel vi. 28.

And also while king Cyrus wore the crown---
In Persia rul'd, he was in great renown.
And ere he left this transitory state,
He had to view, with satisfaction great,
Direction for his brethren to be free,
And to return from their captivity,
Unto Jerusalem, long in ruins laid,
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* Chapter 10, 11, 12.

REBUSES,

CALCULATED TO INVITE THE READER TO SEARCH
THE SCRIPTURES.

REBUS, No. I.

THE Type of Messiah, the great and good king—
The priest whose rod blossom'd, and fruit forth did
bring ;
The queen who a king once refus'd to obey--
The son of king Saul, who awhile had the sway—
The prophet who solv'd the king's dreams at desire—
The first of the three who were cast in the fire---
A young man who vainly usurp'd the king's throne,
And he who it made to the king and queen known--
The prophetess who did deliverance bring—
And he who anointed young David for king.

The initials of these will exhibit the name
Of a person well worthy of honour and fame.
Influenc'd by vigour deriv'd from above,
He preach'd with great energy, power and love—
Consistent with wisdom was to and fro sent,
The good of mankind was his noble intent.
He cross'd the Atlantic where billows do roll,
In love that would gather from north to south pole.
He's gone from this region, from toil and from pain,
No doubt, to a city of infinite gain—
To the mansions of bliss and of glory divine,
Where those who turn many to righteousness shine.
America, wilt thou remember the man,
Who through many regions in gospel love ran,
That wisdom and knowledge and truth might increase
And the standard be rais'd of the Great Prince of
Peace.

REBUS, No. 2.

THE man who was exil'd to Patmos alone—
 A prince who in Midian's army was known.
 The mountain where Moses beheld a great sight,
 And the man who once call'd upon Jesus by night,
 The city o'er which was Melchizedek king—
 A place from which silver and gold they did bring.
 A man who an hundred true prophets did hide,
 And the place where did Samuel the ancient abide.
 The land where one night all the first-born were slain,
 And the man who did next to king Solomon reign.
 The initials of these rightly rang'd, make the name,
 Of a man well deserving of honour and fame—
 When true wisdom cried with a still inward voice,
 To the call he attended and made her his choice:
 The voice sounding louder, his heart so arous'd,
 That he open'd his mouth and her cause then espous'd!
 As he in the path of religion remain'd,
 He grew—to the state of a worthy attain'd;
 Twice left his own region, Great-Britain's fam'd isle;
 And cross'd the Atlantic, thro' dangers to toil;
 In a country far distant true knowledge to teach,
 And the gospel in primitive purity preach.
 He was bold in the cause—in declaring the truth,
 To all sects, and all ranks—to the aged and youth.
 He was large in his stature—majestic in look,
 By the power of truth, oaks and cedars he shook.
 This worthy the great debt of nature has paid—
 In the dark silent tomb his cold bones are now laid.
 His spirit releas'd, has ascended in love,
 To unite with the church that's triumphant above.

REBUS, No. 3.

THE first man appointed high-priest of the Jews,
 And he to whom Philip once carried good news.
 One of those who Christ's body embalm'd we are told,
 And the father of Moses and Aaron of old.

A man who by Jesus was rais'd from the dead,
 And a woman whose son was bereav'd of his head.
 A man who his army with weeping survey'd,
 And a king who the wish of a queen once obey'd.
 The man who by dipping in Jordan was cur'd—
 A shepherd who was of a kingdom assur'd.
 A man who in famine by ravens was fed,
 And a woman in Ramah who wept for the dead.

The initials of these when arrang'd rightly, tell
 The name of a woman esteem'd very well—
 She left her connexions, and Britain's fair isle,
 The Atlantic she cross'd, to a far distant soil.
 She's truly influenc'd with wisdom to teach,
 And the gospel of peace and glad-tidings to preach.
 America, pay the attention that's due,
 And the glorious path of religion pursue.

REBUS, No. 4.

THE city where Paul abode two years well known—
 The seer at whose words a sick king made his moan ;
 The island where Mark and where Barnabas sail'd—
 The man at whose counsel Abithophel fail'd ;
 The Jewish high-priest, who deceas'd at Mount Hor ;
 The damsel one lov'd, and long serv'd to pay for :
 The prophet who prosper'd when king Cyrus reign'd ;
 Joseph's brother who greatly for him was once pain'd ;
 The ancient who walk'd with the Lord, we are told ;
 The time of our life that's contrasted with old ;
 The city where Jonah was sent in pure love ;
 The place from which Jesus ascended above ;
 The mountain once gaily with cedars array'd ;
 Jesse's son who was crown'd & the sceptre long sway'd ;
 And the martyr who sweetly for enemies pray'd.

The initials of these will exhibit the name
 Of a man well deserving of honour and fame ;
 A philanthropist true, and without any guile,
 His abode on the earth was the **Britannic isle**.

While the high and the lofty, the proud and the vain,
Were seeking and striving how wealth to obtain—
To live in great splendour—their selves aggrandize,
Not heeding the poor, or the needy one's cries.

While the miser's wild thirst, no increase could allay,
Or his hunger for gold, just to hide it away:
No naked one's smart, nor the hungry man's fate;
Widow's tears—orphan's cries, could his heart penetrate.

While the tippler and drunkard their health rudely mar,
With the poisonous liquids they draw from the bar;
They drink and delight in their vile ranting strain,
And the name of the All-awing Judge take in vain.

While the poor sordid fool—the low covetous knave,
The wealth of his fair dealing neighbour could crave;
How to cheat & o'erreach the chief thoughts of his head,
Not only by day, but by night on his bed.

While the worldling was seeking for money amain,
To get all he possibly could for his grain;
A neighbour oppress'd with great want could not move,
This stranger to fine human feelings and love.

While the warrior's delight was his weapon to wield;
All his joy the vain-glory that's gain'd in the field:
Disregarding the widow's afflictions and sighs;
The wounded man's groans, & the orphan's sore cries;
The man upon whom I have taken my pen,
Delighted in acts of great good-will to men.
He was surely all feeling, and loving and wise;
By temperance great, and by fair exercise,
He enjoy'd thro' long life, a fine state of good health;
Was blest with increase and abundance of wealth;
And as it increas'd it expanded his mind,
'To the poor and the needy, the lame and the blind.
As his basket and store were well fill'd from above,
No limits nor bounds e'er confin'd his great love.
In boundless compassion to the poor his heart roll'd;
He incessantly sought, and reliev'd them with gold.
To aid all in want was his aim day and night;
Lo! this was his business, and this his delight.

He after long life, quite unrivall'd in good;
 Giving naked and hungry ones clothing and food;
 His measure of love, and of kindness complete;
 He was call'd, in great peace from his temporal seat;
 Lamented—belov'd—and amidst high renown,
 To glory immortal—a triumphant crown.

REBUS, No. 5.

THE man who for teaching the Gentiles was fam'd,
 And woman whose husband Elkanah was nam'd;
 The man most sublime of the prophets in style,
 And woman to Jacob espous'd by a wile—
 The man who with virtuous Sarah did wed,
 And woman whom Peter once rais'd from the dead:
 The man who of old broke his neck by a fall,
 And woman convinc'd by the preaching of Paul:
 The man who was chief when they took Jesus' life,
 And woman whom Herod had taken for wife:
 The man whose beloved Rebecca well pleas'd,
 And woman who once a bold warrior appeas'd.

By the initials of these, rightly rang'd, will be shown,
 The name of a populous city well known:
 Her founder was one of the wisest of men,
 The learned—the great, evangelical PENN.

REBUS, No. 6.

THE mount where young Jotham spoke grandly his
 mind,
 The wife of fam'd Boaz, rich, pious, and kind.
 The rock on which Sampson abode a good while,
 And the woman the serpent did sadly beguile.
 The man who, we're told, built an ark of great length,
 And a city whose high and broad walls were its strength.
 The land where good Job, fam'd for patience did dwell,

The woman who mourn'd for her children they tell—
 And the mountain where Saul and his valiant sons fell.
 The initials of these make the name that one calls
 The new village that's building at Meeker's fine falls—
 To be call'd by that name through the ages of time,
 Long as orators speak, or as poets can rhyme—
 While the mountains yield trees—hills and valleys
 have stones—
 While the verdant grass grows, and great Otter Creek
 runs.

REBUS, No. 7.

THE ancient who built a great ark for the sea—
 The person first form'd in 'blest Eden to be—
 The city where Jonah to anguish was brought—
 A bishop who by an apostle was taught—
 A place in Chaldea, where Abram abode—
 The land that with milk and with honey long flow'd—
 The son, next to first-born, of Ishmael well known—
 A prophet who pass'd over Jordan alone,
 And the city where Hiram once sat on the throne.
 By the initials of these will exhibited be,
 The name of an island that lies in the sea.
 Her sons and her fair, love industry and peace—
 Their principles teach them that wars should all cease.
 Without weapons of war, without ships of the line,
 They have found through dark seasons protection di-
 vine.
 By viewing their manners 'tis obviously seen,
 No office that's honest is thought by them mean.
 Though possess'd of much wealth are contented to ride
 In carriages fitted for use, and not pride.
 Her daughters are feeling—to strangers are kind—
 Are useful indeed in the stations assign'd,
 Her sons plough the billows, through dangers and toil—
 They double Cape Horn to far regions for oil.

Sometimes to the east, when the wind breezes free—
 Round the Cape of Good Hope to the great Indian sea.
 They indeed are expert as bright fancy can wish,
 In darting their harpoons at marvellous fish.
 On the land and the sea they pursue means of life,
 And appear to be shunning contention and strife.
 By attention to business—by prudence and care,
 For those in distress, they have something to spare.
 May blessings indeed their endeavours attend,
 Is the real desire of their well-wishing friend.

 REBUS No. 8.

THE person who most for long life was renown'd—
 The man who was king over Amalek crown'd;
 The damsel who listen'd at Peter's late knock—
 The commander who gave a great host a dire shock—
 The ancient from whom all our race deriv'd life—
 The fair who was patriach Isaac's dear wife—
 With her who of old was by Satan deceiv'd;
 And him who was slow yet his master believ'd.
 The name of the fish that poor Jonah once sav'd—
 The queen who the Jews from a massacre crav'd—
 The powerful seer who false prophets amaz'd—
 The chief who 'gainst Moses a mutiny rais'd—
 The worthy who first was translated, we find,
 And the king who in wisdom surpass'd all mankind.
 By the initials of these rightly rang'd will be shown,
 The name of a woman once very well known—
 A kind, tender mother, affectionate wife,
 A lover of good, and a hater of strife.
 The choice of her heart was religion that's pure,
 And firmly to build on the basis that's sure.
 She pass'd from this region in triumph and joy,
 To a city where demons can never annoy—
 The reward of her faith, without doubt she has found;
 With peace and eternal salvation is crown'd.

The muse might enlarge, and abide by the truth—
The joy of my life was the wife of my youth.

REBUS, No. 9.

THE grandson of David, who came to the crown,
The vale where a giant once lost his renown—
The ruler where Paul was arraign'd as appears—
A person espous'd when of age forty years—
The city where Joseph and Mary abode—
A region through which the fam'd Nile has long flow'd ;
The name of the grain, most esteem'd for good bread—
The seer whose dry bones rais'd a man from the dead ;
The first-born of Isaac, who lost his birth-right—
The father of one who was tall in his height—
The seer who to bliss by a whirlwind was brought—
And a mountain of old where great wonders were
wrought.

These initials arrang'd, will a man's name display,
Who was born at Long Island, the Town, Oyster-Bay.
If any to know in what year should incline,
In seventeen hundred and fifty and nine.
Awhile he enjoy'd all the comforts of life,
With a steady aversion to sloth and to strife ;
As time was advancing, arriv'd a sad day,
When his wealth took a flight, like an eagle away.
Though property fled—inauspicious the hour,
Hope kept the heart whole : yes, in faith there is pow'r.
Though the waters o'erflow'd, when advanc'd far from
youth,
How strong, and how sweetly consoling was truth—
Though the scene was severe, as it rose in degree,
Prepar'd for the season was strength known to be—
Though stripp'd of companion, of houses and land,
A monument truly of mercy I stand.

EXPLANATION OF THE REBUSES.

REBUS I.

The type of Messiah,	- - - - -	<i>D</i> <i>avid</i>
The priest whose rod blossom'd	- - - - -	<i>A</i> <i>aron</i>
3d line alludes to	- - - - -	<i>V</i> <i>ashti</i>
4	- - - - -	<i>I</i> <i>shbosheth</i>
5	- - - - -	<i>D</i> <i>aniel</i>
6	- - - - -	<i>S</i> <i>hadrach</i>
7	- - - - -	<i>A</i> <i>donijah</i>
8	- - - - -	<i>N</i> <i>athan</i>
9	- - - - -	<i>D</i> <i>eborah</i>
10	- - - - -	<i>S</i> <i>amuel</i>

REBUS II.

1 line	- - - - -	<i>J</i> <i>ohn</i>
2 do. (Judges vii. 25)	- - - - -	<i>O</i> <i>reb</i>
3 (Exodus, iii. 2.)	- - - - -	<i>H</i> <i>oreb</i>
4	- - - - -	<i>N</i> <i>icodemus</i>
5	- - - - -	<i>S</i> <i>alem</i>
6	- - - - -	<i>T</i> <i>arshish</i>
7	- - - - -	<i>O</i> <i>badiah</i>
8	- - - - -	<i>R</i> <i>amah</i>
9	- - - - -	<i>E</i> <i>gypt</i>
10	- - - - -	<i>R</i> <i>ehoboam</i>

REBUS III.

1 line alludes to	- - - - -	<i>A</i> <i>aron</i>
2	- - - - -	<i>N</i> <i>athaniel</i>
3	- - - - -	<i>N</i> <i>icodemus</i>
4 (Exodus, vi. 30.)	- - - - -	<i>A</i> <i>mram</i>
5	- - - - -	<i>L</i> <i>azarus</i>
6	- - - - -	<i>E</i> <i>lisabeth</i>
7	- - - - -	<i>X</i> <i>erxes</i>
8	- - - - -	<i>A</i> <i>hasuerus</i>
9	- - - - -	<i>N</i> <i>aaman</i>
10	- - - - -	<i>D</i> <i>avid</i>
11	- - - - -	<i>E</i> <i>lijah</i>
12	- - - - -	<i>R</i> <i>achel</i>

REBUS IV.

1	<i>R</i> ome
2	<i>I</i> saiah
3	<i>C</i> yprus
4	<i>H</i> ushai
5	<i>A</i> aron
6	<i>R</i> achel
7	<i>D</i> aniel
8	(Gen. xxxvii. 29, 30	<i>R</i> euben
9	<i>E</i> noch
10	<i>Y</i> oung
11	<i>N</i> ineveh
12	<i>O</i> livet
13	<i>L</i> ebanon
14	<i>D</i> avid
15	<i>S</i> tephen

REBUS V.

1	<i>P</i> aul
2	(1 Sam. i. 1, 2.)	<i>H</i> annah
3	<i>I</i> saiah
4	<i>L</i> eah
5	<i>A</i> braham
6	(Acts 9.)	<i>D</i> orcas
7	<i>E</i> li
8	(Acts xvi. 14.)	<i>L</i> ydia
9	<i>P</i> ilate
10	(Mark vi. 17.)	<i>H</i> eroditus
11	<i>I</i> saac
12	(1 Sam. xii)	<i>A</i> bigail

REBUS VI.

1	<i>G</i> erizim
2	<i>R</i> uth
3	<i>E</i> tam
4	<i>E</i> ve
5	<i>N</i> oah
6	<i>B</i> abylon
7	<i>U</i> z
8	<i>R</i> achel
9	<i>G</i> ilboa

REBUS VII.

1	<i>N</i> oah
2	<i>A</i> dam
3	<i>N</i> ineveh
4	<i>T</i> imothy
5	(Gen. xi. 31.)	<i>U</i> r
6	<i>C</i> anaan
7	(Gen. xxv. 13.)	<i>K</i> edar
8	<i>E</i> lisha
9	<i>T</i> yre

REBUS VIII.

1	<i>M</i> ethuselah
2	<i>A</i> gag
3	<i>R</i> hoda
4	<i>G</i> ideon
5	<i>A</i> dam
6	<i>R</i> ebecca
7	<i>E</i> ve
8	<i>T</i> homas
9	<i>W</i> hale
10	<i>E</i> sther
11	<i>E</i> lijah
12	<i>K</i> orah
13	<i>E</i> noch
14	<i>S</i> olomon

REBUS IX.

1	<i>R</i> ehoboam
2	<i>E</i> lah
3	<i>F</i> estus
4	<i>I</i> saac
5	<i>N</i> azareth
6	<i>E</i> gypt
7	<i>W</i> heat
8	<i>E</i> lisha
9	<i>E</i> sau
10	<i>K</i> ish
11	<i>E</i> lijah
12	<i>S</i> inai

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